Reprinted Stories

From the "Northern Messenger."

For the Young.

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REPRINTED STORIES

FROM THE

"NORTHERN MESSENGER."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MONTREAL:
JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

1888.

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REPRINTED STORIES.

TOM LOVEKIN'S RETURN.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovekin had much trouble with their son Tom. Tom Lovekin had been recognized from his early youth as the leader in all mischievous deeds in his village. Was there an orchard robbed in a peculiarly bold or ingenious manner, Tom Lovekin was sure to be set down as the culprit; did a melon patch lose its most prized spheres during the night, Tom Lovekin, it would be said, paid it a visit; was there a pitched battle on the street between the boys of the rival schools, Tom Lovekin's strategical movements were discussed for weeks afterwards by the peace-loving neighbors, who could not understand what had got into the boys since they were young, preventing them from meeting and parting in good friends. And although when Tom Lovekin was questioned on such subjects his face bore every sign of innocence and surprise, it might be remarked that after nearly every foray underneath Tom's bed there was to be found the most luscious melon, the roundest, reddest cheeked apple, the finest pears, or perhaps he carried home the blackest eye in all the country side. These all were trophies of which Tom was not a little proud. But his great success in these forays were the cause of his being discovered. On one occasion the depredations of Tom Lovekin's skirmishes in a raid on Squire Rich's orchard were so great that the whole village was in arms. The boys engaged in the foray to do their best could not eat all they had stolen, and having no means of hiding it, Tom Lovekin's receptacle under the bed was thought of and utilized for the occasion.

Shortly after the adventure Squire Rich accidently called on Mr. Lovekin to examine some plans that the latter had been working on for some time to discover perpetual motion, for Tom's father's attention was so taken up with his machines and inventions that Tom's home education and training was confined to his mother. But his mother had enough to do with her manifold duties, for more fell to her share than should have done, through her husband's vagaries, and for the most part Tom's home training was left to himself, and as we have seen the effects were not the most satisfactory.

But to continue our story, when Mr. Rich had examined the different attempts to get a wheel, or a lever, or a ball, or a magnet, to move forever, he was not allowed to depart. Mr. Lovekin had many years before endeavoured to make a flying machine, by which he proposed to carry a car through the air at the rate of a mile a minute,—"more or less," he used to add when speaking on this subject. "You cannot measure the speed and power of these inventions in the head, sir, like those which have long been worked out. The slight advantage which might be gained by lessening a crank or enlarging the circumference of a wheel might make a difference of thirty miles an hour. The air is not like the railroad, sir; we have no hills to decrease our speed, no rails to break and shake a man all to bits, in the air, no bridges to go over slowly, require no brakesmen to slacken speed or nothing of that sort; we have only currents in the air to contend with, and this I propose to overcome by making——;" let this dash represent the rest of the learned disquisition on wheels, and cranks, and wings, and tails, by which the currents of the air were to be overcome. Of course Mr. Rich could not be allowed to go away without seeing the wonderful machine, and Mr. Lovekin unlocked the box in which it was packed, but no machine was to be seen.

"Tom! Tom!! Tom!!!"

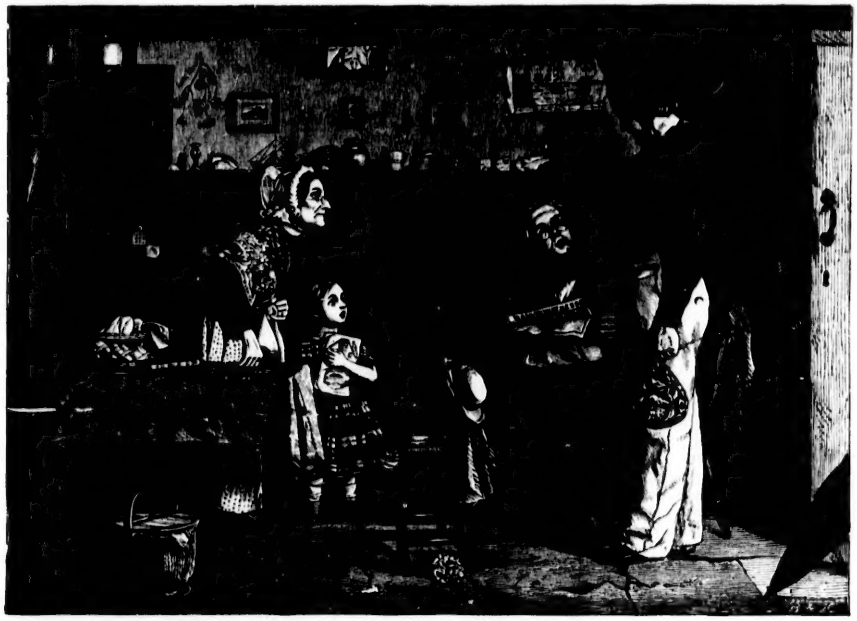
"Ye-e-s, Sir-r-r", from a distance. Tom arrives.

"Tom where is my flying machine?"

"Up in my room, father; I was trying to practise on it so that you could exhibit it at the next Ashburn fair."

"What a good boy this is of mine, Squire Rich! If all the boys of Greendale were like him there would be no trouble; no robbing of orchards, no fights or such things then, Squire Rich. "Go up stairs, Tom, and bring it down."

"Let us go up with him" said the Squire, with a sly chuckle to himself, "and then we can see how he practises flying."



"It's no difference," said Tom, who saw the old man's scheme; "I can fly here just as well."

"But it would be too much trouble to bring it down; but never mind, have it your own way."

Tom went up rejoicing, not imagining that the Squire and his father were following at his heels. His surprise can be imagined when just as he was dragging the machine from his never-failing receptacle under the bed the old men entered the room.

"Dear me! what a delicious perfume you have here, Tom."

"Pears, I declare!" said his father.

"Plums and apples, apricots too," said Mr. Rich. "What a rich boy you must be to have all of these! Come give us one, Tom."

Tom's face grew red, and all his self-possession left him. "Tom! Tom!" said his father, "where's the machine's tail?"

"I know," said the squire, "you can find it hanging on my wall. I wondered how anybody could get over when I had it newly spiked a month ago. Let us see your treasures, Tom."

Tom produced them, and out they rolled in great profusion.

What was to be done with him?

"Make a sailor of him," said the Squire; "I'll get him a berth on the 'Vigilant.' He'll come back a better boy;" and so against his mother's protestations and tears he was sent to serve as a seaman in Her Majesty's Navy.

Many years has he been away, and he has proved a good man. His mother and father have grown old in the meantime; their only comfort is an adopted child who begins to remind them of Tom and wears his name. Tom is all the talk day and night. The father has given up his search for perpetual motion and his tinkering at the flying machine, and instead devotes his spare time to making ship models and other nautical articles.

Now he is reading the newspaper a few days old, and his eye comes across the notice, "The 'Vigilant' is ordered home and is expected next week."

"Then we may expect Tom in a few days," says the mother. "I wonder how he looks? He must be twenty-six now. Ten years is a long, long time to be away."

"Is Tom comin' home, mamma? Then you won't talk so much about him will you?" said Tom junior.

The door opens and a broad, bronzed, smiling face, the index of a strong, hearty frame, peeps in. It is followed by the body itself, and there is in the room a sailor. The father looks up from his paper with an astonished look, but the mother's eye has recognized her son and he is clasped in her arms once again.

THE LESSON AT HOME.

BY MARY P. HALE.

"It is lesson-night don't go till after tea," said a little friend, with whose parents I had recently become acquainted, and on whose mother I was making a call.

"Lesson-night! And what do you do, Dora?" I asked.

"Oh, we have little stories and Bible texts; and pa explains things; and it's so nice. But we all bring something, and Ida—that's my older sister—calls it a lesson-picnic. Even Dot, the darling, says a little verse. Do stay," urged Dora.

And being cordially solicited by Mrs. W——, my young friend's mother, I remained. Indeed, a Sunday-school lesson, studied at home by parents and children, is so rare a thing in these busy days that I felt very desirous to see how it was conducted in this family. For in all my visits I had observed a remarkably kind demeanor between the various members, and was disposed to think the Bible-lessons were studied with some good results.

The evening meal being over, all who could read took a Bible, while Ida, seating herself at the melodeon, commenced a hymn, in the singing of which all joined. It was about the child Samuel, and that was the subject of the lesson. The father read the passage from the Bible, slowly and in an impressive manner. He then said, "Now let each one give something which they have learned in regard to the lesson or repeat a text."

Dot then said her verse, in baby accents, "the child did minister unto the Lord."

"What is minister, my little one?" asked her father.

"Doing thin's for mamma, and papa, too, I dess." Then climbing into her mother's lap and nestling her curly head in her bosom she added, "And for the dood Papa in heaven."

"The child has caught the spirit of the text," said Mr. W——, "Now, Archie."

Archie, the five-year old boy, said, "There was another little boy who went into the temple, who never was naughty too. But he did not live there like Samuel. And he was always good, just as good as can be. It was Jesus."

"Oh, please, papa, that was mine," said little Dora. "But never mind, Archie dear, you did say that so nice. I'll say two verses: 'And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.' 'And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.'"

"Very well said, little daughter," remarked Mr. W——. To which Dora replied, "Oh! but, papa, I did not find them myself. Mamma found them; but when we talked over the lesson with her, I wanted to tell that which Archie just said."

After some remarks by Mr. W——, an older boy alluded to the fact that Samuel rose immediately upon being called, each time, showing his readiness to obey. He added, "I should think the sons of Eli would have felt reproved by Samuel's attention to their father."

Mr. W—— made some reply, and then Ida gave a brief statement of the duties of the high priest, and in what manner Samuel probably aided him. And as a further help, Mrs. W—— showed a picture of the sacred furniture in the holy place, calling to mind some things which had been learned in previous lessons.

It was an unconstrained, familiar exercise, the father taking notice of each child's part by some fitting response or question. And when each one had spoken, all continued to talk or ask questions upon the subjects of the lesson. A brief appropriate story was usually told for the benefit of the younger ones.

"Nothing helps better to familiarize our minds with Scripture truth in my opinion," said Mr. W——, "than this studying the lesson together. And we think it has a good influence upon the daily life of both parents and children."—*S. S. Times.*

I CAN'T HELP IT.

That was what Harry Day always said when he was told of any of his bad habits: "I can't help it;" which really meant, "I don't *wish* to help it;" because we know well enough that we can every one of us "help" doing wrong if we try in the right way.

Once Harry came upon an old story in a worn, soiled book which he routed out of a chest in the lumber-closet, and this story set him thinking, as it may, perhaps, set some other young folks thinking about the reason why it is necessary to resist what is bad in its earliest beginning.

"Long ago there lived an old hermit who had left the busy world for a cell in the desert, and who was reputed to be learned and wise.

"Many people used to visit the lonely man that they might receive his advice, and once a youth came to him who begged to stay with him for a time as his pupil.

"The hermit consented, and the first day he led his young companion into a small wood near to their humble dwelling. Looking round, he pointed to a very young oak tree just shooting from the ground.

"'Pull up that sapling from the root,' said he to his pupil, who obeyed without any difficulty. They went on a little farther, and the old man pointed to another tree but also a young one whose roots struck deeper. This was not so easy to pull up as the first had been; but with several efforts it was accomplished.

"The third had grown quite tall and strong, so that the youth was a long time before he could tear it up; but when his master pointed to a fourth, which was still larger and stronger, he found that, try as he might, it was impossible to move it.

"'Now, remember and take heed to what you have seen,' said the hermit. 'The bad habits and passions of men are just like these trees of the wood. When young and tender they may be easily overcome, but let them once gain firm root in your soul, and no human strength is sufficient to get rid of them. Watch over your heart, and do not wait till your faults and passions have grown strong before you try to uproot them."

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness, and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not done in an hour or a day, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after many failures) by prayer and perseverance; nay, it must be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

Bell was a sweet child of three or four years. She was bright and pleasant by day, but having been once frightened by a nurse about "the dark" she would cry, if she woke in the night, to be taken into her mother's bed.

But her mother said, "No, Bell, you must lie still in your little crib; but you may hold my hand whenever you wake up."

So very often this dear mother would be wakened by the touch of a silken hand. She would clasp it in her own, and very soon the dear baby would be off again to the land of dreams.

Bell had never been separated from her mother a single night. But the lady took her on her knee one day and told her that dear grandma was very ill and was going to die, and that she must go away for a few days to be with her. "Are you willing I should go and comfort her?" she asked.

Tears filled the blue eyes of little Bell, and she choked so that she could scarcely speak: "Yes, y—es, mamma; I want you to go and comfort grandma, but—but—who'll hold my little hand when I'm afraid of the dark? Papa don't wake up as you do!"

"My dear baby," said the kind mother, "it is Jesus and not I, who keeps you from harm by day and night. He is always beside that little bed, and if you wake and miss me, He will take your hand."

"Then you may go, mamma;" said Bell, smiling through her tears.

That night when Bell's father went to his room, he turned up the gas a little, that he might see the dear baby face in the crib. There was a smile over the rosy lips, and the little hand was stretched out as if for the grasp of some protecting hand.

Perhaps in her dreams she was reaching out her hand to Jesus.

He who said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," has all the dear little ones in His keeping day and night; and they are safe with Him."—*Watchman.*

THE SEEDS OF OUR PUNISHMENT are sown when we commit sin; the punishment itself is sure to come, sooner or later, as the inevitable harvest of our sowing.—*Hesiod.*

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER I.

It began, like most Christmas days, a long while beforehand. That is, the getting ready for it began. The truth is, it was one very warm day in August that the plans for Christie's Christmas were formed. They were all out under the great elm-tree in the back yard, at work trying to keep cool; so Karl said, who had his torn straw hat for a fan, and was lying at full length under the tree. Christie was sewing, taking quick little business-like stitches on a long seam, the baby was pulling first at her work, and then at Karl's hat; Nettie was under the tree, too, but fast asleep, one chubby hand supporting her red cheek. The mother of all these little Tuckers was there, too, sewing another long seam. There was ever so much to do in the Tucker family, and when any of them sat down to rest, there was sure to be long seams to sew, patches to set, or holes to darn.

CHRISTIE WAS SEWING.

"Karl," the mother said, "keep the flies off Nettie, can't you? they are eating her up."

"I must go," said Karl, but he arose on one elbow and began lazily to fan away the flies; "I guess my half-hour is up; father said I was to rest for half an hour, because my cheeks got so red he was afraid I would be sun-struck; it is awful hot out in the field. I'll tell you where I wish I was this minute; I'd like to be in uncle Daniel's ice-house. What a thing it must be to have ice-houses and everything you want."

"We can have an ice-house just as well as not, by Christmas time," said Christie, biting off her thread; "If I had a chance to be at uncle Daniel's a little while, I'd take care to see something different from ice-houses—something that we can't ever have." As she spoke, she drew a long breath, like one whose heart was full of things that she might say, if she would. Karl watched her curiously from behind his hat.

"What things are there at uncle Daniel's that you never expect to have?" he asked at last.

"Lots of them, carpets, and nice furniture, and pictures, and books, and a piano, oh my!" She caught her breath again, and seemed to think it best to stop, lest she should say too much.

"I wouldn't care a fig for the carpets and furniture, but I'd like well enough to have some of the books. A history or two, maybe, and, like enough, a physical geography; but those things I mean to have some day, without going to uncle Daniel's. What good would it do to look at things, if you didn't own them?"

"I think it would be nice to have one good look at them all; you could think out how other folks live a great deal easier after that."

"Well," said Karl, after a thoughtful pause, "maybe you will have a chance some day; it isn't so awful far to uncle Daniel's, now that the railway is done. How do you know but you will go and make them a visit?"

Over this wild suggestion, Christie laughed, and broke her thread in her nervousness; but the mother looked up with a significant nod of her head. "I mean you shall, child," she said decidedly; "I meant it for a surprise, but maybe you will like thinking it over, and planning for it, better than the surprise. Your father and I made up our minds that we would have you go and spend a whole day at your uncle Daniel's, and see all the things that you want to see so much; they've invited us often enough and we mean to do it."

Karl sat upright, and his cheeks were nearly as red as Christie's and both the children said "When?" in such loud, eager tones, that the baby immediately said it after them, and then sat down on the grass and laughed immoderately at her own smartness. As she had never said this word before, Christie, even in her excitement, had to bend down and kiss the baby's mouth.

"Well," said Mrs. Tucker, speaking slowly and impressively, "if nothing more than we know of now, happens, we have decided that you shall spend the whole of Christmas day at your uncle's. You are to go up on the train that passes at seven in the morning, and back on the six o'clock, and that will give you nine whole hours at your uncle Daniel's. I'm sure that will give you time to see a good many things. I don't know what your father will say to my telling you of it, but you do like to dream out things so well, I thought you might like to dream over that."

"Oh my!" said Christie; her work fell at her feet in a heap, and baby seized it and rolled over on it, and chuckled. Then Christie said "Oh my!" again, this time at baby, and added, "You will scratch yourself on that needle," and stooped and gathered up her work. The mother went on with her wonderful story.

"We've been thinking about it for a good while, your father and I, but it was only last night that we made our minds up squarely that you should go, if we could bring it about, and I guess we can. I wish it was so that you and Karl could go together, but we don't know how to manage that now, that's a fact; and Christmas day is Christie's birthday, you know, Karl, and besides she is two years older than you. Her turn ought to come first."

"Course," said Karl sturdily, but he shaded his face entirely with his hat, and let the flies bite Nettie in peace for about a minute. What a thing it would be to take a ride on the steam cars' No, he had never been on them in his life. Neither had Christie, but then she was a girl; he wondered if it could be so hard for girls as for boys.

"But, mother," said Christie timidly, "it costs an awful lot of money to ride on the cars."

"I know it does. Eighty-five cents there, and eighty-five cents back; that's a dollar and seventy cents! It seems a good deal to spend; but it is your birthday, and it is Christmas day, and you've worked hard, and father and Karl and I think you ought to go; don't we, Karl?"

"Yes'm," said Karl, and if his voice trembled a little, his mother pretended not to notice it.

"Yes," she said cheerily, "that's what we do, and we are going to work for it; there is a great deal to be done between now and then; there's some yeast cakes I will want to send to your aunt Louisa; and some mittens for the baby, and if I can bring it about, I'm going to tie a comfort for his little bed; your aunt Louisa said they were nice things, the last time she was here, and your father thinks there will be a bag of choice apples that we can put in for them; and I thought maybe Karl and you would want to gather a few nuts for your cousins; then they ought to have mittens, too, or something, but I don't know as we could manage about so much yarn; dear me! there is a great deal to do, and only a little time to do it in; not quite four months, I declare! How time does go, to be sure."

Then did Christie and Karl look at each other; glances full of curious astonishment. Nothing seemed to them to move so slowly as time. It seemed to Christie that Christmas day would never come, never in the world!

But it did. And it found the Tucker family up very early in the morning. A kerosene lamp was burning in every room in the lower part of the house, by four o'clock. For wasn't the station a mile away, and wasn't Christie to take her first ride on the cars that morning? How pretty she looked in her trim new suit! New? Well, yes, new to her. Who was going to know, unless she told them, that the brown travelling dress, sack and all, was made from an old water-proof cloak that aunt Louisa had left there one day because it really was not worth bothering to get it into the trunk? Aunt Louisa herself would not have recognized it now. It had been turned, and sponged and pressed, and cut and fitted and trimmed, with rows upon rows of machine stitching of the very neatest sort. How many little fingers had helped to get Christie ready for her first going out into the great world! There was Susan Briggs the tailoress, home on a few days' visit to her mother, their next neighbor, and one evening when she ran in to see the Tuckers she had said: "Why, you would have enough of that for some of those cunning little cut-away jackets that they wear so much! Let me look at it: I do believe I could get one out. Why, dear me! it has a large cape too; yes, I know I could. Shall I cut it out for you,

"I MUST GO," SAID KARL.

Mrs Tucker? Oh, nonsense! I would just as soon do it, as to sit here with my hands folded. Hand me the shears, Christie! I've got my pattern in my pocket; I lent it to Jane Anne Wheeler, and I met her coming to bring it home, just as I turned the corner to-night. Wasn't that fortunate? I'll tell you what it is, Christie Tucker, we'll have a nice little cut-away jacket for you before you know it. What are you going to trim the dress with?"

"Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Tucker, "don't talk to us about trimming; it has been just as much as we could do to pucker the necessary things together to make the dress. You see, Susan, a journey makes so much expenses; she had to have a new pair of gloves, and a pair of shoes, and altogether it counts up; she will have to go without trimming."

Then did Susan sit in quiet, her busy shears snipping the cloth most skilfully, her busy brain considering the while; at last she spoke her thoughts.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Tucker, this goods would look beautifully stitched on the machine; suppose we change works! if you will do some buttonholes for me, I'll take this home and give it three rows on mother's machine; you do make buttonholes elegantly, and I'd rather stitch, any day, than to make them."

And the gratified mother who would not have accepted charity to get trimming for her daughter, was nevertheless willing to get it by changing work; so the three rows of stitching were added, and very pretty they looked. Then, one evening, came Mrs. Briggs, Susan's mother, to sit awhile with her knitting, and tucked away in her pocket was a pretty little ruffle of finest cambric, hemmed with the smallest of stitches, gathered in infinitesimal puckers, and carefully fluted by Mrs. Briggs' own skilful hands.

"There!" she said, bringing it out, "I was making ruffles for my girls, and there was a little speck over — I promised them three apiece, you know, and this was left over—and, thinks I to myself, that will just make Christie a ruffle to wear when she goes her first journey; so I made it for a little Christmas present for you, child; and you must pay me by telling me about all the wonderful things you saw on the way."

How pretty the little white ruffle was! And how pleased was Christie, and how more than pleased was her mother. It was so nice for people to take an interest in Christie.

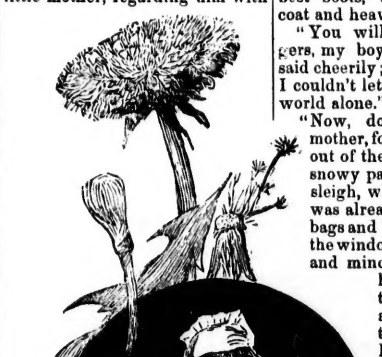
At last everything was ready. The basket, of choice apples was packed, the bag of yeast cakes was stowed away in the old-fashioned, flowered carpet satchel that had gone on journey by water, and journey by stage, a long time ago, but had never in its life taken a ride by steam. There were other choice things in the satchel—mittens and wrist warmers, and the gay patch-work comfort for the baby's bed; and there was another basket for the nuts that had been gathered at just the right time to be at their best.

"I don't know how you will ever get out of the cars loaded down so," father Tucker said, looking a little anxious, "But I guess the conductor will help you; I'll speak to him about it."

"And do be careful, Christie," said mother Tucker; "it seems to me as though the cars must be dangerous things, going so fast. I'm most sorry I gave my consent to having you go off alone; it is a pretty risky thing for a young girl like you."

"O mother," said Karl, "nothing will hurt her. I wouldn't be afraid to go to New York all alone."

"Yes, I know," said the wise little mother, regarding him with kind motherly eyes; "but then, you are a boy, and boys are expected to take care of themselves, and look after the girls besides."



THE BABY SAT DOWN ON THE GRASS AND LAUGHED.

Karl's dark cheeks flushed over this, and he answered cheerily, "Well, I'll take good care of her; I'll go on the cars and pick her out a seat, and settle all her baskets and bundles.

If the whole truth were told, Karl Tucker looked forward to this performance almost as eagerly as Christie did to the journey. Every morning he drove to the depot and sent a can of milk into the city by the early train. And every morning Wells Burton, a boy only three or four years older than himself, was there with his sleigh and pony to see his sister off to school. Karl, after his milk can was disposed of, on the hand freight car, had leisure to watch Wells Burton. How he took his sister's satchel of books, and her shawl strap, and walked beside her to the steps of the car and helped her up, and sprang gayly in after her; then Karl could see him through the windows, walking down the aisle of the car, sometimes turning a seat, then settling the books and the shawl strap on some shelf or hook that seemed to be overhead; Karl had never been near enough to investigate how it was fixed, for his strict orders were on no account to step on the cars. But he had watched Wells Burton all through the fall; he knew just how to do it, and he was burning with an eager desire to do it for Christie. Great, then, was his disappointment when his father appeared in his best boots, and with his great coat and heavy mittens.

"You will have two passengers, my boy, this morning," he said cheerily; "oh, yes, I'm going. I couldn't let my girl start out in world alone."

"Now, do be careful," said mother, following her treasure out of the door, and down the snowy path to the great wood sleigh, where the can of milk was already tucked in among bags and blankets; "don't open the window to look at anything, and mind you don't put your head out; I've heard that it is dangerous; and remember all I told you to tell Louisa and the rest; and mind and wrap the big shawl around you well, when you ride to the station. And don't you let them coax you to stay all night for anything in the world. I shouldn't sleep a wink if you did, and I guess maybe I'd start on foot to see what was the matter."

Between these sentences, Christie was being kissed and hugged, until what with the bundling up, and the frosty air, and a feeling as though she was going away off into a great cold world, and might never see any of the dear people in the little old farmhouse any more, she felt as though she should choke, or maybe cry; and that would be almost worse!

At last they were off! The mother came in and held the baby up at the window to watch the sleigh as it turned the corner, and slipped out of sight, and then she said:

"How Mrs. Burton stands it to let her little girl go to the city every day to school, I don't see! Seems to me I should fly away with anxiety; but there is nothing like getting used to things Dear me! It doesn't seem right to have the child go off on Christmas day; but then it was her birthday, and all; and she'll be back to supper and be hungry enough, I'll warrant; there'll be so many dishes, and silver, and things at Daniel's, that she can't do much eating. I'll have stewed chicken, and biscuits smothered in cream gravy, and hot apple sauce, to surprise her; see if I don't! Come, Nettie dear, you're the only little girl mother has to help her to-day, and we must fly around. What should I do if I hadn't Christie to help every day, is more than I can think." And, thank the Lord, I haven't got it to think.

But she wiped away the tears as she hurried to her work, for Christie had never been away from home before a whole day in her life. What, not even to school? No, not even to school.

(*To be continued.*)

A HORSE THAT COUNTS.

A certain horse in Sayreville for twenty years has been a cart-horse in a brick-yard, and the habit of going through a certain round of duties day after day for eight months in the year has enabled him to do things which seem to indicate possession of mental faculties similar to some of those possessed by the human race. It is an old saying among the farmers that crows cannot count more than three, but this horse has the ability to count sixty-five. His routine of labor is to cart sixty-five loads of clay from the pit to the spot where the clay is mixed or ground and then go for a load of coal dust; and now, without anything being said or done to indicate the fact to him, when he has deposited his sixty-fifth load, he turns away from the clay pit and goes to the dock for a load of dust. This is not the only peculiarity, for when he goes to the pit, he backs the cart up to the right place, and will take only what he conceives to be his proper load. If more is put on, he backs and kicks and rattles the cart about until the load is reduced to what he considers a proper quantity. Having such an intellectual capacity, it is not surprising to learn that he will not be driven. As soon as the reins are touched he becomes fractious and unmanageable, but a gentle explanation of what is required usually has the desired effect.—*Children's Friend.*

GOOD MEN have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

HE IS NOT only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

It is time I told you a little more about the Tucker family. They lived away "out West." That is, if you live in New York, or Brooklyn, or Maine, or Boston, or New Haven, or even in Cleveland or Cincinnati, you might call it away "out West," for it was in Kansas.

KARL SWUNG OFF AMONG THE BOUGHS.

The Tuckers went there from New England when Karl was a baby, and had been working away on their bit of a farm ever since. A city had grown up about twenty miles from them, but it had not grown where Mr. Tucker thought it would, when he bought his little farm, and not even a school had come within five miles of them until lately. I am not so very sure that it would have done the Tucker children much good if there had; the truth was, there was such hard work, and so much of it, to feed all the mouths, and clothe the stout little bodies, that both Christie and Karl had had to work hard all day long. You need not suppose that on this account they did not know anything. I fancy they were almost as good scholars as some who go to school year after year. Mr. Tucker had taught them, in the long winter evenings, to cipher, and had studied geography with them on a big old map of the United States, that he had brought with him from New England. And Mrs. Tucker, who, in her New England home, had been the best reader and speller in the whole school, had taught them in both these branches very carefully And so, though they had not many books to read, what they had were very carefully read, and very well understood.

Uncle Daniel lived in the handsome city that had sprung up twenty miles further east, and he lived an entirely different life from the Tuckers. He was Mrs. Tucker's youngest brother, was a merchant, and had one of the finest stores in the fine little city, and was what the Western people called a rich man. The Tuckers saw very little of them, for the reason that twenty miles in a country where there are no railways, are not easily gotten over, especially by busy people; and it was not yet quite a year since the branch railway came within a mile of the Tucker's farm. Since then, the country around had begun to hold up its head. A good school had been started, a neat little church had been built, and to the church the Tuckers tramped every Sabbath day. But the school they had not succeeded in getting time to attend.

"By next year," Mr. Tucker had said, "we must try hard for it."

He said it again that very morning, on the road to the depot.

CHAPTER II.

It was very pleasant riding to the depot in the early light of the winter morning. A ride of any sort was a treat to Christie. There was always so much to do in the little home in the morning, and when evening was closing in, that she could rarely be spared to ride to the station with Karl; so that, really, for the third time in her life, did she expect to gaze on the cars!

"It isn't your first ride after the iron horse, by any means," her father said to her. "More than a thousand miles you rode, and you stood it well, too; were just as good as you could be, and gave mother and me no trouble at all; in fact you seemed to be anxious to amuse Karl, and help him to have a good time. But you were such a little dot I don't suppose you remember anything about it."

"Why, father," said Karl, "she wasn't three years old then! How could she remember it?"

"Well, I don't know; seems to me I remember my mother, and I wasn't quite three years old when she died; but then folks remember mothers, I s'pose, longer than they do anything else. They ought to. Well, Christie, my girl, keep your eyes open to-day, and see what you can learn. My father used to tell me—your old grandfather, you know, who died before you were born—he used to say to me, 'Learn all you can, John, about anything and everything; there is no telling when a chance may pop up for you to use what you thought you never would use.' It's a good rule. I practised on it once when I saw a man making a waggon; I watched just how he fixed the wheel and the holes for the nails, and everything, and I said, right out loud, 'It isn't any ways likely that I shall ever make a waggon, but then I might as well know how you do it.' And it wasn't a week after that we broke down going across the prairie, your mother and me and two children; and if I hadn't known just how to fix that wheel we would have frozen to death likely enough before we could get anywhere."

"Well," Christie said, laughing a little, "I don't suppose I shall ever make a train of cars, but I'll learn how if I can."

"There's no telling," her father said, "what will come of one day; they are curious things, days are; like enough you may see something to-day that will help you along all your life; and for the matter of that, you might see plenty of things to hinder you all your life; that's what makes such solemn business of living. Only there's one comfort; you can shut your eyes to the evil things, and say: I won't remember one of them; I'll have nothing to do with them. And the good things you can mark and lay away in your mind for future use. Well, here we are, I declare. Old Sam has trotted along pretty fast this morning. Now, my man, you may help Christie out, and get her ticket, and put her on the train all right, and I'll stay here and take care of Sam."

Then did Karl's face glow! But he made a pretence of objection: "Why, father, I can take care of Sam if you want to go."

"No, no, my boy, I can trust you to look after Christie; you'll have plenty of time; they've got a lot of freight to load this morning, and you can go in and find her a seat, and do it all up like a man. Sam and I will tend to each other out here. I'll just set the satchel on the steps there, so you can reach it easy, and then I'll drive around to the shed."

Good, thoughtful father! Putting quietly away his own desire to see his little girl safely launched for her first journey; putting back with resolute hand the vague fear that Karl might not help her properly, or might not get off the train in time, and so harm might come to one or both of them. Well he knew that a whole army of "mights" and "might nots" lay all along life's journey with which to make himself miserable, and there was nothing for it but to seize the doubts with resolute hand and hold them back so that they need not cripple the young lives under his care. He remembered how, when Karl climbed the tree and swung off in a daring way among the slender-looking boughs, he had to shut his eyes and ask God to take care of the boy, and keep the father from crying out, and so help to make his son a coward. He felt a little bit like that this morning. Only the memory of the apple-tree helped; there were no trees now that Karl couldn't climb. They moved away briskly, that little man and woman; Christie running back once to give father one more kiss, and to assure him that she would certainly be in time for the evening train. And once he called after her, and ran forward to tell her to say to uncle Daniel that he could have a cow in the spring, like the one he wanted last fall. And then he went back to his horse, and the boy and girl entered the depot together. Karl went forward, business written on every line of his manly face as he called for and paid for a ticket, and stood by protectingly while Christie pinned it in the corner of her handkerchief into her pocket. Then he made a little heap of the basket of apples, and the basket of nuts, and the flowered satchel and the shawl, making business-like comments the while.

"You must have the conductor lift off these baskets for you, Christie; they always do that for folks travelling alone. You don't have to give up your ticket, you know; the conductor makes a little hole in it, and then gives it back; he won't take it until you are almost at the city. And Christie, mother said I was to remind you the last thing, not to get off the cars until you saw uncle Daniel, and knocked on the window for him to come for you; mother worried about your getting off alone."

WELLS BURTON SPOKE TO THE LADY.

THERE'S THE TRAIN!

"And what," said Christie, "should I do if uncle Daniel didn't get there in time, and I had to get off?" She moved closely to Karl as she spoke, and felt as though their ages were reversed, and she was ten and he was twelve, and wished with all her timid little heart that he was going along to take care of her. He had seen the cars so often.

"Oh, well," her protector said reassuringly, "he will be there, of course; he knows just how mother feels. But then if he shouldn't, you needn't be one mite afraid; it is just as easy to step off. I shouldn't mind it at all. I've seen Wells Burton swing himself off with his hands in his pockets; he does it just as easy as you step down from the back stoop. There he is now! Look, Christie, the boy just turning the corner!"

He came leisurely down the snowy walk, whistling a merry tune; a tall, handsome boy, dressed in a well-fitting suit of finest quality and of city make. He nodded his head good-humoredly to a man who stood leaning against the post, and lifted his cap politely to a lady who was approaching from the other end.

"I wonder what he is going in for to-day?" murmured Karl, watching him with fascinated gaze. "There isn't any school for a week; I heard him tell Mr. Lewis so yesterday. Do you suppose he can be going just for the fun of it?"

There was a touch of awe in Karl's voice. It seemed such a wonderful thing for a boy but a few years older than himself to be possibly riding around on the cars for the fun of it, as he sometimes rode a horse to water! As if in explanation of his wonderment, Wells Burton spoke to the lady who had addressed him.

"No, ma'am, our people are all in town; went in yesterday to spend Christmas at my grandfather's. I was to have gone there last evening but I didn't get my papa's message in time, and so came home as usual and had to stay here all night.

"Well, no, not alone, exactly. The servants are all at home, you know; but it seemed rather lonely.

"Oh, no, they were not frightened. I telegraphed of course as as soon as I found out how it was. I thought mamma might be a trifle worried.

"No, ma'am, I walked down this morning, it is such a bore to be always riding. Since there was nobody but myself I thought I would have the fun of a walk in the snow."

What wonderful talk was this! Karl, looking and listening, forgot for a moment his own importance that morning, and actually gave a sigh. To hear a boy so little older than himself talk so composedly about going into town and out of town, and spending the night alone, and telegraphing, and dismissing the handsome sleigh and ponies for the fun of a walk, it was almost too much! He looked over at the handsome, well-dressed fellow with a strange wistfulness; and the gray patches on his knees looked larger and coarser than ever before, and the red tippet around his neck seemed almost to choke him. What a difference there was in their lives, to be sure!

"Talk about houses," he said to Christie, speaking some of his thoughts aloud, "you ought to see the inside of their house! I guess uncle Daniel's is nothing to it. Nick Barton has been there with freight; been upstairs in three or four of their rooms, carrying heavy things, you know, and says it is perfectly splendid, the furniture and everything. He was telling me about it last night; he says they've got two pianos, or two great big music things in different rooms, and books! Nick says there are books enough to fill the church, he should think."

THEY WERE REALLY OFF.

"I'd like to see the outside of their house," Christie said wistfully "I don't ever expect to see the inside. But Karl, in the summer, mother said you and I would walk over that way and see all around it. Do you suppose they will be there in the summer?"

"Of course," said Karl, "they built the new house for the summer. They didn't mean to stay here in the winter at all. Nick told me last night; he says they just came down to settle it, and see to things; and the sick young man took a fancy to stay; so they all stayed. Nick said he didn't think it would last long, but he guessed maybe they would stay all winter."

"Is there a sick young man?" Christie's voice was changing from wistfulness to pity.

"Yes, there is; he can't walk, only on crutches, and looks pale and weak; and when he goes into the city, Nick says some great strong man takes him right in his arms and lifts him into the cars; and he is twenty years old."

"Poor young man!" said Christie.

And she envied the Burton family no more.

"There's the train!" said Karl, his voice full of suppressed excitement. "Now, Christie, don't you touch one of those bundles. I'll tend to them all; and, Christie,"—this in a lower tone—"if anything should happen that uncle Daniel shouldn't be there, and you shouldn't see the conductor, this boy would help you off if you should just ask him, and he could tell you just where to go to wait; he knows all about the city, you see."

"Oh," said Christie, shrinking back, and clinging to Karl's tippet, "I couldn't speak to him, Karl; I couldn't indeed. I'd rather get off alone a great deal; and I'm most sure uncle Daniel will be there."

"So am I. Don't worry! Now come!"

And the great moment had arrived. Karl shouldered the bundles with the air of one used to carrying many things, set them skillfully on the steps of the platform, then came down again for Christie, piloted her safely through the car, found a seat for her, disclosed that there was a convenient little wire house above the seat where shawls and parcels were placed, arranged hers for her, and in fact did everything that an experienced traveller could have done for her comfort. He had not used his eyes for nothing. But now a brakesman was shouting "All aboard!" and he must leave her to herself. He bent down for one last word just as Wells Burton saunterd in with the air of an old traveller who had lingered outside until the latest moment:

"Remember, Christie, if anything should happen — which there won't, it isn't likely—I shouldn't be afraid to ask that boy about things; he looks good-natured. And, Christie, mind and come home to-night, even if you have to walk."

There was a sudden clanging of the bell, a final howl from the locomotive, a jerk which almost threw Christie from her seat, and they were really off. How swiftly the trees and barns and fences flew past them! Everything seemed to be afraid of them, and hurrying to get out of their way. What a queer noise the cars made! And they shook so! As though they were angry, Christie thought. She and Karl had often tried to imagine what riding on the cars felt like, but they certainly had never succeeded. By degrees, as she became accustomed to the strange motion, our little traveller gained courage to look about her. She had a great desire to act like other people, and in order to do this, it would be necessary to find out how other people acted. Opposite her sat a man with gray hair, and gold spectacles, and a very large gold watch. Christie liked to look at him.

"He is good," she said to herself. "I know he is. I wonder if he's somebody's grandpa going home for Christmas. I suppose he doesn't look like my grandpa out in New York, but I wish he did. I suppose he is taking his grandchildren some nice presents; books, maybe. I wish he would come over here and sit, and tell me about them."

This thought made her look directly in front of her, to see who had the seat which she wanted for her old gentleman. It was a young man with a pale, discontented face. He seemed to be in a great hurry, for he looked at his watch three times during the few minutes that Christie watched him; yet when a lady who sat in front of him suddenly turned and asked him to please tell her what time it was, he started as though he were not used to being spoken to, and said: "What? I beg your pardon. Oh, the time! I really do not know, but I'll see." And out came the watch again.

How could Christie help giggling? It did seem so funny to her. She did not mean he should hear her, but he did, for he darted at her a quick, annoyed look, which, however, softened when he saw what a shy, ashamed little thing it was.

Now Christie was not used to strangers, and felt almost afraid to speak; but she had been brought up to be careful of other people's feelings, and she was afraid she had hurt this young man. She slipped forward on her seat and touched his arm. Her voice trembled a little:

"If you please, sir," she said, "I hope you will forgive me for laughing. I couldn't help it; it seemed so funny to look at such a lovely watch as that without knowing what it said. But I did not mean to be rude. Mother would be ashamed of me."

(To be continued.)

A MAN is known by his company, and his company by his manners.—*Swift.*

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

If the young man had been bewildered when the lady spoke to him, he was too much astonished now to say a word. He just stared for a minute at the burning cheeks, as though he felt like saying:

"What in the world can you be talking about?" At last he spoke.

"There is no harm done, my little friend. I had already forgotten that you laughed. My thoughts were too busy about other things, and too sad to pay much attention to watches, or to think of anything but getting over the ground as fast as possible."

"We go very fast," said Christie earnestly.

She wanted to comfort the young man, his voice sounded so sad. He smiled faintly.

"Do you think so? It seems to me that we almost creep."

Christie caught her breath to keep from expressing too great surprise. It seemed to her that they almost flew.

He saw the astonishment on her face, and explained:

"A hundred miles from here I have a very sick friend. If I could get to her in time, I think I might help her. Do you wonder that the train seems to me to move very slowly?"

"No, Sir;" said Christie, with great sympathetic eyes. "If mother were sick, I should want to fly."

She sat back after that, and the young man took a telegram from his pocket, and seemed to study it. Then he took a newspaper, and seemed to others to be reading it; but Christie saw that part of the time it was upside down. She felt very sorry for him, and could not help glancing at him occasionally with a tender smile on her face; especially as he smiled back, and seemed to like her sympathy.

CHAPTER III.

Christie had other travelling companions who interested her very much. At the first stopping-place a lady with a little fellow hardly out of babyhood came and took the seat just behind her. She had to twist herself around to get a view of the baby as he sat in a corner of the seat; but he was so pretty that she could hardly keep her eyes away from him. He had wonderful large blue eyes, and a laughing face, and he kept bobbing up and down, and making pretty little sounds out of his rosebud mouth, and once he smiled on her as though he hadn't the least objection in the world to being better acquainted. But Christie did not dare to go near him, for he was beautifully dressed, and his mamma looked as though she might be very particular about his friends. So the little girl who had left a baby at home, looked the other way and tried to forget how much she wanted to kiss the baby behind her.

HARDLY OUT OF BABYHOOD.

The cars were quite full, but Christie thought that most of the people looked as though they had been obliged to get up too early, and had not had a good breakfast.

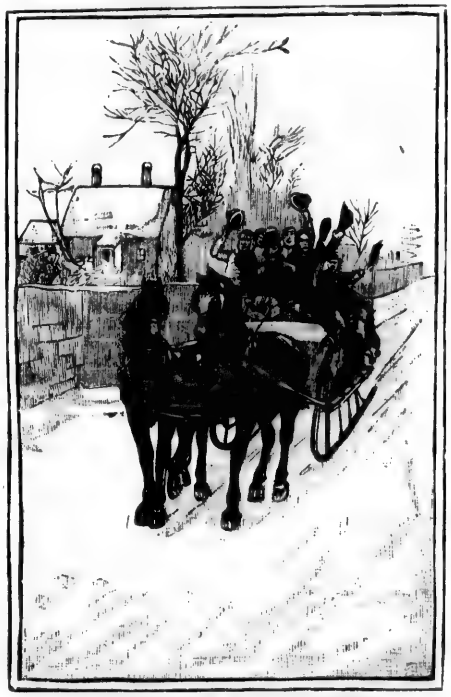
"They feel cross," she said to herself, "or else they feel afraid. I wonder if there is anything to be afraid of."

Thinking which, she looked over at Wells Burton, the boy who went on the train every morning to the city. He surely ought to know by this time whether there was any cause for fear. He had his hands in his pockets, and was looking out of the window and whistling. He did not look in the least afraid, neither did he look cross.

What a thing it would be to know him, and have him tell about all the wonders that he saw in the city every day! He had been to the State House, she had heard, and Karl said the stage-driver said that the Governor was a great friend of Mr. Burton, and had been out to see him.

How much Christie would like to hear something about the Governor from one who had actually heard him talk. She knew quite a good deal concerning this Governor. Her father admired him very much, and said he was one of the grandest temperance men in the State. And once when he went to the city to see about selling his corn, he had a story to tell about having seen the Governor standing in the door of his home, and a fine-looking man her father said he was.

Christie had a burning desire to see a real governor; or, failing in that—as of course she expected—to hear things about him: how he acted, and what he said, and all those nice pleasant things which she believed she could tell about people if she ever had any chances.



ALL SWUNG THEIR HATS AND CHEERED.

But she must not grumble on this morning, of all others in her life, she told herself, letting the sober look go out of her face, and bringing back the happy one. Here were plenty of chances. What a long story she could tell Karl about these people on the cars. And there was that baby cooing and jumping, and—why, yes, the darling was actually throwing kisses at her.

The train stopped again. It was a veryaccommodating train; it seemed to stop every few minutes to pick up passengers along the road when there was no station in sight. Some junction was yelled out, but the brakesman talked in Choctaw, and of course Christie did not understand him.

A gentleman came in, glanced up and down the well-filled car, then dropped into the seat beside Christie.

"I suppose you will let me sit with you?" he said, and his voice was very pleasant, and his face was bright with smiles. She made haste to say, "Yes, sir." Then he began to talk with her, or rather to her, for Christie said very little. He pointed out a log cabin as they flew past it, and told her the queerest little history about its being built there by a boy less than sixteen years old, for his mother. And how he worked day and night, and earned money enough to send away to Maine for her, and how he supported her. And how they lived in a nice pleasant house, and had cows and horses, and the mother made butter, and sold it at the highest price in market, and how she said "It can't help but be good butter, I have such a dear good boy."

Christie listened and exclaimed and enjoyed. What a thing to tell father and mother and Karl! She felt that she was piling up stories to last all the rest of the winter evenings.

She was very sorry when her pleasant friend arose at the very next station only a mile away, and bade her good-morning as politely as though she had been a grown-up lady. She wished so much that she knew his name. It would be awkward to be always calling him "the gentleman with bright eyes that looked right through you." That seemed to be the only way she could describe him.

She noticed that he stopped at Wells Burton's seat and shook hands with him. It was quite likely that Wells knew who he was.

"Now, if I only knew Wells Burton," she told herself, "I might ask him; but then I don't, and it isn't likely that I ever shall."

The pretty baby had gone to

sleep; she could not amuse herself with him, and so she turned to the window again just as they were passing a country road down which was flying a sleigh filled with a merry party, who, realizing that the train was beating them, all swung their hats and cheered them on. That was fun for a little time, and then as they whizzed along, she espied a comical sight that entertained her still more. But as the on-flying train left all these interesting scenes in the rear, Christie at last thought of her father's advice, and she began to see if she could learn to make a car.

She twisted her head about,and looked up and down and around her in so many ways that at last the sad-faced young man began to watch her. She was studying the long rope that ran through the top of the car, wondering what it was for, when he spoke to her.

"That rope is to be pulled to stop the train. If you should chance to want it stopped for any reason, all you would have to do would be to give that a violent pull; but I earnestly hope you won't do it, for it seems to me that we stop quite often enough."

"I am sure I won't," Christie said laughing a little, though really she felt somewhat startled over the bare idea of her stopping a train.

Not ten minutes after that it stopped again. What for? Nobody seemed to know. There was no station, not even so much as a shed; there was nobody to get on or off; yet there that ridiculous train stood, as though it had reached the end of its journey and did not care how soon the passengers hopped out in the snow. Then you should have heard the people grumble. Christie was astonished; she did not know that grown people were ever so cross. It made her laugh to see the watches bob out, while the faces which looked at them seemed to grow crosser every minute.

"What in the world are we stopping here for?" asked the pale-faced young man with such anxiety in his face that Christie felt very sorry for him. "What is the matter, sir?" This question he asked of a gentleman who had been on the platform looking about him.

"Don't know sir; can't find out. If the officials know they mean to keep it to themselves. Still, I guess we are going on soon, I saw signs of moving."

However, they did not move. The next person who thought it was his duty to attend to matters, was Wells Burton. How he happened to sit still so long, I'm sure I don't know. He sauntered out and looked about him. Christie turned herself in her seat to get a view from the door. What a long level stretch of road lay behind them! How queerly the track looked! Two long black snakes surrounded on every side by snow. She wished she could get a nearer view. She had been charged not to step off the train, and on no account to put her head out of the window. But what was to hinder her stepping down to that closed door, and getting a nearer view of the snakes?

She slipped quietly from her seat and went. It looked fully as queer as she thought it would. Wells Burton stood on the lower step of the car, also gazing about him; not at the track, but at the train-men, who seemed to be trying to decide whether it was worth while to go on. Suddenly they concluded that they would.

The engine gave a snort to express its approval of the plan, several passengers who had been standing on the track jumped back again on the car, and came in to see about their seats. Then the wheels began to turn around. Still Wells Burton stood on that lowest step with his hands in his pockets. Christie looked at him, and a little shiver ran through her while she thought if that were Karl she should surely be tempted to reach out and pull at his coat. How could the boy be so foolish? Why did not his mother make him promise not to do so?

He was coming in now;and it was quite time, for the train was well under way. How did it happen? Nobody knew. Wells Burton least of all; and Christie, who stood looking on all the while could never give a clear account of that part of it. She only knew that the boy she was watching with such anxiety, turned carelessly on his heel, hands still in his pockets, and the next instant was lying a dreadful heap on the ground and the train was scudding on. and nobody but she, Christie Tucker, knew anything about it. She had just once thought in her mind—What if it were Karl? She gave one little squeal, which the engine swallowed, so that nobody heard, and the next second she did what made all the people in the car think that the quiet-faced well-behaved little girl had suddenly gone crazy She gave a quick little hop, very much as she had done many a time to reach the lowest bough of the apple-tree, and caught that rope whose use she had just learned, and never surely was harder pull given to it than her stout little body managed at that moment. In an instant the car was full of excitement. "What—what—what does that mean?" asked the fat man who had been the last to enter the train. The handsome old gentleman looked at her gravely through his gold spectacles, and the pale-faced man who had taught her about the rope said hastily: "Why, my child, you ought not to have done that. What in the world do you want?"

SHE SPIED A COMICAL SIGHT.

All this happened, of course, in a few seconds; and before Christie could catch her frightened breath to explain, in came the conductor, looking like a summer thunder cloud. "What does all this mean?" he asked gruffly. "Who pulled that rope?"

Christie took time to be glad that the train was actually stopping, before she explained in a quick, frightened voice, "Oh, sir, he fell off just as he was stepping on the train again, and he lies in the road. Do you think it killed him?"

"Who fell? What are you talking about?" said the conductor, his quick eye roving over the car in search of missing passengers. "Was it the boy who sat in that seat?" But before Christie could think of stammering out a "Yes, sir," he had turned from her and rushed out of the car, and the train which had almost stopped, began to move slowly backward. I'm sure you can imagine better than I can tell you how they all acted then. How they crowded around that end door, and all tried to see out from a space that would accommodate only two; and there was nothing to see! How they crowded around Christie, and asked questions! "How did it happen?" Christie did not know; she was still trembling over the thought that it had happened. "What was he out there for?" Christie did not know. In her heart she believed it was because he was a very foolish boy; but that she did not like to say. "Was he hurt much?" Christie did not know; she wished very much that she did. "Is he your brother, my child?' This the handsome-faced old gentleman asked her.

"No sir," said Christie; she knew so much, at least. Then she told who he was. "Ah, indeed!" the gentleman said. "A son of Warren H. Burton," he supposed. He had heard of him. Then there was a sudden bustle, and a scurrying to get out of the way,and a turning over of car seats to make a bed; for they were bringing the poor fellow in. Christie was relieved to find,as they passed her seat, that his eyes were wide open, and that though he looked very pale, he gazed about him like one who was curious to see what the people thought of all this, and seemed just a little vexed over their curiosity.

"Oh, no; he isn't badly hurt," the conductor said, as having fixed the boy into a seat, and made him as comfortable as possible, he came down the aisle on his way out. "He has a sprained ankle that will shut him up for a few weeks, and a bruise or two; nothing serious, I think. How he escaped so easily is more than I can imagine. I thought of course he was killed. It is a bad habit, this standing on the car steps; I wonder his father doesn't forbid it."

(*To be continued.*)

ANIMALS show a deal of instinct in caring for themselves and for each other when ill. A dog that has lost his appetite eats grass known as dog's grass. Sheep and cows seek out certain herbs, and cats hunt for catnip. An animal with rheumatism will always keep in the sun as much as possible.—*Congregationalist.*

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. —*Dr. Johnson.*

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"That is just what I wonder," thought Christie; and she ventured to glance in the direction of the turned seat. Wells Burton was looking right at her, and—why! was it possible that he was motioning to her? Her cheeks began to grow pink. What if she should walk over there to him, and he should stare at her and say, "What do you want, little girl?" and it should turn out that he had not thought of such a thing as motioning to her. If anything of this kind should happen, Christie felt that she must certainly sink through the floor. But he kept looking at her, and she felt almost sure that he was nodding his head at her. Poor Christie! It had not begun to take so much courage to pull that bell rope, as it did to think of walking down the aisle and stopping to see if that boy possibly wanted her. In fact, she had pulled the bell without thinking about it at all; but this was different; and her cheeks began to grow very hot, and she wondered whether mother would be ashamed of her for going, or for not going. What would all the passengers think of her for marching down there to talk to a boy whom she had told them she never spoke to in her life? "I won't go," she told herself; "not a step. Why should he be motioning to me? Of course he isn't."

And having settled this to her satisfaction, what did Christie do in the course of the next two minutes, but walk meekly down that aisle, and stand before the turned seats.

"I thought you motioned to me," she said gently. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"I should say you had done considerable in that line already," he answered heartily. "How came you to think of anything so sensible as stopping the train? Most any girl I know would have yelled like a screech-owl, and danced up and down a few times, and then finished up by fainting dead away, before anybody had found out what was the matter. How came you to act so differently from the usual style?"

"I didn't know that was the way to do," Christie said, a little glimmer of a laugh in her gray eyes. "Are you much hurt?"

"Not so very. My ankle is sprained, they say, and I feel somewhat as though I was a hundred and fifty years old, and had enjoyed the rheumatism for about half a century. Sit down here and let us talk about it." So Christie sat down on the extreme edge of the farther seat.

"I wish I could do something to help the pain," she said. "If your ankle is broken, it ought to be set, and I almost think that the man who sits in the seat right before mine is a doctor."

"The ankle will keep until we get to the city. We are half-way there by this time, though we seem to have plenty of hinderances this morning. I say, how many trains of cars have you stopped in your life?"

"I never did such a thing before," Christie said, her eyes dancing now, "and I had just promised that I wouldn't stop this one; but you see there wasn't anything else to do."

"Well, I'll tell you what I think. I think it was about as plucky a thing to do as I ever heard of in my life. Hallo, we are stopping again! This train has got so used to stopping that it can't go more than a mile without trying it. Can this be the junction? Just take a look out, will you, and report?"

"There are four rows of tracks instead of two," said Christie, "and they go criss-cross."

"Then it is the switch!" Wells exclaimed, and there was such a peculiar sound to his voice, that Christie turned from the window to look at him.

"The switch!" she repeated, "what does that mean?"

"It means that the express train passes us here, and that just about now she is rushing over those rails where I lay a few minutes ago. Here she comes!"

CHAPTER IV.

A roar of machinery, a succession of dizzying flashes past the window, then sudden relief from the deafening noise, and the express train had gone on its way.

Christie looked at Wells Burton. His face was very grave, and she thought it a trifle paler than before.

"Did you know that? he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the departed train.

"Did I know what?"

"That the express train was almost due, and would come thundering over me so soon?"

Christie shivered. "I did not know anything about the express train," she said.

"Well, you could not have done any quicker work if you had known. It is queer I didn't think of it. I thought of almost everything else while I lay there; it was the queerest thing that ever happened to me. I can't think how it happened. I've stood on that very step fifty times this winter, and never thought of such a thing as slipping. I suppose there was ice on my boots. Nice-looking boot, isn't it?" he said, glancing down at it. "The conductor made short work of getting it off, with that sharp knife of his. Look here, I don't know why I keep talking about boots and things, instead of trying to thank you, and show my gratitude in some way. Boys don't know how to do that sort of thing, anyhow You ought to see my mamma, or, she ought to see you. Mothers know how to say what they feel."

"I don't want to be thanked," said Christie, her cheeks flushing, "I didn't do anything."

"No, only saved my life, and showed more pluck and common sense and quick wit than any fourteen girls put together ever had before. You see, if you had wasted twenty-five seconds, this train couldn't have run back to pick me up, without running into the express; and I should just have had to lie there and be crushed. I couldn't move, any more than if I had been dead; in fact, I was dead when they picked me up; fainted, you know. But before I fainted, I knew just what had happened, and where I was, and what was likely to happen next. I didn't think of this express that has just rushed by, but I thought of the up-train, due in half an hour, and I knew there wasn't a house nor a shed within a mile. Did you ever come to a

place where you thought you could see pretty plainly that you were not going to live but a few minutes more?"

"Once I was very sick indeed," Christie said, "and the doctor gave me up, and mother thought I was dying; and they told me that I couldn't live but a few minutes."

"And what did you do?"

The blood rolled in waves over Christie's face and neck. It was rather hard to talk to a strange boy who might laugh at her, about one of the most solemn experiences of her life. She was not used to talking with boys, only Karl, and he never asked such straight-out questions about things, and waited for answers. Something must be said; and what should be said but the truth? Was she ashamed of it? Christie wondered.

She dropped her gray eyes, and her voice was low but clear as she said: "I prayed."

There was no sound of a laugh or a sneer in answer. "Yes," he said, nodding his head as though he understood, "so did I. I wonder if they all do when they get into downright trouble? I have heard that people did; bad men, you know, and all sorts of people. It seems sort of mean, and—well, I don't suppose girls use such words, but what we boys would call sneaking. Don't you think so?"

But Christie, in her confusion, did not understand him. Did he mean that boys would call it "sneaking" to pray? "What is?"

"Why, living along all your life without thinking of such a thing as praying; until just when you get into trouble, and then praying with all your might, and getting helped out, and going on just the same as you did before."

"Oh," said Christie, relieved, "why, yes, I think that would be mean; but then real honest people don't do it."

"They don't? What do they do then? Weren't you honest?"

"Yes," said Christie gravely, "I was, but I didn't go on just as I did before; everything was just as different as could be."

"What do you mean? What was different?"

"Why, I myself. I didn't feel the same, nor do the same. I don't think I can explain what I mean."

"Didn't you pray to get well?"

"A little; and I prayed to be made ready to die if I was to die, and to—not to be afraid, you know."

"Well?"

"And pretty soon the feeling afraid all went away, and I didn't think it made much difference whether I got well or not; and for days and days nobody thought I would."

"But you did get well?"

"Oh, yes, I did, of course, or else I should not be here now."

And at this point Christie could not help giving a little laugh. Wells did not laugh at all. He looked grave and perplexed.

"That is just what I said," he repeated. "You prayed to be gotten out of trouble, and you got out, and then things went on as before."

"But things didn't go on as before," persisted Christie. "I asked not to be afraid to die; to have a heart given to me that could trust Jesus anyhow, whether he wanted me to live or die. And I got it; so of course things were different."

"You got it!"

"Why, yes. All in a minute everything seemed changed. I can't tell you how; but then I know it was so."

"When was that?"

"That I was sick? It was a year ago last December, just a little bit before Christmas."

"And the difference lasts?"

"Oh, yes; it lasts," said Christie, with a curious little smile. "Every day when I'm working it all comes back, you know, in a quick little think."

She began to think that this was the strangest boy to talk she had ever heard of. He was even stranger than some of the boys in story books.

"Well," he said, after a few moments of silence, "I prayed to be made ready to die too; for when this train rattled off I didn't see any other way. It didn't seem probable that anybody would come along that lonesome road on Christmas day in time to save me, and I meant to be honest; but I didn't think of such a thing as it's lasting if I got out of the scrape."

Christie looked puzzled.

"How could it last to take you to Heaven, if it wouldn't last any when you were not to go to Heaven yet?" she asked.

And then Wells Burton laughed, though the pain in his ankle immediately made heavy wrinkles come back into his face.

"It looks like playing a very poor game, I'll own," he said; "but I thought I meant it."

"But if you really did mean it, you gave yourself away to Him, and, if you are honest, how can you take yourself back?"

To this he made no answer for several seconds, and, indeed, what he said next can hardly be called an answer:

"Then you are a Christian!"

The red came back in swift waves to Christie's cheeks. She had been so interested as to hardly remember that the talk was partly about herself; but this plain question which was also an exclamation, brought back her embarrassment.

"I think I am," she said hesitatingly, and then ashamed of such witnessing, added boldly: "Yes, I know I am."

"And I know that I am not," he said, with a little laugh.

(To be continued.)

WHY WE CALL THE CAT "PUSS."

Did you ever think why we call the cat "puss?" A great many years ago, the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the cat was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a bright little crescent, or half moon as we say. Did you ever notice pussy's eyes, to see how they change? So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they give to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere But few know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.—*Harper's Young People.*

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

After a few minutes of silence, during which Christie was wondering whether the proper thing to do now would be to go back to her seat, he spoke again.

"Isn't it time we were introduced? I know you very well indeed. You are Christie Tucker, aren't you? And the boy whom I meet at the depot almost every morning, who will not look at me nor give me a chance to speak to him, is your brother Karl. I asked the stage-driver all about him. What is the use in his not speaking to me?"

"He is only ten," said Christie in apology.

"And I am only fourteen, or half-way between that and fifteen. What difference does four or five years make? When I get to be forty it won't hinder our being good friends because he is only thirty-five or so. There are not so many people to be friendly with up there where we live that we can afford to waste any of them. I looked over at your class that day I stayed to Sunday-school, and thought you were having a nice time."

"We were," said Christie with animation. "Mr. Keith is splendid."

Wells made a gesture of disagreement.

"I don't like ministers as a rule," he said; "they always pitch into a fellow so."

"I don't know what that is,' said Christie simply; "but every one likes Mr. Keith—that is, every one but bad men; of course they don't like him because he makes them remember that they are bad, and they want to forget it."

"Do you suppose that is the reason why I don't like him?" Wells asked with a comical little look. And then, his face growing grave, "I'll tell you a queer thing, though. Back there, while I lay across those rails and thought I was done with things, I didn't even think of mamma in the sense that I wanted her there that minute, the only one that I thought of was this Mr. Keith. I wished for him, not to pull me off of the track, you know, which would have been the reasonable thing to do if he had been there, but to pray for me; and I never saw him but twice in my life. I'll tell you what made me think of that though. Do you remember a Sunday when they thought that Olin boy was going to die? Well, I was in church that Sunday, and Mr. Keith prayed for him; and I thought then if I were going to die I should like to have Mr. Keith pray for me. Aren't we going most uncommonly slow? By the way my foot twinges I should say we had been about seventeen hours so far reaching the city, and we must be twelve or fourteen miles away yet. I declare, if we are not stopping again! What for, I'd like to know? There is no station here."

What for, indeed? That question seemed to be on the faces of all the passengers. Christie looked out of the window, so did everybody else except Wells Burton who could not lift himself up to do so.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"It is nowhere," answered Christie with a little laugh. "We seem to be just in the road. There isn't a house to be seen, and there is snow everywhere where there isn't mud. No, I don't think there is any station; at least, I don't see any depot."

"I know there isn't a station nor a depot," said Wells confidently, "unless it has been built since last night."

"What's the matter, sir?" This last to a man who had been out to hear the news.

"Track washed away," said the man using as few words as possible, and looking gloomy.

I LOOKED OVER AT YOUR CLASS.

"Washed away! Why, how much of it?"

"More than I know; some say half a mile, and some say five miles; enough of it to keep us standing here longer than we want to, I guess."

"Where is 'here?' Are we near the station?"

"No, two miles out."

"And is it right here that the track has washed away?"

"No, half a mile or so up the track; they sent signals down to us."

"Thank you sir," said Wells, and the man moved on.

"Here's a go!" the boy said gravely. "Or no, it isn't, it's a standstill; and that's slang, I suppose. My mother hates slang, and so does yours, I presume; mothers all do; I beg your pardon for using it; but I do wonder how long we are to be stopped here! If it is going to be long, I'm afraid I shall wish for a surgeon to cut off my foot."

"Does it pain you very much?" asked Christie, sympathetically.

"Well, I've had things that felt pleasanter. These heavy rains and then the thaw have played the mischief with the railway track; father said he was afraid there would be trouble. But I just wish they had waited until after Christmas. I'm afraid you and I will be late to our Christmas dinner."

"I'm sorry for that poor man," said Christie, twisting herself to get a glimpse of the sad-faced young man who had his watch in his hand at this moment. "There is a sick friend whom he thinks he could help if he could only get there in time; see how troubled he looks."

"Poor fellow!" said Wells sympathetically.

But the next moment Christie's attention was turned elsewhere. She turned herself completely around and gazed up and down the car; finally she stood up on tiptoe for a moment.

"What's the trouble?" asked Wells. "Lost something?"

But by way of answer she turned toward him, her face full of anxiety, and asked: "Where is that baby's mother?"

"What baby? The lady with a baby who got off at the last station."

"Why, no, she didn't; I see the baby as plain as can be, lying on the little bed she made for him; he is fast asleep, but I don't see her anywhere."

"I tell you she got off," said Wells, growing earnest. "I happened to be looking right at her; I noticed her particularly because she had a shawl like mamma's, and I wondered if she looked like mamma, and I stared at her a good deal to find out. Oh, yes, she stepped off the cars and stepped into a mud puddle and got her feet wet, and looked cross. I raised myself up to see her do it and hurt my foot by the means, and then I looked cross."

"Then," said Christie, her face full of anxiety, not to say terror, "then she has left her baby!"

Unlikely as it sounds, this appeared to be the case. In the course of a few minutes somebody else began to be interested in the same thought; that was no other person than the baby himself; he began to rub his eyes, and yawn, and twist about on his narrow bed in a very dangerous way. At last he was only held on by the cane of a gentleman who built a fence before baby by holding up the cane, then he looked about him in a savage manner, and asked, "Where is this child's mother?"

Where indeed! That was just what baby wanted to know, and he began to give warning little whimpers which said: "I'll cry in a way to astonish you, if somebody doesn't come and attend to me very soon."

What was to be done? Christie looked about her very much startled, and discovered that there was but one lady in the car; she was young and pretty, dressed in velvet, and looked as though she thought babies were a mistake and a nuisance.

"Madam," said the man with the cane, glowering at her, "do you know anything about the child's mother?"

"How should I?" answered the velvet-dressed lady, and she immediately went back to her "Seaside Library" book.

Then the baby gave a warning yell. Christie started up. "That baby is afraid," she said to Wells. "The next thing he will cry so hard that nobody can stop him; I'm going over there."

"Do you know him?" asked Wells, looking at the baby as though he would much rather undertake to pacify a cross dog.

"Oh, no; I don't know who he is at all; but he begins to cry as though he was afraid, and if it was our baby at home, I don't know what I should do."

With this rather mixed up sentence she hurried away, and in another moment was bending over the baby who had not fully decided whether to be angry or grieved over the strange treatment he was receiving. He had his lips in a dreadful pucker, and the squeal he was prepared to give, would, I think, have astonished all the people, but he changed his mind when he saw Christie, and gave her an astonished stare, and made no objection when she raised him with cooing words, and cuddled his face to hers.

"Is he your brother?" inquired the gentleman with the cane. "You shouldn't leave him alone in that way; it is very careless; he might have rolled off and knocked his brains out.

"Oh, no, sir," said Christie, who

by this time could not help smiling to think how many people she was expected to claim as relatives. "I don't know who he is, poor baby! and I can't think what has become of his mother" Then she kissed him.

CHAPTER V

That is just what baby did not know and in spite of the kiss, he made up his mind to cry It was very distressing Christie walked up and down in the bit of a space, and cuddled the poor fellow, and whispered loving words to him, and cooed a lullaby into his ear, but he would have none of them; he wanted just one thing, and that was his mother's face

The gentlemen began to interest themselves in the matter, though the velvet-dressed young lady was still deep in her "Seaside Library," only taking time to dart a frown at baby for being so noisy. One and another asked who had been with the child, and what had become of her, and Wells told his story about seeing her leave the car at the last station.

"A case of desertion, said one man, looking severely at Christie, as though she might be the cause; but she looked back at him out of very cross eyes, and was glad that she did. The idea of any mother deserting her baby!

Presently came the conductor, and two or three people tried to talk to him at once.

"I noticed the lady leave the car," he said. "She asked me how much time there would be, she has got herself left, I presume women are always doing it, she stayed to tie her bonnet in another kind of a knot, or something equally important, and she is probably fuming away at the station at this moment, calling the cars all sorts of names, as though they were to blame for her silliness.'

"And when can she get the baby, sir?"

It was Christie's eager, sorrowful voice that asked the question; she knew now which she pitied the most, and that was baby's mother.

The conductor turned and looked at her. "More than I know," he said shortly. "Do you belong to her? Are you the child's nurse?"

"Oh no, sir," said Christie, and this time she had much ado to keep from smiling outright. "I never saw him before;" but she cuddled him to her as she spoke, and he put one fat arm around her neck, and gazed about him.

"Well," said the conductor, "he seems to take to you, and that is fortunate; there's no telling when we will get out of this; it is a bad mess."

Then up spoke Wells Burton. 'But conductor, the lady can get back to her baby, can't she, on the nine o'clock accommodation?"

"When the nine o'clock accommodation comes along, I dare say she can," replied that gentleman in a very significant tone; "but there's no telling when that will be."

"Why? Can't it come up before we leave here? Will it have to wait at the last station until we go on?"

Two gentlemen asked these two questions, and Christie waited eagerly for their answer, while baby, the most interested party, gave all his attention to the blue ribbon on her hair, and tried to poke it in his mouth and ruin it; ungrateful fellow that he was!

"If it doesn't have to wait any longer than until we go on, it may be thankful," said the conductor. "The rumor is that the bridge went down just after we crossed it; if that is so, we don't know when another train will get over."

Then you should have heard the exclamations of dismay.

"What! the high bridge! Went down, did you say? Why, it isn't twenty minutes since we passed over! I thought you moved over very slowly—as if things were shaky."

"Can't you get a telegram, conductor, and learn the truth of the report?"

"Not very well, sir, while we lie here. If we ever reach another station, we shall have a telegram, I presume; meantime there isn't any particular danger of our being run over from either direction, so far as I can see."

"And when can we hope to get on?"

It was the pale-faced young man, with his watch in his hand, who asked this question. Christie thought his face grew paler yet as he listened to the answer,

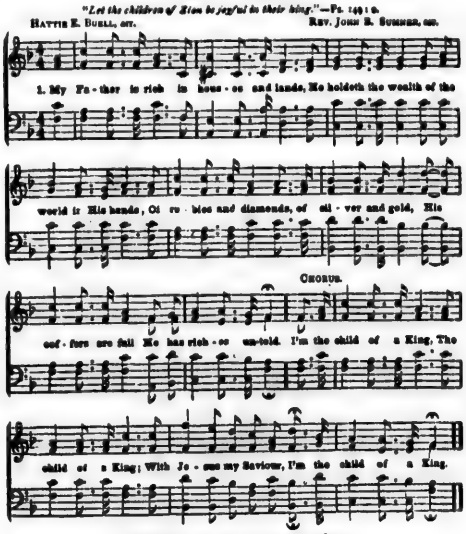
"Well, sir, that's telling, perhaps in half an hour, perhaps not under two hours, we don't really know the extent of damage yet; our men have gone forward to discover, and they will send workmen from the city as soon as they can; but everything is out of gear this morning; there has been trouble in all directions, and the railway hands can't be everywhere at once; there's no telling what the delay will be; of course we hope we can hurry things up."

(To be continued.)

CHILD OF A KING.

"*Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king.*"—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL, arr. REV. JOHN R. SWENEY, arr.



2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home with Himself by-and-by. *Cho.*

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth;
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown. *Cho.*

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King. *Cho.*

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MONKEY POCKETS.

I suppose you did not know that monkeys had any pockets, save those in the little green coats organ-men compel them to wear. But that is a mistake; their real pockets are in their cheeks. The other evening, coming back from the sea by train, I travelled in the next compartment to a little be-coated monkey and his master.

The little creature's day's work was over, and, perched up on the sill of the carriage window, he produced his supper from those stow-away pockets of his, and commenced to munch it with great enjoyment. Several times the platform had to be cleared of the girls and boys who had come to see the little friend, who had been amusing them all day, off on his journey. At length a porter, whose heart evidently was warm toward little folks, allowed them to slip in and remain.

All the officials felt the attraction of that window, and the stoker, with smiles upon his grimy face, openly addressed the little monkey as "mate." Even the station-master as he passed, I noticed, cast a sly glance toward the monkey, although he could not, of course, be seen to join the crowd of admirers. A cheer was raised when the train was set in motion, and the monkey glided slowly away from big and little spectators.

I heard the other day of a pet monkey called Hag, a creature no larger than a guinea-pig whose master once found in his cheek pockets a steel thimble, his own gold ring, a pair of sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling and a bit of candy Monkeys, I am sorry to say, are given to stealing, and they use these pockets to hide the articles which they have stolen.—*Harper's Young People.*

SOLDIER AND THISTLE.

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterwards.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully —*Selected.*

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

Dear! dear! what a state of things. Disheartening as it all was, Christie could not help being astonished to see how cross the people were.

"They act exactly as though they thought the roads and the bridges had done it on purpose just to vex them," she told Wells as she obeyed the motion of his hand and brought the baby to the turned seat in front of him. "Do you suppose they really know of somebody who is to blame?"

"Why, no," said Wells thoughtfully, "I presume not; they just fret and say 'it is a pretty business!' and all that sort of thing, because that is the natural way to act when folks are disappointed. Isn't that the way you do when things don't go to suit you?"

Christie's head drooped a little and the pretty pink flush began to come on her cheek. "Once I used to do it to things," she said slowly, with a marked emphasis on the word "things." "I would slam the door when I was cross about something, and I would scold the kitchen fire for not burning, and I would put the wood down on the hearth with a great bang; but once I lost a penny under the carpet and I scolded about that; but that was when I was alone. The minute Mrs. Briggs came in to see mother, or even the market man stopped to see if we wanted anything, I would shut the door gently, and lay the wood on the hearth just as softly as I could, and I worked half an hour once helping Susan Briggs open her desk, and never thought of being cross, because I was ashamed, you know, to have them see me do any other way. Now shouldn't you think these people would feel kind of ashamed to grumble before one another?"

But the only answer that Wells seemed to have ready for this was an absent-minded laugh; he was thinking of one part of Christie's sentence that he wanted to have explained.

"Look here," he said, "you say you used to be cross at things. Do you mean that you've given even that up?"

Christie gravely bowed her head. "I'm most cured of it," she said softly. "I think it is only once in a long while now that I forget. I was so in the habit of it that it was dreadfully hard work. You see this was after I had begun to try to do right; and I thought if I kept pleasant before people, there wouldn't be anything wrong in slamming doors a little—when nobody was there to see—and in scolding the fire because it couldn't have its feelings hurt, you know; but when I found out that it was almost worse to do that than to be cross to people I tried hard to give it up."

"You are talking Greek to me,"

I LOST A PENNY, AND SCOLDED AT THAT.

Wells said good-naturedly, but the tone said that he was very much interested, and should really like to understand Greek if he could, "What possible harm could there be in slamming a door, or growling at a fire, so long as nobody heard you? I should say it was a safe and comfortable way of working off ill-humor; I'm sure I wish some of the peppery folks I know would try that fashion. What made you think there was anything bad about it?"

"I didn't find it out myself," Christie said, her eyes drooping again. "You see I got into trouble. I wanted some things that I couldn't have, and I wanted to do some things that I couldn't do, and I thought about them until they made me feel cross half the time. I slammed all the doors I could, and the fire needed scolding every time I went near it, and I"—here there was a little hesitation and the cheeks grew pinker—"I even got to scolding at the baby when she was most asleep and couldn't hear me; real hateful things I said to her, about being the hardest baby to get to sleep that ever was born and about taking all my time so that I couldn't study, nor knit, nor anything. I never would have said it to her if she had been awake, and I used to kiss her as soon as I had tucked her in the crib, but for all that, I grumbled at her a great deal. At last it got so bad that I knew I was getting to be cross all the time, and I couldn't seem to stop it; and one day I told the minister about it."

"You did!" Wells Burton's exclamation had a good deal of admiration in it; the truth was, he began to think that Christie must be a very brave girl. He told himself that he would rather stop twenty trains of cars than to go to the minister and have a talk about his faults! But Christie believed he thought she was a simpleton. Nevertheless she meant to tell just the truth.

I HELPED SUSAN BRIGGS OPEN HER DESK.

"Yes, I did," she said steadily. "One day he came to see us, and mother wasn't at home. The baby at Briggs had burnt himself and they sent for mother, and father had gone to the mill, and there wasn't anybody at home, only just baby and me, and I had been real cross to her; I shook her a little speck, not to hurt, you know, but then it was horrid; I felt so ashamed of myself that I cried; and just then the minister came. He asked me right away what was the matter, and that made me cry again, and then, you know, I almost had to tell him. It was something he said that has helped me ever since."

"Do you mind telling me what it was?" Wells Burton's voice was so gentle, that she gave up the fancy that he was making fun of her.

"Why, it was something that I knew all the time, and I've often wondered that I did not think of it for myself. I told him that I had no trouble in being pleasant before people, because I would be so ashamed to have them see me looking cross. And that I kept my words pretty near right, but I couldn't manage my thoughts. And he asked me how I thought I should act if Jesus should come to our house, as he used to, at Mary and Martha's. I told him that I knew then I should act just as well as I could; then he asked me if I did not remember that Jesus had come to our house, and was staying there all the time, and heard all my thoughts, as well as my words? You don't know how it made me feel for a moment; I just felt scared. It seemed to me that I could remember all the times that I had banged the door, and rattled the wood, and Jesus looking at me! What made me most ashamed, was, that I had tried to behave myself before Mrs. Briggs, and the other neighbors, and never minded how I behaved before Jesus. Just as though I thought more of them than I did of him!"

"Humph!" said Wells. "I don't pretend to understand. I don't see how that helped you a bit. Of course if a fellow could realize that Jesus was listening to what he said, it would make a big difference all the time. There are fifty thousand things a fellow says and does that he wouldn't do for the would! But the trouble is you can't realize it. A person that you can see and hear is very different from one that you can't see and hear; now that's the truth, and I don't see how anybody can say it isn't. Do you mean to have me understand that you are as sure of Jesus being near you as you are that I sit on this seat talking to you?"

"I'm just as sure of it," Christie said with a quiet positiveness that went a great way toward

proving the truth of her words; "but then it is a different feeling, of course. I can't explain it to you; I don't know how. I suppose if you were to talk with our minister he would make it all plain. But I know this: the more you pray, the surer you get that Jesus stays right beside you, and listens to all you say. I'm a good deal surer of it than I used to be, and it keeps growing surer all the time."

Meantime, you are wondering what that baby was about, and why he endured so long a conversation that he did not understand. The truth is, that in telling you about the conversation, I have left out the number of times that Christie lifted him from one shoulder to the other, and the sweet cooing words she continually put in, between her answers, and the number of times Wells snapped his fingers for baby's benefit, and how he took his watch from its chain, and gave it to Christie to hold, so that the baby could see it. But at last baby's patience was entirely gone. He would have nothing more to do with the watch, and he pushed Christie's hand away savagely, when she tried to pat his cheek. He had occasionally given some very loud yells, as specimens of what he could do, and now he went at it in earnest.

In vain Christie tossed, and cooed, and patted. He yelled the louder. The lady with the "Seaside" story was very much annoyed. She shot angry glances over at the perplexed little maid, and at last she said, "I should think if you cannot keep that child quiet, it would be well for you to let him alone."

"Perhaps the lady will take him for a while, your arms must be very tired."

This was Wells' suggestion, and he enjoyed the look of disgust on her face, as she said: "I know nothing about babies; but I think it is an imposition on the travelling public to have one screaming in this fashion."

"Then," said Wells, "would you in this case recommend choking, or what would you advise us to do?"

"You are a very impudent boy!" the lady said, and she went back to her book, with red cheeks.

Christie could not help laughing a little, though she was not sure but the lady was correct. And the baby yelled! Not another lady among the passengers. The last one had left the car at that unfortunate station where the poor mother stopped. The pale-faced young man came forward next; he did not look cross, only sorry. "Poor fellow!" he said to the baby, "you think you are having a hard time, I suppose, but there are worse trials in life than yours. What would he say to me do you think? I might take him for a walk up and down the car and rest your arms."

But the perverse baby yelled like a lunatic the moment the thing was attempted, and utterly refused to leave his small protector's side.

"He shows good taste," said the pale young man with a wan smile; "he probably sees that I know very little about babies."

Then the nice old gentleman decided to show his skill. "What would he say to a sugar-plum, do you suppose?" he asked, bending kindly over Christie, and showing a round, white candy.

"He'll be sure to approve of that," Wells said, but Christie hesitated, and a lovely color glowed on her cheeks. "If you please sir," she said timidly, "I don't know whether his mother would like it; they don't let some babies have candy at all; mother thinks it bad for them."

"Ah! yes," he said, "I ought to know it by this time; I'm always getting into disgrace with my daughters by bringing the stuff to their babies; they don't allow it at all, and you are a wise little woman to think of it."

(To be continued.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Whose name endorses this sweet story,
And guarantees this picture true?
Ah, look, it is the Lord of Glory,
Who speaks these words to you.

We listen, and are lost in wonder,
Is man so vile, is God so kind?
We look again, and written under,
'Tis "Jesus Christ," we find.

No sin escaped His searching vision,
His eyes men's immost thoughts could scan,
His language never lacked precision—
"He knew what was in man."

He came to show His Father's feeling,
And breathe it o'er the earth abroad
God's love by word and sign revealing—
He knew what was in God.

Ah, Lord, we make a free confession;
As in a glass ourselves we view;
In every action and expression
The prodigal is true.

But from this picture may we gather
An image sure of God above?
Is he that fond forgiving Father,
And is his heart all love?

Yes, though our feet so far have wandered
In base delights and miry ways,
And though His substance we have squandered
And wasted our best days;

Until by God and man forsaken,
Our pleasures gone, our wishes crost,
By sudden anguish overtaken,
We feel that all is lost;

Then in that hour of darkest sorrow
The Spirit calls us from afar,
And from the thought of God we borrow
A brightness like a star.

And we arise, and lo! He meets us
With loving look and hastening feet;
We fall before Him, but he greets us
With benediction sweet.

He feels, He shows, a Father's yearning,
He lavishes a Father's love,
And celebrates a son's returning
'Mid angel hosts above.

O Father, send us Thy good Spirit,
Since Jesus deigned for us to die,
Draw us, and fit us to inherit
Thy glorious Home on High!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

The spider's thread is made up of innumerable small threads or fibres, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun: One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web. The cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spiders' thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.—*Prof. Wood.*

A LITTLE GIRL who has noticed the absence of seeds in bananas, wishes to know how the fruit is grown. From cuttings or shoots which first send up two leaves rolled tightly together until the green roll is two or three feet high, when the blades unfold. At the end of the nine months a purple bud appears in the centre, followed by yellow blossoms which mature to fruit, growing in bunches of several hundred. The plant dies down as soon as the fruit is formed, but the rootstock soon begins to send up new leaves again. Bananas are found in all tropical countries; a piece of ground of a size to grow enough wheat to feed one man will, if planted with bananas, raise fruit enough for twenty-five.—*Ex.*

IF YOU cast away one cross you will doubtless find another, and perhaps a heavier one.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VI.

You have no idea what a life that baby led them, unless you have a little brother or sister at home. I suppose you have but little idea how a baby can cry, who is very tired, and hungry, and a good deal frightened; for by this time he began to think it the strangest thing in life that his mother did not come and attend to him. Christie took a hint from the pale young man, and began to walk up and down the car, with baby in her arms; but he was much heavier than the baby at home, and it took very little of this exercise to make her young back ache. Wells looked on sympathetically, as well as a little indignantly. Unable to take a step, or even to twist himself about, so that he could take the baby in his arms, he told himself that if he were that young man he would see if he could not carry that baby a while, and not let a little girl tug with it all the time. Suppose he did yell, what of it? That was no more than he was doing now, every time he thought of it. He should like to see himself scared away by the crying of a baby! As for the literary young lady, words could not express his contempt for her; he showed it by curling his lip most expressively whenever he looked in her direction. But she, having once more buried herself in her book, lost all this.

"I know what the poor little fellow wants," said Christie, returning to Wells, during a lull. "He is so hungry that he can't help crying. He keeps stuffing both his little hands into his mouth; they are always hungry when they do that. His mother had some milk in a bottle for him, in that little satchel she carried in her hand. I saw her offer him some once, but he wasn't hungry just then, and pushed it away. I just wish she had left the bag when she went away; but she carried it on her arm."

"Probably it had her pocket-book in it as well as a bottle of milk," Wells said; and then: "I'm sorry for the poor little chap, if he is hungry; we all stand a fair chance to be in the same fix if we stay here long."

"I have cookies, and things," said Christie thoughtfully; "but they won't do for babies, you know."

"I don't know a thing about it," declared Wells. "But I should think that folks would rather have them eat cookies than starve."

There was no denying this, so Christie only laughed; but as yet she did not resort to cookies. She thought of the rows of milk pans ranged on the shelves at home; if she only had one of them! She thought of the milk can that had started from home with them; what a pity that its stopping-place had been one station back. Away over in the fields, no other house near it, stood what looked like a bit of a farmhouse. Christie wondered whether they had milk there, and whether somebody couldn't go there and try to get some. She mentioned the wonder to Wells.

"It's a forlorn little place," he said, trying to raise himself on one elbow to see it, frowning deeply with pain as he did so.

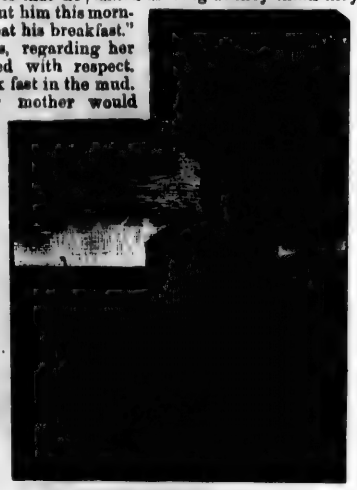
"I don't believe they have any milk there that is fit to drink. Besides, how could a body get to it? They would get up to their ears in mud. Those fields look as though they had no bottom to them. My! how quick I would skip over there if I had the use of my feet!"

Christie could not help smiling again, at the apparent contradictions in his words; but she kept looking out at the little house, between her soothings of the baby.

"I most believe I will try it," see said at last. "Something has got to be done; this baby is almost starved; I suppose that he was so busy gazing about him this morning, that he could not eat his breakfast."

"You!" said Wells, regarding her with surprise, mingled with respect. "Why, you would stick fast in the mud. I don't believe your mother would like such doings at all."

Christie looked down at her shoes; she so seldom had a new pair that these were treasures; a little nicer they were, than any she ever had before; she remembered, too, her mother's oft-repeated charge, on no account to step off the train until they reached the city; yet she said resolutely: "My mother always likes me to do things that ought to be done. I think I am going to try it. I don't see another person who would be likely to go."



THE LITTLE UGLY-LOOKING HOUSE.

"Suppose you try the young lady in the velvet gown?" said Wells; "she has almost finished her story."

Then he and Christie both laughed. Her face sobered at once, and she began to take anxious looks through the cars. The old gentleman was not to be thought of for a moment; his hair was too white to think of his taking a tramp like that. There was the pale-faced man, but she looked regretfully at his shining boots and beautiful pantaloons. The mud would certainly ruin them; and what a plight he would be in when they reached the city! She almost thought he would go, if she were to ask him, but it did seem too bad to do so.

"O baby, baby!" she said in a soft cooing tone, "couldn't you possibly lay your head on my shoulder and take a nice little nap? Then perhaps the train would go on in a few minutes, and maybe the bridge isn't down at all; and maybe the nine o'clock train will come in all right, and bring your mamma, and she will have a bottle full of nice milk for you."

But the baby was utterly disgusted with this suggestion. He put no faith in any of it; he angrily bobbed up his head as often as Christie tried to cuddle it in her neck. He snatched at her hair, and tried to pull the very braids out by the roots; he scratched at her face, and in various other ways conducted himself like a tiger. Wells, meanwhile, seeing Christie glance toward the house in the fields, with a resolution of some sort growing on her face, made a suggestion:

"There is one thing you want to think of, whoever tramps off there, runs the risk of having this train skip off and leave them. I dare say we may go in a little while; trains are hardly ever detained as long as they think they are going to be. Once, when we were east, there was something the matter with the track, and the conductor didn't think we could go on under three hours, and father let my sister Estelle and I go and take a walk; and in just half an hour that train went on, and Estelle and I had no end of a time getting with our folks again!" concluded Wells, very wisely.

This story, like many other things in this world, had an exactly opposite effect from what was intended.

"I shall go myself," said Christie positively. To herself she said: "I shall never ask that poor young man to go and run the risk of missing the train, when he is in such a hurry; and the rest of these people look as though they wouldn't do it for anything, and as though I would rather go three times than to ask them."

"What will you do if the train takes a notion to go on?" said Wells, dismayed for her.

"Why," said Christie, "If this train can go on, another can come, or go, some time, you know; and I could wait for it and take it. Would they take my ticket on another train?" The startled tone in which she asked this question, made Wells understand that her ticket was a matter of importance to her. He set her mind at rest about that, and then came to the front with a new idea:

"Have you a return ticket? When were you coming back, anyhow?"

"To-night;" said Christie laughing in spite of all the troubles of the way. "Do you suppose I shall get there in time to come back? What did you say about a return ticket? Ought I to have one?"

"Why, that is the way they generally do," this old traveller explained; "buy a round trip ticket, you know, it saves ten or fifteen cents; but it is of no consequence, you can just as well buy one at the city station if you ever get there."

Christie looked down at her ticket with a perplexed and sorrowful air; it was not round certainly. If it ought to have been, and if anything that she could have done about it would have saved her fifteen cents, she was very sorry, for money was of great consequence to her. "I did not know about it," she said meekly; and felt that she did not yet know, and that, by and by, when things were quieter, she would ask Wells why it was that round tickets were cheaper, and why they did not give her one. Meantime the poor discouraged baby had settled into a restless slumber; Christie had been watching his eyes close, while she walked slowly back and forth in the car. She did not believe he would sleep long, he was too hungry for that. And now her resolution was formed. "I'm going over there to try to get some milk," she said firmly. "If somebody would make a nice little pillow of my shawl, I could lay the poor baby down. Do you suppose the old gentleman with the gold glasses would see that he did not roll off the seat?"

"Why do you pick him out?" asked Wells, amused over the whole thing, and much disgusted that he could not help. "Give me the shawl; I can roll it up. I haven't sprained my hands, at least. Now lay the young scamp down, and go and give the old gentleman our compliments, and say that he is appointed special guard, with orders not to fall asleep at his post, under pain of being scratched."

Christie's eyes were brim full of

fun, but she went over to the old gentleman, with a gravely gentle face, and made known her petition

"Eh, what?" he said, coming back from some day-dream with a sigh. Oh, yes, certainly he would keep the poor little fellow from rolling off. "But if he cries," he said anxiously, "I shall not know what to do; I never could do anything with babies when they cried."

Christie could only hope that this one would not cry; and having established the guard where she wanted him, she prepared to set off.

By this time Wells had another idea. He had been fumbling in his pocket, and now drew out his handsome Russia leather pocket-book.

"Just let me furnish the funds for the youngster, won't you? since I can't help in any other way"

"Will I need money?" Christie asked, stopping with a startled air, to look into his face. Her mother lived in a little house back in the fields, but she would never think of taking money in return for a little milk to be given to a hungry baby.

"Why, of course," said Wells. "That is, if you get any milk, which I doubt; the house doesn't look like it from here. But you will have to buy a pitcher, or something to put it in; they won't trust you, they'll think you are a tramp, you know. Offer to pay them well, and the little chap will fare a good deal better than he will if you ask a favor."

As he spoke he held out a crisp bank note Christie took it slowly, with a bright glow on her cheeks. It was a five dollar bill. She had never had so much money in her hands before; and to tell the truth, she did not quite like to have this in her hands. She had to remind herself that the milk was not for her, and that she certainly had not money enough of her own to pay for it, and get back home with Just then—wise little woman that she was—came into play some of the good sense which her good mother had tried so hard to teach her. She handed back the crisp new note. "Give me something smaller, please," she said pleasantly, "I don't like to carry so much, nor to offer it; they would think I was a very suspicious tramp Milk is only ten cents a quart, and a pitcher or a tin pail does not cost much."

It was Wells' turn to blush now; he plainly saw that she had been the more business-like of the two, and crumpling the bill in his hand, he produced some shining silver pieces in its place, and Christie went.

Oh, but that mud was deep! How quickly were the trim new shoes besmeared all over with a thick yellow plaster? Worse than that, they were getting too heavy to carry; it was as much as she could do to drag them from one bog to the other; for the road seemed to be made up of a succession of bogs. Once she came to a little pool of muddy water; came to it before she saw it; splashed right in, and soaked her feet away above the ankles, and spattered the pretty dress. Dear! dear! If mother could see her now! What a thing it was to go off on a Christ'as ride!

It was a long walk, much longer than it had seemed from the car window. With every step the difficulty of getting on increased, and once she had really to lean against a friendly post that seemed set up to mark the lot, and try to dig the mud from her shoes. How surely they were ruined; and they were to have been her Sunday best for a year!

TOMB FORCED OPEN BY A GROWING TREE.

There was another sad thought connected with all this: What a plight she would be in by the time she reached uncle Daniel's. And mother had taken such pride in having her so neatly dressed, with a new-fashioned jacket and all! What with the mud, and the weariness, and the anxiety, she could hardly keep the tears from falling as they rushed into her eyes. But she shut them back resolutely and said aloud: "I know I am doing right That baby will get sick if he don't have his milk; and a baby is worth more than ten pairs of shoes and a new dress besides"

Now she was fairly at the gate of the little ugly-looking house. In a minute more she would be inside.

No, she wouldn't. Bow, wow! wow! Here was a fellow who disputed the way with her, and came suddenly bowing at her, as if the least that he should think of doing was to swallow her at once.

Now it happened that Christie, unusually brave about most things, was dreadfully afraid of a dog.

She gave a pitiful little shriek, and the next thing she knew, she was picking herself out of the meanest-looking mud hole she had seen in her trip. The dog had retired to a safe distance, and with his head hung down, and his silly little tail between his legs, was receiving a lecture from a woman with a frowsy head, and sleeves rolled up at the elbow, who appeared in the door of the little house. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she said, shaking her head; "a decent dog you are to be cutting up such tricks! Come along, child what do you want? There's no kind of need of your being afraid of that there dog; there ain't a bigger coward in all Kansas than he is. Mercy on me! What a fix you are in! I guess your ma, whoever she is, will give you something to make you remember Bose. You've just ruined your dress. Where did you come from, anyway?"

(To be continued.)

A LIFE grandly holy is only the adding together of minutes scrupulously holy.

THE MIGHT OF THE PRECIOUS SEED.

Near Mary street, in Hanover, which is becoming a flourishing mercantile centre of Northern Germany, is the old Garden graveyard. Once in the outskirts, now the rush of traffic and rattle of street cars disturb the quiet of the old cemetery. For many a year its rusty gates have never been swung back to receive any new tenants. The graves are overshadowed by large trees and overgrown by weeds, and neglect marks the spot everywhere. Quite near the entrance, in the shadow of the old church, lie the remains of a lady who belonged to the old nobility and who was buried here during the middle of the last century. Her grave is covered by two massive blocks of sandstone on which lies another double their size. The latter is ornamented in relief by an extinguished torch, the symbol of death.

The immense blocks are fastened together by heavy iron-clamps, showing the intention of the owner not to have the place disturbed. This is still more emphatically pronounced by the inscription which is hewn in large letters opposite to the name of the occupant and the date of her death. On one of the lower stones, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." But what is man's will in a universe ruled by an Almighty Creator? Where the two stones are joined together, a passing wind, not long after the monument was erected, carried a tiny seed. No one observed it but the eye of God.

But there it took, and as summer showers and winter storms followed the course of the seasons it grew, its roots finding nourishment in the soil beneath, till now an immense birch-tree spreads out its silvery and graceful branches over the moss-covered stones, and the sparrows build their nests in it. But in getting its present growth and expansion its great roots have gone clear through the grave, and the dust of the dead has nourished them, while its massive trunk has lifted the ponderous stones out of their places, turning them on edge and rending the iron clamps that held them together. And there the leafy branches, high in the air, nod to the sculptured legend below, as if in quiet mockery of the man's vain command, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." It is the triumph of life over death.—*Selected.*

A GREAT STEP is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

GOD'S ALMANAC has but one day, that is to-day.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

Poor Christie, her face in a deeper glow than had been on it during this eventful morning, limping a little in one foot, and wondering whether this was another sprain, made her way across the stretch of mud that still lay between her and the house, and began her story.

The open door gave her a view of quite a good-sized kitchen in which all sorts of household work seemed to be going on at once. A smell of cabbage came from the big pot on the stove; a smell of gingerbread came from the open door of the oven, where a young woman knelt to examine it, a pan of apples partly pared sat on the table, and quite close to them tied into a chair, sat a yellow-headed baby, in a pink calico dress, and wearing a pug nose, washed-out blue eyes, and a soiled face.

He looked utterly unlike the baby in the cars, and did not once suggest the baby at home. Yet Christie was glad to see him. Probably they had milk, and they would have tender hearts for other babies.

"If you please," she began in a gentle explanatory tone, the woman still standing in the door, holding it partly open, "I came from the cars over here: the train is stopped by some trouble, and there is a poor baby whose mother"—here she gave a little squeal and sprang past the woman in the door, quite into the kitchen.

"For the land's sake! I believe she's crazy!" Thus much the woman said, before she saw what was the matter; and really by the time she saw there was nothing the matter the danger was over. It was just one of those things that happen in a second, or else they do not happen at all. There was a girl about the size of Christie whose business it evidently was to attend to the restless, tied-up baby, and who had been so occupied in staring at Christie that she had entirely forgotten her duty. Baby thus left to employ his wits, discovered that by a sudden tilting motion he could tip his chair backwards, and give himself a ride. Moreover, I fancy, he argued that this process might in time loosen the chains that bound him to the chair; so he tried it. Just as Christie looked that way he had tried it for the fourth time with such effect that the chair lost its balance, and the glowing stove was exactly behind it! In reality the baby's head did not touch the stove at all, because he held it up and yelled. At least that was one reason; the other was that in less than a quarter of a second the chair was righted by Christie herself; for just one spring brought her from the door to the chair. But, dear me! you should have seen the excitement which prevailed in the little log house then. That baby was just as important as any other baby in the world. His mother untied with nervous fingers the string that bound him, and hugged, and kissed, and cried over him, and praised Christie, and scolded Sarah Ann, all in one breath.

"Just to think!" she said. "If you hadn't a-seen him just that minute and sprung like a deer, he might a-been burned to a crisp! Mother's precious darling Jimmy! Sarah Ann, you good-for-nothing young one you, don't stand there whimpering; if you had been attending to your business instead of staring, this wouldn't have happened. Go out into the woodshed, do; you make me sick."

This advice was accompanied by a box on the ear; not a hard slap, in fact, I doubt whether Sarah Ann felt it at all; but that she felt the tongue, and was painfully ashamed, was evident: her face flamed a deep red, and her sobs came deeply drawn, as she vanished by the woodshed door. Christie felt sorry for her, and indignant with her mother. There was a very great difference in mothers, certainly, greater than she had ever supposed.

The indignation gave her courage to tell her story rapidly and well. There were a great many exclamations over it, a great many questions asked and answered, and Christie had to kiss the baby, which she would not have minded at all if his face had been clean. She had a chance to wash the mud from her face and hands, and the woman herself carefully brushed mud from the pretty suit, bewailing the stains, and finding one place with a zigzag tear. It all took time, and Christie was conscious of listening painfully for the whistle of the departing train. But at last she was started on her way; her shoes exchanged for a pair of ugly-looking boots, which the woman told her she might leave in the bog by the railway track, and she had the comfort of hearing it said in a loud whisper, that they were so awful worn out and good for nothing, that Josiah wouldn't care much if she did make off with them. After that Christie had a mind not to take them, but she looked down at the shoes hung over her arm which had been cleaned, and could not be dried when she reached the train, and concluded to be meek; especially since they did not know her at all. How could they be sure that she did not want to run away with Josiah's boots?

On her arm she had a pail of milk which looked rich and creamy, and she had bought a little tiny cup which the woman said they got for Jimmy only yesterday. For the cup she paid eight cents, and for the pail twenty-five, but they would take nothing for the milk, and there was a good quart, Christie calculated.

On the whole, her trip back to the train was much pleasanter than the journey out had been. She discovered that day why boys wore boots, a thing that she had never understood before. They certainly made their way through the mud much better than shoes.

There stood the train, without apparently having had a thought of going away to leave her.

She set down her pail, and carefully pulled off the boots and laid them in a sort of gully at the side of the track, then slipped into her own wet ones, and climbed into the train. None too soon, for baby was shrieking wildly. The old gentleman looked relieved when he saw her.

"Well, little woman," he said, "our hopes all rest on you. If you can quiet this storm, we shall owe you a debt of gratitude."

"We've been having a first-class circus here," said Wells, "ever since you went. You hadn't jumped the first mud puddle when he opened his eyes and looked around him and began. That Seaside Library woman over there is going to have him sent to the house of correction as soon as ever we reach the city. I see it in her eyes."

"Poor fellow!" said Christie; but she did not mean the old gentleman in spectacles, nor yet Wells Burton.

SATURDAY'S WORK FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER.
(*Outline Drawing Lesson.*)

CHAPTER VII.

Do you imagine that the train soon started? Nothing seemed farther from its thoughts.

The baby eagerly drank his milk from the bright tin cup, much occupied, it is true, as soon as his first hunger was appeased, with gazing at the queer shapes in its sides, but never recognizing, apparently, his own beautiful face; but after each gaze, he would seize the cup and take another long draught.

"I tell you he was hungry and thirsty both, I should think!" Wells said, watching him with interest; "his mother ought to give you a great many thanks for this."

"Poor mother!" said Christie with a sigh, and she drew the baby closer, He settled back in her arms at last, satisfied and smiling. "Tamed," Wells called it, and he and the old gentleman who had returned to his own seat exchanged smiles of admiration, as Christie "mothered" the baby, cooing him presently into quiet, restful slumber.

The shawl did duty again as a pillow, and this time, genuine sleeping was done.

Long past nine o'clock now, and no train either came or went. The officials seemed all to have departed, and some of the passengers. The old gentleman kept his seat, so did the pale-faced man, so did the disgusted young lady who had finished her book, and had now no other occupation to indulge in but grumbling.

"How far are we from the city?" Christie questioned.

"Why, not more than a dozen miles."

"I should think some of the men who are in a hurry would try to hire a waggon to take them in."

Wells shook his head. "I should like to see a waggon that could get through this mud!" he explained. "You see there is no waggon road; the old road strikes off at that junction down below, and winds around, I don't know how many miles. I don't suppose it would be possible to drive direct from here to the city, and the regular road is used so little out this way now, that it must be horrid after these rains."

"Well, shouldn't you think that man over there, who is so anxious, would try to walk! I think I could walk twelve miles if mother or the baby was sick."

"Not in this mud, I venture. I doubt if you ever took many long walks in such mud. Why, in some places it is knee deep! Besides, don't you see he would stand a chance of seeing this train whisk by him when he was about half way. No; his best plan is to sit still and be patient."

"He doesn't look patient," said Christie. "I never saw anybody's face look less patient than his; and I am so sorry for him I don't know what to do. I keep thinking I wish I could do something to help him. I wonder if it is his mother who is sick."

Wells studied him for a few minutes, and then gave it as his opinion that it was the lady whom he meant to marry; though why he thought so, I am sure I don't know. The next thing that claimed attention was the sprained ankle.

I'll tell you what it is," said Wells, "there's something going on down there in my foot that I don't like. It gives the most horrid little tweaks of pain every few minutes that you ever heard of, and it is swelling so that I don't believe I shall ever be able to wear a boot again."

"It ought to be bathed," said Christie, "and bandaged; that is what mother did when father sprained his foot once. She took cold water and bathed and bathed it, oh, a long time! then she made a great long bandage, and bound it up, and it got well after awhile, I think I ought to bathe your foot."

"You!" said Wells in dismay, and looking more astonished than he had at anything yet. "As if I should allow you to do such a thing!"

"Why not? I should think you would be very foolish not to let me. I know how; I've done it for father, by the hour. You see it soothes the pain, and makes the swelling go down. But I don't know what I could put water in. How queer it is that we can get to places where we miss all the little things that we thought we should have, of course! Now I thought I should always be where I could get a basin or a bowl to put water in.

"If the baby had drank all the milk I could use the pail. But I dare not throw it away, because he might need it before his mother gets to him."

"I should think not!" said Wells, meaning about the milk. "It cost too much to throw away."

"Yes;" said Christie gravely. "But then they did not charge me any more than other people charge for a quart of milk."

Wells' eyes danced over this; he had not meant the cost in money; but he said nothing.

Meantime Christie looked up and down the car, her face thoughtful and anxious. She was studying ways for bathing the sick foot. Wells was secretly glad that there seemed no chance for it. He would have liked his mother to do it, but he could not bear to think of having his foot bathed by this trim little girl.

(*To be continued.*)

SWALLOWS AND NEST.

HATRED stirreth up strifes; but love coveretha all sins.—*Proverbs* x.

ANECDOTES OF SWALLOWS

The Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, records the choosing of two odd situations for swallows' nests—one of them on the handles of a pair of shears which were placed against the wall of an out house Mr. Jesse, too, in his "Gleanings in Natural History," mentions one which he saw built on the knocker of the hall-door of the rectory-house of the Rev. Egerton Bagot, at Pipe Hapes, Warwickshire. He further observes:—"The confidence which these birds place in the human race is not a little extraordinary. They not only put themselves, but their offspring, in the power of man. I have seen their nests in situations where they were in reach of one's hand, and where they might have been destroyed in an instant. I have observed them under a doorway; the eaves of a low cottage; against the wall of a tool-shed; on the knocker of a door, and the rafter of a much frequented hay-loft."

Bishop Stanley mentions one which was built in a bracket for holding a lamp in a corner of an open passage, close to the kitchen-door, in a nobleman's house in Scotland; and though the lamp was taken down to be trimmed every day and lighted every evening, there a swallow—and it is believed the same swallow—built her nest for three or four years, quite regardless of the removal or light of the lamp, and the constant passing and repassing of the servants. His lordship adds that on the opposite side of the same open court the great house-bell was hung, under a wooden cover fastened to the north wall of the house. It was a large bell, and was rung several times a day to call the servants to their meals. Under the wooden cover of this bell the same swallow, it is believed, which had formerly built on the bracket of the lamp, built a nest for several years, and never seemed in the least disturbed by the ringing of the bell or the rattling of the rope. A figure is given of the nest, in the form of a cornucopia—both ends affixed to the roof of the cover.—*From Morris's "History of British Birds."*

TO FORBEAR is to refrain from doing or saying something which impulse had prompted us to do or say; it is the conquest of wiser second thought over first desires; it is the curbing of anger or indignation, the stern self-discipline that represses the hasty judgment, the unkind criticism, the uncharitable interpretation, the cutting reply.

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

Suddenly Christie hopped up, her face bright, and yet doubtful, if you can imagine the two on the same face. She saw a way to do it, if only the "Seaside Library" woman would be good and help. It was very unpleasant to have to ask a favor of her, but Christie was not one to stop at unpleasant things, when they looked as though they ought to be done.

The lady's satchel lay open at her side on the seat. She was fumbling discontentedly through it, looking for something that she did not seem to find. But the thing that Christie saw, was a small white pitcher, lying snugly among the napkins, empty, and waiting, apparently, for work to do.

She went over to her in haste. It would not do to take much time to think about this thing which was so disagreeable.

"Would you be so kind as to lend me the pitcher for a little while to keep baby's milk in? I want to fill the pail with water to bathe the lame foot. It is beginning to swell very much, and I think that will help it. Mother thought it helped father."

A long speech for Christie. The lady looked so very disagreeable that the child felt a nervous desire to keep on talking, and not give her a chance to make a disagreeable answer. But she came to the end of her long sentence at last, and waited.

Wells was laughing. He was almost willing to have his ankle bathed, if it would in any way add to the discomfort of the lady.

For what seemed to poor Christie several long minutes, she stared at her as though she were some unpleasant curiosity that had not been seen before, then said: "I suppose so. What a set I have got among! The insolent boy doesn't deserve to have his ankle bathed! If he had been sitting in the cars as he ought the accident would not have happened. Why can't you throw that slop of milk away, if you want the pail?"

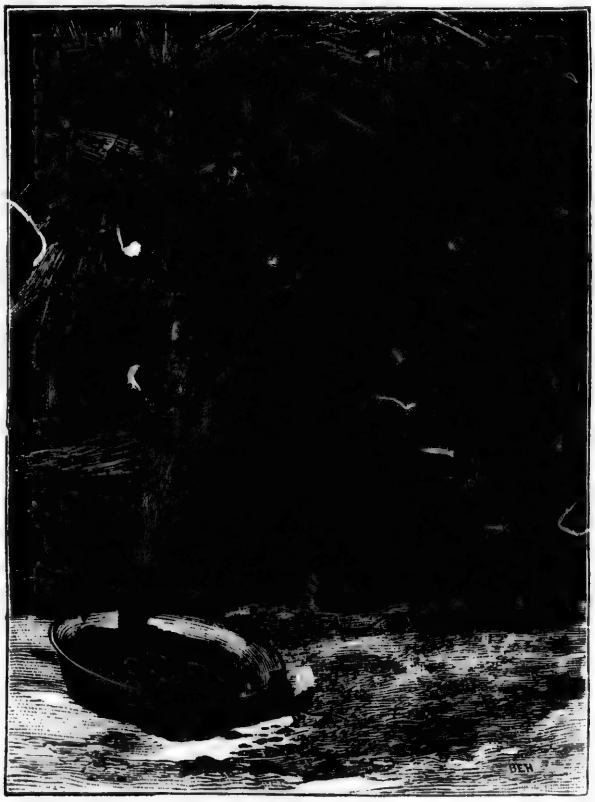
Christie meekly explained her fears the baby might fancy himself hungry when he awoke; and at last, with a disgusted sigh, the lady took the delicate china pitcher from its nest and passed it into Christie's keeping.

"Here," she said. "You will break it, I presume, the next thing; and it belongs to a set. I was a simpleton to bring it, but how was I to know there would be such a nuisance of a time?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Christie. "I will be very careful of it." And she tripped away with a relieved face.

The old gentleman was watching. When the milk was carefully poured into the china pitcher, what did he do but offer to take care of it!

Very grateful was Christie, for while she poured, she had wondered what she should do with the frail china thing, in order to keep it from bumping against the car. To be sure there was no motion now, but there was always the hope that the cars would start.



THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

Next the pail must be washed. For the first time in her life, Christie made her way to the water cooler, which stood in a corner of the car, and managed to learn how to make the water flow. Washing the pail was an easy matter. It was a relief to come to something that she knew just how to do, and had often done before.

She was soon at her work, a neat handkerchief doing duty as a bathing cloth. The sock was carefully, tenderly drawn from the poor swollen foot — not without help from Wells' knife, for the ankle was by this time very unwilling to be touched — and the bathing began. At first Wells' face had a flush on it that was not all caused by pain, It was such a queer thing to have a little girl, and she a stranger to him, bathing his foot. But the cold water felt so pleasant, and the touch of the small hand was so gentle and skilful, that gradually a feeling of relief and satisfaction began to steal over him.

"I did not know there was so much good in water," he said, watching her as she steadily passed her cool cloth up and down the foot.

Water is real wonderful," said Christie. "Mother says that half the people in the world don't know what a splendid doctor it is. Sometimes she uses it real hot, and it will stop a pain in a few minutes. Hot water would be good for your foot if we could get some. I wish we could, for I am most sure that it would make this swelling go down faster."

"We might split some pieces off the side of the car, and start a fire. I could whittle some off, maybe, or the old gentleman would. No, he can't leave his pitcher of milk. But the young man hasn't anything to do; we might try him. I have some matches in my pocket."

By this time he had to stop and laugh over the bewildered look on the little nurse's face.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seeing the flushed cheeks. "I'm afraid it sounds like making fun of you, and that is the last thing I am thinking of, I can tell you. I was only thinking that you had done so many things to-day that seemed impossible, perhaps you would manage a fire, to heat water. You can't think how nice the cold water feels. I hate to have you down there mussing over me. You are getting drops of water over your pretty dress, I'm afraid among us we shall manage to spoil all your clothes. But my foot feels fifty per-cent better. I can tell you somebody who will be very much obliged to you for this morning's work, and that's my mamma."

Said Christie, "Isn't it nice that the baby sleeps all this while? If he should waken before I get your foot bandaged, I don't know what I should do!"

The distressed tone of motherly anxiety in which she said this, set Wells off into another laugh. He thought her the strangest little girl he had ever seen in his life. The truth was, that he was not acquainted with any little girls who knew how to do things which are supposed to belong to women. But Christie had been her mother's oldest daughter, and her only helper in the home for so many years, that she had learned many things, and had a fashion of planning beforehand, very much as her mother did.

"Bandaged!" repeated Wells when his laugh was over. "Why what will you bandage it with? I should say that was about as hard to manage as a fire."

"Oh, no! I didn't know what you meant about making a fire. I'm sure there is fire enough in the stove; if I could make a place on the stove to set this pail I could have hot water; but I really can't do that. A bandage, though, from somewhere we must have. You see the foot must be banaged now that it has been wet; mother thinks they swell more after wetting, unless they are bound up pretty tight. I have one other handkerchief, but it is small; still it would make a beginning, and I suppose you have one, and the old gentleman maybe has two, men often have; I think we can get enough to make quite a nice bandage."

"Are you really going through the car to take up a collection of

handkerchiefs for my benefit!" Wells was so amused that he could hardly speak the words, but Christie looked perfectly sober,

"Why not?" she said. "Anybody who had one would give it for such a thing, you know. And it is really necessary. Mother was very particular about it when father had a sprain."

"Well! I suppose you will do it. I think you would do anything that it happened to come into your head ought to be done; but I beg you to ask each of the contributors for their addresses, for I shall want to express a few handkerchiefs to them, if this train ever does reach the city."

In due course of time Christie did just that thing. She went timidly over to the old gentleman and told him her plan. She did not like to do it, but it seemed the next thing to be done, and as she walked along, she remembered that she had not liked to do one of the things that had come to her since she stopped the train; yet they had all turned out well, so far. Even the china pitcher was doing its duty as nicely as though its owner had been willing to lend it.

The old gentleman was delightful. He shook out two of the largest and finest cambric handkerchiefs that Christie had ever seen. It did seem a pity to tear them, but he gave them up as though it was a pleasure to him to think of their being torn in bits,

The young man was equally ready, and more able, for he opened his case, and produced three or four, which Christie saw with joy, for she need not go to the owner of the pitcher.

"How are you going to fasten the pieces?" he asked as he spread out the handkerchiefs and prepared to help tear them. "Pins will scratch, and besides will not make a smooth bandage. Take care, you are getting that one too wide; bandages are nuisances unless they fit nicely. What shall we do about the sewing? I suppose you haven't a workbox with you?"

"Not quite," said Christie, laughing, and feeling as though she were acquainted with him, "but I have something that will do to sew bandages. I had a necktie to hem for father, and I took it along for work to-day at my uncle's. The only trouble is it is black silk, and I ought to have white thread, but it will do."

"Of course it will do," her new friend said heartily. Did you ever read fairy stories? There is one about a little woman who had in her pocket, or in her mouth, or her shoes, somewhere about her, just the thing that was wanted next. I didn't know that fairies travelled on the cars, but I believe you must be her cousin at least."

"I wonder if you should like some help in putting this bandage on? I have done such things before now, and I think perhaps my hands are a little stronger than yours."

"Oh!" said Christie, relieved, and smiling, "I am so glad. I didn't know how it would get on, I tried once to bandage father's foot, and I did not do it well at all; but I thought I must do the best I could this time, and maybe it would last until he got to the city. Are you a doctor, sir?"

"Not quite; I am only studying, with the hope of being one sometime. You did not know you were a teacher as well as a fairy, did you?"

"I?" said Christie, looking greatly astonished.

"You. I have been watching you all the morning, and I concluded just now, that it was time I roused myself and began to think of something besides my own great disappointment. I suppose I shall reach the city just as soon if I help to bandage that foot as though I sat here and looked at my watch, and longed for the train to start."

The sentence ended with a little sigh, and the anxious look came back to his pale face as he skilfully rolled the bandage into a hard little ball.

"I am very sorry for you," said Christie gently; "I do hope you will get to the city in time! and I can't help thinking that you will."

There was such a confident little note in her voice that he glanced at her curiously

"Do your fairy powers reach in that direction?" he asked, smiling just a little "Could you wave your wand, do you think, and make this train start on its way?"

She shook her head, smiling, yet with a serious mouth

"Nobody ever thought of such a thing as calling me a fairy; I'm only Christie Tucker; but I prayed to God to let you get to the city as quick as he could, and to let your friend get well. And I cannot help thinking that he will do it. I know he will if it is best."

"How did you find that out?"

"Why," said Christie, puzzled how to answer this, yet feeling that it ought to be answered, "of course He will. He said so, you know. Or, well, he said so about some people. Are not you one of them, sir?"

"One of whom?"

"One of the people who love God? He said he would make everything come just right to the people who love him. And he never breaks a promise, you know."

"Look here, little woman that lady over there who is tearing a letter into bits, has not been very polite to you I have noticed, and I suppose she doesn't love you nearly as well as your mother does, for instance; but suppose you knew that her sister was very sick, and that she was anxious to get to her; if you could wouldn't you make this train go on as fast as possible, so as to give her a chance to get to the city?"

"Yes, sir," said Christie unhesitatingly, "I would of course."

"Then you are better than God? You see he doesn't do it."

Christie considered this for a moment, then said:

"But I might make a dreadful mistake. Perhaps two trains would run into each other, or it might be all wrong in some way. You see, God knows how to do things, and I don't."

"Ah, but if you knew how to do things, you could plan so that it would be best. This is what you say God does for those who love Him, and I am showing you that you would do it for those who don't love you, and are therefore making yourself out to be better than God. Don't you see?"

Christie looked distressed. What she saw, was, that this man needed to have somebody explain things to him. He did not disturb her faith, but how was she going to show him that God was good to all?

She thought it over in silence, while he still rolled at the bandage, which showed a perverse desire to twist, and needed care from her watchful fingers all the time.

At last she said timidly, "I know there is a way to explain, but I don't know how to do it. If you knew our minister, he could tell you. Don't you think, though, that some people won't let God do the best for them? He wants them to choose to love him, and then he can take care of them and see that everything comes out all right. Our minister told me about it. There was a little boy living at Mr. Briggs', that came all the way from the Home for Little Wanderers in New York. Mr. Briggs took him to work on the farm. His name is Johnnie, and our minister said: 'What if Johnnie should run away, and refuse to live with Mr. Briggs, could he be taken care of as he would have been if he had stayed with the man who had promised him a home?' He said a great deal more, and made it real plain. If you could talk with him, I know he could make you understand; but I am only a little girl."

"You are a very good little girl," he said gently, "and whether I understand things as you do or not, I thank you for praying for me. That will not do me any harm, I am sure. Now we will go and see about fitting the bandage to that sick foot."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

Whatever else we may say for the Great Ant-eater, we certainly cannot call him handsome. The long snout, and those prominent claws, are decidely ugly; but he would be sorry to part with them, for they help him to secure his food. Let us take a peep at him, not as he is at the Zoo,—as shown in our picture,—but in his native land. Far away in Brazil and in the swampy savannahs of South America the ant-eater is at home.

What are these little mounds on the ground? These are the *tumuli* as the houses of the white ants are called. Very well built and substantial residences they are. But that does not secure them from destruction by one scratch of the ant-eater's formidable claw. Then as the ants run hither and thither in dismay, they are quickly caught on the long tongue of their foe, and gobbled down, multitudes of them being eaten at one meal. Well, they can be easily spared, for they are most destructive little things.

A gentleman once tamed a young female ant-eater, and taught it to eat meat and fish, which had to be chopped up very small, as ant-eaters have no teeth. It was an affectionate pet, and would run about after its master, or any one to whom she had taken a fancy, with its long nose close to the ground, so as to find them by the scent, for its sense of smell was remarkably strong, though the eyesight was weak. The poor little creature did not live to grow up. It always seemed bitterly cold, though it was kept wrapped up in a blanket; and at length it pined away and died.

THE PRAYER may be short, but if it come hot from the heart of one in the thick of the battle; will it not reach the ear to which it is sent? A few words—Lord save us! we perish—roused up the Redeemer to save his disciples from the devouring sea. Ah! these prayers of men that struggle are dear to Him that hear them; they consecrate a life, they make a man's heart a very church or temple in which worship is continually offered. These are not days when the more useful minds can find leisure for much retirement and self-communing. But to carry the praying heart about with us into all that our hands find to do is the special need of our time.—*Archbishop of York.*

TO DELIGHT in giving unto the Lord is as much to be cultivated as to delight in prayer or in speaking for Jesus in a season of revival, or in knowledge of the precious promise and truths of God or to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.—*North Carolina Presbyterian.*

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CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FANSY.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

Skilful fingers soon had the foot more comfortable than it had been since the accident. Wells submitted to the new helper meekly, though he made a wry face at Christie behind the piece of handkerchief that was left from the bandage.

"I don't know about liking that man," he said to Christie when the foot was nicely done up and resting on the cushions of the turned seat. "He might have walked up before and helped you with that baby. He must have seen that it was a tug for you."

IT IS SARAH ANN!"

"Men don't know about babies," Christie answered gravely, "but I am glad that he knows about bandages. How nicely he did that! It looks just as though a doctor had been here, Well, he is a doctor."

"The mischief, he is! Then I ought to have offered to pay him."

"Oh, no!" said Christie, distressed, "I don't believe he would have liked that. He did it for kindness, not for pay. He is very pleasant, but just as sad! He gives very long sighs, right in the midst of his talk. I am sorry for him; sorrier than before he helped us."

"Why?"

"Because I am afraid he doesn't believe in God. He is not one of God's people, I'm most sure: because they never talk in that way, and it makes things a great deal harder to bear."

"Talk in what way? How do you tell people of that kind?"

"Why, he almost found fault with God! Talked as though he did not believe that God would do the best for everybody. And you know his children never say such things."

"Don't they? I'm sure I did not know it. I guess I am not acquainted with many of them. I'll tell you what it is, Christie, I have a brother whom I would like to have you make understand things if you could. He is sick and lame, and will never be any better; and he got so by helping somebody else: doing his duty, you know. It would be hard work for you to make him believe that things are just right in this world. He thinks it is awful that he doesn't get well. And I must say it seems most too bad. He was a splendid scholar, you see, led his class in college and was going to make a great man, people thought; now it is all spoiled, and he suffers all the time, and will have to, as long as he lives."

"What hurt him?" asked Christie, her eyes full of sympathy and sorrow.

"Why, a house was burning, and he climbed a ladder when nobody else would, and went inside and saved a little baby: and part of the wall fell on him and hurt his back. The doctor says he will never be any better."

Christie's tears came outright now.

"I'm so sorry for him!" she said; "but if he only knew God, it would be a great deal easier to bear.

What a long, long, morning it was! The baby had his nap out, and awoke and fretted a good deal, and cried outright for his mamma, and drank some more milk, and played with the old gentleman's gold headed cane, and went over to the pale-faced young man and was entertained for a while, and cried some more, and was given a cookie, and at last fell asleep again. And there that train stood immovable. It began to be certain now, and there was serious trouble. Word came, through railway men, that the track was injured a long distance ahead, and for that reason no train could get from the city to relieve them.

To add to the dreariness, it began to rain; a fierce, driving storm, and of course the mud grew deeper every moment.

"Dear, dear!" said Christie "I hope they don't know about it at home. Mother will be so worried that she won't know what to do."

"It's most a wonder that your people let you start out," said Wells. "I suppose the morning papers gave an account of the mischief done by the rain in the night: but our folks are all away, and I, like an idiot, never looked at a paper."

Then Christie, her cheeks somewhat red, explained that they did not take a daily paper, that father couldn't quite afford it yet, and so they had known nothing about trouble on the railway.

"There is always some trouble with this road," said Wells, feeling cross. "First it is a freshet, and then a landslide, or a washout, or the engine gives out, I don't know how many times we have been detained, but never so long as this. I should like to know what we are to do for some dinner? I know I am as hungry as a wolf. I didn't eat much breakfast this morning; it was so sort of stupid to be sitting in that great dining-room all alone."

It was after twelve o'clock when this remark was made. The patience of everybody in the car was exhausted, and Christie was beginning to look anxiously at the dribble of milk left in the pitcher. What should she do if the train did not start soon, or the mother come?

"That doctor of yours will have to plunge through the mud and get us some more milk, or something," said Wells at last, trying to raise himself on his elbow to get a view of the rainy world.

"What object is that!" he said as he drew back his head. "Look, Christie, there are two of them, and they are dragging a basket between them that must be decidedly heavy. How are they ever going to get through that puddle of water? And where are they bound for, do you suppose?" Said Christie, "It is Sarah Ann!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Sure enough! there she came, ploughing through the mud which had grown much deeper since morning.

The large basket that she carried seemed to weigh her down, and she made slow progress.

"Dear, dear!" said Christie. "One of them ought to have had Josiah's boots. I don't know how they will ever manage to get through the puddles. Look, baby! If you were a man, you would go right out and try to help them, wouldn't you?"

Nobody took this hint, and the two floundered along, and climbed the high step of the car platform; then Sarah Ann set down her basket, and looked curiously in at the door.

"What do you want?" asked a brakesman who appeared just then, sticking his head out of the door.

Sarah Ann spoke up boldly:

"We want the girl with the baby, who saved Jimmy from getting burned to death; mother sent her dinner, and some things for the rest, if she's a mind to give 'em to 'em."

This was bewildering news to the brakesman. He looked from the girl to the woman, with a puzzled face. He understood the word "dinner," and there was certainly a baby on the train; but who was Jimmy, and when was he saved from burning to death?

However, Wells Burton understood, and came to the rescue:

"It is all right, brakesman, several things have happened since you went for a walk. The party to whom that dinner belongs is here, and I'm inclined to think that a good many people who feel the pangs of hunger, wish they were friends of hers."

Such fun as it was to unpack that basket!

Christie did not know before that so many things could be crowded into a basket. Bread and butter, piles of it, a soup plate piled high with slices of ham, thin, and done to a crisp, and smelling, oh, so appetizing! sheets of gingerbread, great squares of cheese, a bowl of doughnuts, another bowl of quince sauce, and a pail full of milk.

"Mother said you could give some to anybody you pleased," explained Sarah Ann, who seemed to have recovered her spirits; "she said father wouldn't grudge anything to the girl who saved Jimmy from getting hurt. My! but I was scared!" she added confidentially. "Whose baby is that? Isn't he your little brother? What makes him so good with you if he don't belong? Jimmy would yell awful if a strange girl took him. My sakes! I hope his mother will find him. Do you mean to keep him always if she doesn't, and bring him up for yours?" Wouldn't that be funny, for a little girl like you to adopt a baby! Oh, wouldn't it?"

What a tongue Sarah Ann had!

Wells was laughing immoderately, and pretending that it was a violent cough, to save Sarah Ann's feelings, and no peony was ever so brilliant as Christie's cheeks. She tried

THE OTHER GIRL PEEPING IN.

to thank the girl for her kindness, but no words seemed to come at her call. However, Sarah Ann was toomuch interested in all that she saw around her, to mind whether she was thanked or not. She next gave attention to Wells.

"Is that your brother?" and then without waiting for an answer, "why didn't he come after the milk? oh, my! a sprain is a real mean thing, sometimes. Jed Barker sprained his foot, last summer, and he had to have it cut off."

After this cheering bit of news, the girl who had had her head in the oven when Christie was there, and who had been standing at one side of the door, peeping in in an abashed way, now found voice:

"Sarah Ann, you'd ought to be ashamed! Your ma told you not to let your tongue get to running. Come out here, and let her eat her dinner, and then you can get the dishes."

"I ain't said nothing," declared Sarah Ann, looking aggrieved.

However, she turned quickly and went out to the platform.

"There's a rare specimen of a girl for you!" said Wells. "She's a genius, I should say. Does Jimmy look like her? If he does, I don't wonder that you saved his life."

"I don't think she means to do anything wrong," said Christie, hesitatingly. "It is just because she doesn't know any better. It must have been very hard work to carry this basket through the mud."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Wells, "I should say not! On the contrary she is the only one of this crowd, yourself excepted, who has done anything right since we started. Does your mother enjoy having you say, 'this crowd,' when you mean half a dozen people? Mine considers it slang, and I never say it any more, except on special occasions."

"I never say it at all," answered Christie laughing.

During this time she had been engaged in unpacking the basket, and now had the contents arranged neatly on a large clean towel which she brought out of the flowered carpet sack. How nice it was that mother had wrapped the cookies first in a towel! What would she think if she knew it was doing duty as a tablecloth, and that her Christie was serving dinner for half a dozen hungry strangers!

I don't suppose that bread and butter and ham ever tasted better. The old gentleman declared that he was sure there never was any so good before, and the pale young man ate quite a large piece of bread, and smiled in gratitude; and several men, who with gloomy faces, and hands in their pockets, strayed in from the different cars, accepted Christie's offer of a ham sandwich with surprise and thanks.

"Would you offer some to the lady?" Christie asked in a whisper of Wells, glancing doubtfully in her direction.

"What! the *Seaside Library* creature? I beg that you will not misuse language so badly as to call her a lady. I should say that I wouldn't do any such thing, You would probably get refused for your pains. Such a delicate person as she never eats anything more solid than a bit of ice-cream, and a little pound cake, you may be sure."

But Christie did not laugh. Instead, she looked troubled, and after a while thoughtfully laid aside a delicate bit of ham, and a thin slice of bread and butter. Diving down into her satchel again, she brought out a piece of an old tablecloth, beautifully clean and white; the seed cakes for uncle Daniel's baby had been wrapped in it. On this white cloth she laid the bread and butter, two of the seed cakes, a delicate piece of gingerbread, and a fragment of cheese.

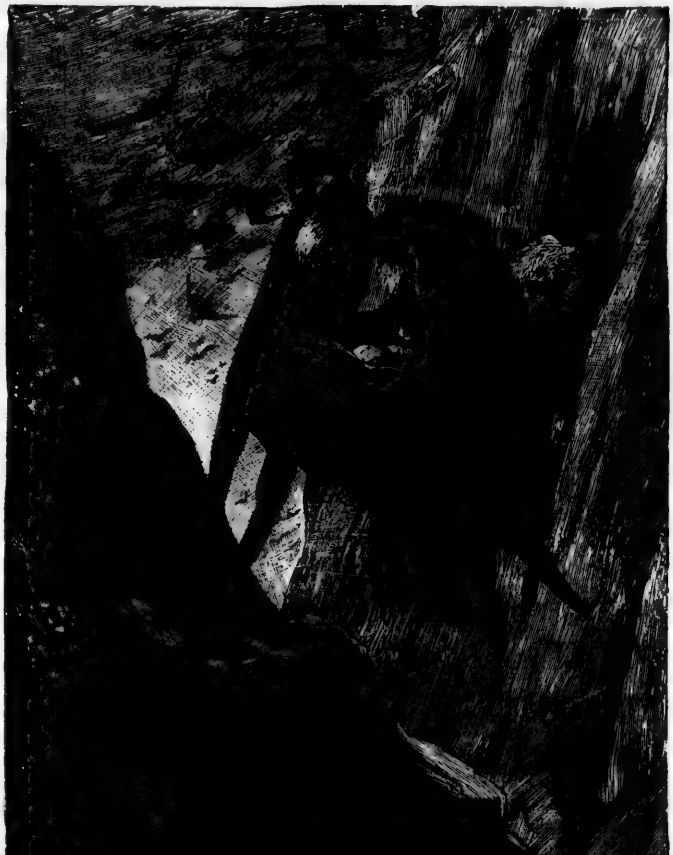
"I'm going to carry these to her," she said to Wells, inclining her head as she spoke in the direction of the lady.

"She won't take them."

"I can't help it. I shall feel ashamed of myself if I don't offer them, and I don't like to feel ashamed of myself,"

"There is something in that," Wells said, laughing, yet with a look in his eyes, that said he was proud of Christie. "Go ahead; I'll keep watch and be ready to defend you, if she is inclined to bite."

(*To be continued.*)



CHINESE SWALLOWS.

BIRD'S NEST SOUP.

Every one has heard of the famous bird's nest soup, which is known to be such a luxury among the Chinese. We give here a very clear picture of the birds which build the nests and the nests themselves. The birds, you will see, are species of swallow. They inhabit the coast of China and neighboring countries and build their nests on the walls of the caves along the shore, sticking them against the flat wall in precisely the same way as our chimney swallows do. The nests are about the size of a goose egg and resemble isinglass. For a long time people did not know how these were built. One theory was that the bird made them from a kind of seaweed upon which it fed. But they feed upon insects just as other birds do. They have however, a set of glands corresponding to the salivary glands at the side of the mouth, and these secrete the gelatinous material used by the birds in building their nests.

The nests when brought to market are of three qualities. The new nests, in which no young ones have been reared, looking clear like pure gelatine and almost white, the second quality of a dingy, brown color and looking generally dirty, and the third those in which little ones have been reared and all stuck over with feathers and covered with filth of all sorts. The soup in which the nests are used has a gelatinous look and feeling, somewhat like diluted jelly, and is considered by the Chinese a very great dainty. Of course the best soup is made from the nests of the first quality, but we fear that in this, as in other things, the second and third qualities are not entirely ignored.

THE LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—Psa. 27: 1.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VIII—*Continued.*

And Christie went. She had done her best, and the food certainly did not look uninviting, but the lady had worked herself by this time in such a state of disgust, that I think it would have been very hard for her to be good.

She gave one disdainful glance at the ragged edges of the piece of table cloth, then shook her head: "No, thank you. I am not reduced to that state yet."

Then, seeing the flaming color in Christie's cheeks, she seemed to struggle to make herself behave better.

"I'm not afraid of you, child," she said, "you look neat, I am sure; but after seeing the hands and hair of the girl who brought the basket, I could not eat a mouthful."

Not a word said Christie. She carried her bit of table cloth back, and laid it on the seat, covering the food from the dust; her eyes, meantime, swimming with tears.

"How long does it take people to starve?" Wells asked fiercely of the old gentleman who was in the act of biting a huge piece of ham.

Evidently he understood Wells' meaning, and smiled. But Christie could not smile.

Baby, meantime, was in rollicking humor. Apparently he had resolved that his mother was not worthy of any more tears, or frettings, and he kept one pretty arm around Christie's neck, and ate seed cakes, and drank milk, with delight

On the whole, it was a very nice dinner, and the different people who came from the other car, and shared it, all agreed that "Sarah Ann" ought to have a vote of thanks.

"I'll tell you what will be better than that," said the old gentleman, puting his hand into his pocket; "at least we can add it to the thanks, and make her happy. Let us take up a nice little collection for her to get herself a pair of rubber boots to climb through the mud in," and he dropped a shining gold bit into Christie's hand.

"And a comb to comb her hair with," added Wells as he laid a silver dollar beside the gold piece; "you advise her to buy one, Christie, that's a good girl."

The rough-looking men seemed equally pleased with the idea, and dropped their fifty cent pieces into the eager little hand, and the pale young man actually added another gold piece.

I wish you could have seen Christie's eyes, as her hand began to grow full! It seemed to her that she was never so happy in her life. It was so splendid to give people things; she had never had that pleasure before.

"I haven't any money," she said softly to Wells, "but I am so glad that the rest of you have; and it is so nice in you to let me give it to her. Just think what a lot of nice things it will buy her! I know they are poor by the looks of the kitchen. I think it was real good in them to send us dinner."

"So it was; and it was real good of the woman to be such an excellent cook. I haven't had a better dinner in a long time; but I say, Christie, what are you saving that choice bit in the cloth for? You don't mean to relent and let the baby have it after all!"

"No;" said Christie laughing, "baby must be content with seed cakes, and milk; I know his mamma does not let him eat ham, and I am not going to run the risk; but I thought I would keep that, for a little while."

The remainder of the milk had been carefully poured into what Wells called "the company pitcher," to be kept for baby; and Christie went with basket and money out to Sarah Ann on the platform.

Just as she came back with her eyes full of the story of the girl's dumb surprise, a lady was opening the opposite door and coming down the aisle. A middle-aged lady, elegantly dressed, and with a placid smile on her face.

"I thought I must come and look after the little fairy who so kindly furnished us with a dinner," she said brightly. "Is this the one? My child, you did not know I had some of your dinner, did you? but that patient brakesman out there, shared his slice of bread and ham with me, and told me the whole story. I want to see the baby. If I had heard of him before, I should have come and tried to help. Yes; I have been sitting in that next car all the time; but I was so stupid as to go to sleep and lose most of the excitements. Why, Wells Burton! I wonder if you are here?"

"Yes'm;" said Wells briskly, "I'm here, Mrs. Haviland; but I did not know that you were." Did you go to sleep before the accident and the stopping of the train?"

"No, indeed! I stayed awake for that excitement, and heard all about it, and the forethought of this little woman, but you see I did not know it was you, and there seemed to be so many crowding in, and nothing to do but stare, that I thought I wouldn't join them. And so it was you who were hurt? My dear boy, how distressed your mother must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Haviland, bending over him pityingly. "Where is she, and all the rest of them, and how is it that you are spending Christmas day on the cars?"

There seemed no end to the questions that the handsome lady had to ask Christie meantime, was engaged in watching the "Seaside library woman," as I am afraid that the lady will have to be called for the rest of the story. The moment that the stranger had exclamed:

"Why, Wells Burton!" the lady had given a sudden surprised start, and her face had flushed deeply. At least she knew the name, if she did not the boy, and for some reason, the knowledge seemed to disturb her.

Just then the stranger turned in her direction, and bowed slightly as some people do when they know persons a little bit, and do not care to know them any better.

Wells noticed the bow, and was ready with questions.

"Mrs. Haviland, I wonder if you are acquainted with that creature. Who is she?"

"My dear boy, have you been travelling with her all day, without knowing who she is? Did you ever hear of a person by the name of Henrietta Westville?"

"I should think I had! You don't say that she is the one!

"That is her name, my boy."

"Well! I wonder that I had not thought of it for myself. The name fits her character precisely, of all the cantankerous, disgusting creatures that I ever saw, she"—

"Softly, softly, my dear Wells, what would 'mother' say to such language as that?"

"I don't care," declared Wells, "the language doesn't begin with the subject. Mamma is reasonable. She knows that a fellow has to boil over once in a while. Why, Mrs. Haviland, you never heard the like of the way in which she has conducted herself to-day."

And then Wells launched out in a description of the conduct of the "Seaside library creature," and Christie took the sleepy baby to a seat on the other side of the car to coo him to sleep, and to wonder who this lady was, and why Wells cared because the young woman was named Henrietta Westville, and what he was telling the stranger about herself, for at this moment she overheard her own name.

CHAPTER IX.

The baby went to sleep, and the strange lady continued talking with Wells. So Christie, feeling a little lonely after so much excitement, looked about her for amusement, and discovered that the nice old gentlemam was motioning to her.

"Come and take care of me a while, little woman," he said, making room for her. "Between us we can catch the baby before he makes up his mind to roll away. You must be tired looking after him. I wish his mother knew what good care he had."

"I am used to it," exclaimed Christie. "I take a great deal of care of our baby; but I am sorry for his mother!"

Christie meant the mother of the baby on the cars, not the baby at home.

The old gentleman understood her.

"It is a bad business, he said cheerly; "but not so bad but it might have been worse. Suppose, for instance, you had not been on the cars, what would baby have done then? For that matter, what would any of us have done without our dinner? That was an excellent dinner you got up for us. ow have you enjoyed the day, on the whole?"

"Why," said Christie laughing, "I haven't had time to think. It isn't a bit such a day as I had planned."

"I imagine not. Mine isn't, I know. Let us hear what you had planned, and see if your expectations were any like mine."

"Oh, no!" said Christie; "they couldn't be! Why, in the first place, I was to take my first ride on the cars. Well, I have done that, though we didn't ride very far before we stopped."

"Just so; and we seem to find it hard work to get on again. I wonder if this is your first ride! Well, well! you will not be likely to forget it, will you? And where were you going?"

"Why, I expected to spend all this day at my uncle Daniel's in the city! I have never been there, you know, and he lives in a nice house, and has a great many things that I wanted to see."

"Do you mind telling me the thing that you wanted to see the most?"

A shy little blush came into Christie's face, and she drooped her head.

"It was very silly, I suppose, but I wanted to see the carpet in the parlor. It is what they call Brussels, and has ferns all over it, so natural that mother says you could most pick them; and some berries like what mother used to gather in the woods where she lived, away off East. I never saw such a carpet, and I can't think what it would be like. It doesn't seem to me that they could make natural-looking ferns out of threads of wool; and I wanted to see if I should think so. Then she has pretty furniture in her room, all painted in flowers—roses, you know—and pansies, and oh! a great many flowers and vines, just lovely! I never saw anything like that, either; and I couldn't think how they would look."

The old gentleman got out his only remaining handkerchief, and drew it across his mouth, to hide his smile that he did not want Christie to see; and then drew it across his eyes, for something in her voice seemed to make the tears start.

"I understand," he said, his voice full of kindly sympathy; "and so these were the things that you most wanted to see?"

"No, sir," said Christie; "not quite. I thought a good deal about them; but there was one thing that I thought I should look at more than anything else, and may be touch."

There was a curious little note of awe in her voice as she said these last words that made her listener bend his head curiously, and question in tones of deepest interest:

"What was that?"

"A piano."

She spoke the words almost under her breath.

"My dear child! did you never see a piano?"

"Oh, no, sir. My mother has, often. She used to play on one when she was a girl, and she has told me about it often and often. I think I know just how it looks. I can shut my eyes and see it; and I can think a little how it sounds; at least, it seems as though I could. It isn't like the carpet. I can't imagine that; but the music is easier. Father has a flute. We have a carpet of course," she added, drawing herself up with a bit of womanly dignity, "but it is made of rags, and looks very different from Brussels, mother says. And I can't imagine a very great difference in carpets; but I can imagine things about music, you know."

"I know," nodded the old gentleman; and he thought to himself that he knew several things which she didn't.

After a little he said:

"And so you are missing all these wonders; but a good many interesting things have happened, I should think?"

Then did Christie's eyes sparkle.

"I should think there had!" she said. "I was thinking just a little while ago that I should have enough to tell mother and father and Karl all the rest of the winter. We have only a few books and we have to tell things to each other, instead of reading. Father said I was to keep my eyes open to-day, and I guess he will think I have."

This last she said with a happy little laugh.

"I guess he will," declared the old gentleman, "and I hope he will understand to what good purpose you have done it. What did you expect to see in the city that would interest you?"

"Oh, I didn't know. A very great many things, I suppose; but I couldn't imagine them. Only one: One day father, when he was in the city, saw the Governor of the State; you know he lives there. And to go to uncle Daniel's, we ride past his house; and I thought, may be, he might be in the door, as he was when father went by, and I would see him. Father says he is a splendid-looking man, and he is a grand temperance man, you know, and I wanted just to have a glimpse of him; but I don't suppose I shall."

Then the old gentleman took out his handkerchief and used it vigorously on nose, and eyes and even mouth.

"He isn't at home to-day," he said at last.

"Isn't he?"

There was real disappointment in Christie's voice. It was evident that she had not quite given up her glimpse of the Governor.

"No; but you needn't care now, after having had such a nice chance to look at him, and even talk with him."

You should have seen Christie's face then. For a moment she was quite pale with bewilderment.

"I don't understand you," she said timidly, and in her heart she wondered whether the nice old gentleman was a little crazy.

"Why, my dear child, it is a good while since morning, I know, but my memory is good, and I distinctly remember seeing you sit up straight in that seat over there beside the Governor of the State, and heard him talking to you in what seemed to be a very interesting way."

Christie sat up straight now, her eyes glowing like two stars, her small hands clasped together, and her voice with such a ring of wondering delight in it that Wells stopped in the middle of his sentence to look over at her.

"Really and truly?"

That was all she said.

"Really and truly. I saw it with my own eyes. And a grand man he is; worth knowing."

Not another word said Christie for the space of two minutes. Then she drew a long, fluttering sigh of delight, and murmured: "What a thing to tell father and mother and Karl."

"You like to see people of importance, do you?" the old gentleman asked, after watching her face in amused silence for a few minutes.

"Oh, so very much! People who are grand, and splendid, and worth knowing."

Then I suppose you would have been interested in one of the Governor's children, for instance, even if you did not know the boy; just for the sake of his father?"

"Yes, indeed, I should. But he didn't have any boy with him this morning."

"No; I was thinking of myself, and of my father, and wondering whether you would not be interested in me for his sake."

Christie thought to herself that she was interested in him for his own sake, but she did not like to say this, so she waited expectantly for what would come next.

"The truth is, I belong to a very noble family: old and grand in every way. It would be impossible to get any higher in rank than my brother is."

Christie heard this with wondering awe, and looked timidly into the pleasant face beaming on her. She said to herself that she had thought all the time there was something perfectly splendid about him, but it had not occured to her that he belonged to such very grand people.

(To be continued.)

THE FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT;
OR, THE REWARD OF IMPORTUNITY.

(Luke xi. 5-13.)

At midnight to his sleeping friend
He turns, and knocking at the door,
He begs and prays that he will lend
Three loaves to him from out his store.

"For at my gate e'en now there stands
A friend of mine, all travel-worn
And unexpected, who demands
Comfort and food before the morn."

His half-waked friend, within, replies
"Trouble me not, my door is barr'd,
My children sleep, I cannot rise."
Such his refusal cold and hard.

But he, without, quite not the door:
More strongly pressing his request,
He knocks still louder than before,
And gives his churlish friend no rest;

Till, through the window, from above,
The loaves are granted to his plea,
Grudgingly granted—not for love,
But for his importunity.

We have a Friend, who slumbers not,
To all our needs and cares awake:
At midnight dark, or noonday hot,
To Him our sorrows we may take.

Whene'er we humbly ask He hears,
Or earnest seek, He marks our cry,
And when we knock with sobs and tears,
He opens to us instantly.

The bar of sin, which closed the door,
Himself has taken clean away:
The gate flies open ever more
To all who trust in Him and pray.

In every pressing wan or woe,
Which weighs on us, or those we love,
To our true Friend, O let us go,
And He will help us from above.

He is not troubled with our prayer,
Or weary of our urgent plea:
He bids us cast on him our care,
He loves our importunity!

RICHARD WILTON.

GODLINESS consists not in a heart to intend to do the will of God, but in a heart to do it.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

LIVE in the present, that you may be ready for the future.—*Charles Kingsley*

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER IX—*Continued.*

"My brother is a king," he said, still smiling. Then Christie's heart began to beat loud and fast. A king! What a wonderful experience was this! She, Christie Tucker, talking with the brother of a king! In what country, she wondered? And oh, what wonderful stories he could tell her if she only dared ask! Why didn't he wear something that would show his rank? She thought they always did. She was burning with eagerness to have him go on, yet dared not question.

"Are you surprised?" he asked her, and then the next thing he said almost took away her breath.

"Do you know I believe you are a relation of mine? I have been watching you all day, and I see a strong likeness to our family. There are certain things about us which are very much alike, and as we are scattered all over the world I often find relatives. I believe you are one. In fact, unless I am very much mistaken, you are a little sister of the King. Do you know what I mean; and isn't it so?"

Down went Christie's head, drooping lower and lower, until her face was buried in her two hands and she was wiping away the tears. Wells stopped again, and looked over somewhat fiercely at her companion, but the face that was raised in a moment was bright with smiles. Christie understood.

"I didn't, at first," she said; "but now I do. Oh, you mean King Jesus! Yes, sir, I belong. I thought you truly meant that you had a brother who was a king."

"And I certainly truly mean it, and glory in it, as I could not in anything else. You cannot think how pleased I have been to find a new little sister, and to see that she was copying my elder brother so faithfully, that she began to look like Him. It is all very well to be a governor, and I am proud of our good one; but after all, what is he compared to the King whose subjects we are? Did you ever think, my dear, how many relatives we have whom we have never met? What a wonderful getting acquainted there will be when we all meet in the palace!"

"I never thought of it in that way," said Christie; "It is beautiful."

"Then there is another thing: the family resemblance is so striking that if you watch long enough, you are almost sure to learn who belong to it. Do you think that pale young man is a member of our family?"

Christie looked over at him thoughtfully, then shook her head.

"No, sir, I don't think he is. Why, from some things he has said, I know he isn't."

"Poor man! Do you suppose he has been invited to join us?"

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so a good many times."

"And has refused! That is strange, isn't it? Look here, he will accept somebody's invitation, won't he, if he ever gets home to the King's palace? What if it should be yours? That would be a thing to tell the King, some day, wouldn't it?"

Christie's face glowed, but she made no answer.

"Then there is that handsome boy. I have been thinking about him. I am not sure, but am almost afraid that he does not belong, either."

"No, sir," said Christie, "he doesn't."

"There is certainly a great deal for you and me to do right in this car," the old gentleman said, and added, "what about the young lady; is she acquainted with Him, do you think?"

"No, indeed," said Christie, a touch of scorn in her voice. "It is easy enough to see that. I think she shows it all the time."

"Ah, I don't know! Have you never disguised yourself for a whole day so that nobody would have imagined that you were a member of the royal family?"

"Yes, sir," said Christie humbly, "I have."

"Still, I am afraid, as you say, that she does not know Him. It would be dreadful if, through any neglect of yours or mine she, failed of ever making His acquaintance."

Whereupon the baby awoke, and Christie went with haste to save his precious head from the bumping that he seemed determined to give it; but she could not get away from the words of her old new friend.

What if she ought to invite the pale young man, and the disagreeable young lady, to join the family circle? She did not mind talking with Wells, now, but these others were different.

By and by Mrs. Haviland bade Wells good-by, and went back to her car, and he motioned Christie to his side.

"I've discovered something about my fine lady," he said, a fierce look in his eyes; "I'll tell you about it, and you will see that it is not strange that she is so hateful; it belongs to her nature. You know I was telling you of my sick brother? Well, before he was injured, he was engaged to that very hateful young woman over there. Isn't that horrid? After the fire, and it was found that he would be a cripple all his life, what did she do but write that she was sorry for him, but she never could think of marrying a cripple. "Yes," he said in an answer to Christie's look of horror, "she did just that. Why my brother cared, is more than I can imagine; but he did: it made him sick again, and he has never been so well, and never will be. I never saw her before, and don't want to agrin, I have heard enough about her, and I am sure her actions all match."

But this story had a very different effect on Christie from what Wells had supposed.

"I am sorry for her now," she said. "I think, maybe, she feels unhappy all the time, and that makes her cross. When things goall wrong, it makes some people very cross and ugly, and they can't seem to help it. One time when Karl was sick, and I was afraid he was going to die, I felt cross all the time. Maybe she likes your brother very much, and feels so sorry for what she has done, that she cannot be good and happy."

"She may be as good as she likes," Wells said, sourly, "but I am sure she deserves never to be happy again."

"She must be very hungry," said Christie thoughtfully. "By and by I mean to offer her a seed cake. The dirty-faced little girl had nothing to do with that, and I know it is clean; maybe she can eat it."

"You're a queer party," Wells said. "If I had been treated once as you have, I think I should dislike her enough to keep my distance."

"Oh, it isn't that! I suppose I dislike her—well, a good deal. But I want to get over it, and what you told me helps me to. I want to feel sorry for her, and ask her to be a Christian. You see she isn't a Christian, and that makes all the trouble. If she would get right about that, it would make everything else straight. Anyway, I ought to invite her, because Jesus told me to, you know; and if I give her a seed cake, maybe I can do it better."

"Humph!" said Wells, twisting himself around until he hurt his foot, and made deep frowns come on his forehead.

He really did not know what to think of Christie.

UNCLE DANIEL'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER X.

Little by little that weary afternoon wore away. The rain fell steadily, and the mud grew deeper every minute; and the grumblings of some of the people grew louder, though all the while their courage was kept up by having an official appear occasionally, to say that he "guessed they would get on now, pretty soon." Baby waked, and frolicked, and fretted, and drank milk, and was trotted, and carried, and petted, as well as Christie and the old gentleman could manage it; and the swollen foot was bathed, and all the seed cakes were eaten, and the the pale young man walked miles, just going up and down the car, "like a caged lion," Wells said.

Christie pitied him so much, that she went over to him at last as he stood by the further door of the car, and said timidly: "I think, sir, if you would make up your mind to pray to God, you would feel so much better! He can make it all come out right,

you now, even now. Why won't you ask him?"

The young man turned toward her a despairing face. "If your mother should die to-day, while you are sitting here in a mud hole, waiting to get out, would it be all right?" he asked.

"I have asked him to take care of her," said Christie, with quivering lip, "and I mean to trust him; I know he can do it, and I know he will, if it is the best thing Perhaps the lady that you want to get to, is better now."

"Perhaps my staying here in the mud all day helped to make her better."

He said this with a very sarcastic tone, but Christie who was busy wiping her eyes, did not look at him just then, and answered him gravely; "Yes, sir, perhaps so. God could make even that help, and I cannot keep from thinking that he has made it all right. I have prayed about it a good deal, and I feel just as I always do, when things come right. I wish you would pray, dear sir."

In spite of himself, a tender smile stole over the sad face, and he looked down on her. "How could my staying here possibly help anybody?" he asked, but his voice was more gentle.

"Oh, I don't know how," said Christie. "God does not tell his "hows," you know; he just does them."

"Well," he said, after another thoughtful pause, "I'll tell you one thing, little woman, I am very much obliged to you for trying to help and comfort me. I shall not forget it. I want you to give me your address, and if things have all come out right, as you say, I will write you a letter; and if our sticking in the mud for a dozen hours can be found to have helped any thing along, I will be sure to tell you."

"Thank you, sir," said Christie. "And will you pray about it?"

"Ah, that I don't know."

So after all, the "little woman" turned away sorrowfully. She wanted to give the invitation, but she was not sure that she had.

While the old gentleman was entertaining baby with his gold-headed cane, she took out the two seed cakes which she had carefully wrapped by themselves in the bit of towel and went over to the young lady, who had her face turned to the window, and had not looked around for more than an hour.

"Won't you please to eat these?" said Christie; "you must be very hungry. Mother made them, and she is very neat and particular."

The lady turned suddenly and, behold, her eyes were wet with tears! "You are a good little thing," she said hesitatingly. "I don't think I am hungry. You would better eat them yourself."

"Oh, no," Christie answered earnestly. "I ate bread and butter. It wasn't much sour. I would like to have you know Jesus Christ and go to heaven. He can make you very happy."

It sounded almost rude to poor Christie, now that she had said it, but she did not know how else to put the thought. Ever since her talk with the old gentleman, she had felt that she ought to invite this lady; and she had prayed about her until she felt very sorry for her.

"You are a strange child," said the lady; but her voice was not hard any more, and she murmured under her breath, that she was sure she needed happiness if anybody did.

Christie slipped softly away after that; but the two seed cakes were eaten, every crumb.

And now there began to be a bustling of train men through the cars; ropes were pulled, and bells were rung, and a general air of something about to happen stole over things.

"Some train is coming or going," said Wells. "I hear the rumble in the distance."

Sure enough it drew nearer.

"It's coming up behind us," said Wells. "Now I wonder if the next thing on the programme is to be smashed into by the afternoon express?"

And said Christie:

"Oh, I wonder if baby's mother can be on that train?"

It was not trying to smash into anything. It came up very slowly, and finally made a dead stop just below them. The passengers could be seen, getting out in the mud and rain, and making all haste to the train which was a few feet ahead of them.

"Then the bridge wasn't down?" said a passenger to a brakesman.

"No, there was a broken rail just this side of it, and the beginning of a washout, that has kept them back."

Just then the car door opened with a sudden jerk. A shrill voice was heard to say in tones divided between a scream and a groan, "Where is he?" and then, "Oh, my darling, my darling!" and Christie, who was standing with her back to the door, with the baby in her arms, felt herself almost tipped over, in the dash which a richly-dressed lady made to get baby.

No sooner did he have a glimpse of her than the ungrateful fellow set up shouts of delight, and was in such a hurry to get away that he scrambled wildly over Christie's shoulder, taking a piece of her delicate ruffle in his eager hand.

Oh dear me! such a time as there was! I couldn't think of trying to describe it to you. That mother behaved herself in such a manner as to nearly drive the lookers-on frantic. She laughed, and she cried, almost both at once. She hugged the baby until he rebelled and scratched her for it. She kissed him until he cried. Then she hugged Christie, and kissed her, until her face was too red to grow any redder. And all the time she tried to tell her wild story, and to ask a dozen questions.

"I thought there would be a despatch waiting for me at that office, and I went to see; and that dreadful telegraph clerk kept me waiting, and the first thing I knew the train was gone! Oh, I thought I should die! I screamed and shouted; it seemed to me that the very engine would be sorry for me and stop! Mamma's poor darling! Did he cry dreadfully? I saw you, little girl, this morning, and saw you look at baby with a pleasant face, and I wondered if you would try to take care of him. O baby, baby! I'll never let you out of my arms again for a minute!" O such a day as this has been!

Whereupon, baby at that moment, as if to prove to his mother how false and foolish was her promise, gave a sudden delighted spring and landed in Christie's arms again, hiding his pretty roguish head on her shoulder.

So eager were the people over all this, and such long stories had they to tell the questioning mother, that they forgot to take note of the bustle going on in the train.

Suddenly Wells waked up to it.

"I really believe we are going on again!" he said, as he watched the rapid movements of the brakesman. "Halloo, Brewster! Do you mean to take us into the city in time for bed, after all?"

"Looks like it," said the brakesman, smiling good-naturedly. "We had to wait for the mother, you know; now we've got her, we think of going on as soon as the up-train passes."

"The up-train?" said Wells. "Is it time for that? When does it come?"

"It will be along in five minutes; we are going to switch for her to pass, then on we go."

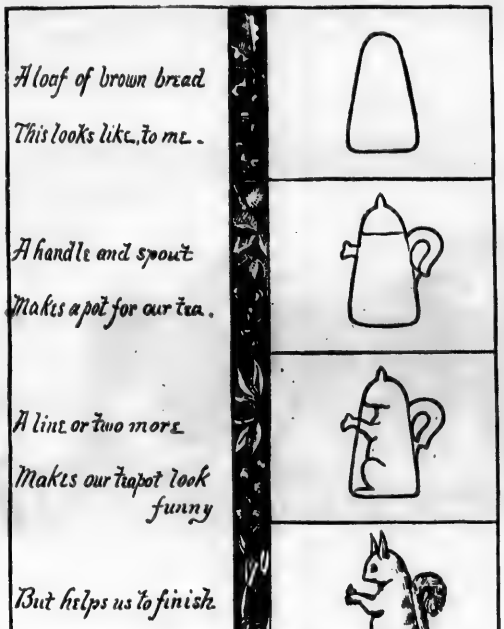
"The up-train!" echoed Christie, a sudden new dismayed thought in her heart. Why, isn't that the six o'clock at our station?"

"The very same. This interesting day is about done."

"Well, but—that's the train I am to come home on, and father will be at the depot to meet me. "Why I've got to go home!"

"Oh, no! They will never expect you to do such a thing as that! Less than an hour now will take us into the city. We'll go kiting, when we do start. Of course your people will expect you to go on and make your visit. Have the conductor telegraph your father that you are all right; I'll see to it for you; and if your uncle is not at the depot I'll take a carriage and go there with you. I wouldn't give up my Christmas in this fashion."

(To be continued.)



A DRAWING LESSON FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY.

CHAPTER X—*Continued.*

Christie thought a moment, a world of perplexity on her face, then presently her face cleared: "No, I thank you, I must go

ABBIE.

home; mother said, "be sure to come back to-night." She didn't say a word about what I was to do if I didn't get to uncle Daniel's at all. She just said:

"And, Christie, you be sure and come home to-night, whatever happens. Don't you let them coax you to stay; tell them mother expects you. So, you see, I must go back on that very train."

"Of course she must," said the old gentleman, who had been listening attentively. "She is not the sort of a woman to keep her mothor waiting and watching, while she goes and makes a visit."

"Well, I declare!" grumbled Wells, not convinced, and much disgusted at the thought of parting with his nurse, "that is the queerest way to make a Christmas visit that I ever heard of! Here's the train! You'll have to hurry, if you're really going to be so foolish as to go. That train doesn't stop at places long enough for a fellow to wink."

"I'll help her off," said the pale young man, and he had his umbrella raised before she reached the platform; her flowered satchel was on his arm, and there was nothing for Christie to do but to smile her good-bye to her friends in the car, and step down into the night and the darkness. A few steps in the mud, a strong hand springing her to the platform of another train, a kind voice saying, "Good-by, little woman; I'll not forget!" And Christie had parted from all her friends and acquaintances whom she seemed to have known so long and well, and was in a strange car, surrounded by strange and rather cross-looking people, and felt grown-up and lonely.

"Why, is it possible that she has gone!" exclaimed the mother of the baby, taking in the change of plan just as the car-door closed after Christie. "I thought she was going to the city. Why, I wanted to talk with her, and take care of her. Whatshall I do? I must have the child's address who knows her?"

Then up started the old gentleman: "Bless my heart! I have let her slip away after all, without getting her address. That is too bad."

"I can help you about that," said Wells, waking out of his ill-humor to be interested. "Her name is Christie Tucker, and her father is Mr. Jonas Tucker, a farmer who lives about two miles from Pi-rpoint station, where she took the train this morning. She is a friend of mine," he added proudly.

I suppose Karl Tucker would have been very much amazed, could he have heard that. The world had moved much faster that day than Karl Tucker dreamed of. Or Karl Tucker's father, for the matter of that. He waited in the rain and the darkness, for his little girl. He had spent a busy day about the farm, and had heard no news. The two men whom he had met and talked with, a few minutes on his way to the cars, neither knew, nor knowing, would have cared, that there had been confusion on the railway all day. So Mr. Tucker, as he waited anxiously on the milk-platform for the coming of the up-train, only knew that it was dark and rainy, and that railway cars were "skittish" things, and hoped that "Daniel had put his little girl in a good seat, and that she wasn't scared."

"Ha!" he said with a relieved sigh, as at last he folded her in his arms and kissed her, "father's got you again. It's been a long day for Christmas. Come in here and let me wrap you up. We'll hurry, for it's going to rain hard, and your mother will be anxious. Karl stayed at home to do the chores. Don't talk any now, my girl, only wrap up close, and duck your head down out of the driving rain, and we'll get home in no time. Supper's waiting. A regular Christmas supper, too: though it ain't much like your dinner I s'pose."

A silvery little laugh rang out to him from behind the old shawl, and a muffled voice said she didn't believe it was.

And they drove home with all speed, the rain coming thicker and faster.

How the tea-kettle sang on the bright stove, and what a supper that was! Stewed chicken, and potatoes stewed in cream, and hot apple sauce are not bad to eat at any time, if one is hungry. But when one has had only a small slice of "Sarah Ann's" bread for dinner, and has given away every one of her seed-cakes, I cannot begin to tell you how good it tastes.

Then think of the story that there was to tell.

"I don't believe I can finish it before next Christmas," declared Christie, laughing, and kissing the baby for the tenth time.

"You see I have only told you the heads of chapters, just as Karl always reads the index of his book; but when I begin to put in the little bits, it will take days and days. O, father, what do you think! I saw the governor, and sat with him, and talked with him!"

"Well," said father, after having heard dashes at that wonderful part of that wonderful story, "I guess you saw lots of things to-day, and it's my opinion some other folks saw some things too. It is a great day, I think. I'm glad she was there to take care of that boy,"—and here he put his arm around Karl,—"and that baby, eh, mother?" and here he kissed the baby.

"And you never went to uncle Daniel's at all!" said Mrs. Tucker, with her elbow on the table, and her hand on the teapot handle. "Well, I am beat!"

And so, at last, Christie's Christmas was ended.

THE END.

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

Almost all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavement and on shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in the neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentrated furrows; above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstones where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish half a bushel of good marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 169,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.—*Children's Friend.*

THE story of "Jack the Giant-Killer" was first printed in 1711, but the children in England and Germany had heard it then for hundreds of years. No one knows how old it is, or where or how it started. "Jack and the Beanstalk" was first told in Iceland, where it was believed to be true, long, long ago.

THE UP-TRAIN.

THE WATER WAIFS:

A Story of Canal Barge Life.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

Author of "Ellerslie House," etc.

CHAPTER I.—BAB'S HOME.

"You'll be kind to her, Molly, when I'm gone, and take care o'poor Bab, won't yer?" and the glazing eyes of the dying woman were lifted anxiously to the girl standing beside her.

"Yes, yes, I'll look arter her," said the girl, hastily brushing a tear away, and glancing at her little sister, who lay curled up at the foot of her bed.

"She ain't like no other boater I ever seed," said the poor woman, fondly; "she picks up things and talks about 'em better nor a parson She's brought to my mind things as I'd learned when I was a gal and hadn't set eyes on a boat—bout Jesus and the poor woman what was a sinner. She warn't so bad as me, for she warn't a boater; but little Bab there, she's told me as now Jesus'll forgive all sin, and so I ain't afraid to venture it bad as I is, and if I could take Bab wi' me, I dunno as I wouldn't be glad to go; but I'm feard for the child, Moll, for she'll never be no good for a boater, and yer father knows that, and it jest makes him mad and he'd like to leave her behind at some wharf; so yer'll have to look sharp arter her when the boat's a-leaving that wharf, Molly."

"All right; don't yer be afeard, mother. I'll see she ain't left behind, and I'll keep her pretty hair clean."

This promise seemed to comfort the poor woman. She closed her eyes, and a look of rest and peace stole over her hard, careworn face. Molly, thinking her mother wanted to sleep. turned from the bed and let down the little cupboard door which serves for a table in all barge cabins, and began to get the tea ready.

In a minute or two a rough, burly-looking man put his head in at the door, and asked, with an oath, how much longer she was going to be getting tea ready.

"Don't make such a row; can't yer see mother's asleep?" said the girl, in a surly tone

"Well, she's got all the day to sleep as well as the night, ain't she?" said the man. "Give us the tea;" and he took the basin from the girl's hand and went out again, grumbling as he went.

"Is mother asleep?" asked a sweet voice in a gentle whisper, as the man disappeared.

"Yes, Bab, she's fast asleep so come and get your tea;" and Molly lifted her sister from the bed to a box where she could reach the table.

"If a stranger had been there he would have been surprised, perhaps, to see Bab lifted so carefully by her sister, for she was evidently about seven or eight years old, and sitting, on the bed, looked as well able to help herself as other children of her age; but now, as she was placed on the box, it was evident that she was hopelessly lame—one leg looked so small and shrunken that it could scarcely have grown since she was a baby.

"Bab, I'll brush yer hair arter tea," said her sister. "Yer needn't be afraid, I ain't a-going to cut it off, as I said I would, though what good such hair is to a poor little boater, I dunno. If yer was a lady, now, yer pink and white face and shiny yaller hair, all twisting and curling like it does, 'ud be just the thing; but it ain't no good to us boaters."

Bab pushed back her wealth of golden curls and sighed. "I wish I'd got hair like yours, Molly," she said; "then, maybe, my legs 'ud be like yours too, and I could run on the towing-path like you and Jack." "Ah! it's a pity yer can't; but never mind, Bab, I've promised I'll take care on yer, and I will. I'll begin arter tea, and let mother see. I'll wash yer face and do yer hair, Bab."

Poor Bab had not had her face and hands washed for two or three days—not since her mother had been obliged to lie in bed all day; for Molly rarely noticed her little sister, unless it was to utter some cruel or jealous words; and so the child was almost as alarmed as she was surprised when Molly proposed to wash her face, for washing was a luxury not often indulged in among the boaters. It was considered a waste of time, as children always made themselves dirty again. Molly had often heard this remark from her mother, until Bab came with her sweet, fair face and lovely, golden hair, which seemed to awaken her mother's love for cleanliness and a passion of jealousy in Molly. "Why should this helpless little sister," she asked, "be washed and combed, and kept clean, and made altogether so unlike her filthy surroundings."

Many a sly slap and pinch had Bab received from her elder sister because of this; and so it is not surprising that she rather shrank from being washed by Molly now. "I can wait till mother gets better," she said, trying to creep back to her place at the foot of the bed.

"No yer can't; I want mother to see as how I can wash yer as well as she can."

"Oh, Molly, don't," whimpered the child, as her sister pulled her back. But it was of little use resisting. Molly had made up her mind to wash her face and comb out the tangled, curly hair, and she scooped up some water from the canal, and was rubbing away at the dirty little hands before Bab had time to say any more.

"THE CHILD CRIED A LITTLE UNDER THE COMBING OPERATION."

The child cried a little under the combing operation, for Molly was not very gentle, and quite unused to such a task. She combed her own hair about once or twice a week, but she had never done Bab's before, and gentleness was something quite beyond Molly's comprehension at present. She rather looked down upon it as a weakness, especially in boater girls, who had to hold their own on the towing-path and at the wharf, unless they were ready to be put upon by everybody else, like poor little Bab was.

Bab winced, and the tears silently ran down her cheeks after one of Molly's vigorous pulls at her hair; but she would not cry out, for fear of disturbing her mother who still seemed to be in a profound sleep.

When the washing and combing were done, Molly lifted the child on the bed again, where she could look out of the tiny window on to the black canal or the towing-path, and having done what she could to make the dirty, stuffy little cabin tidy, she went outside to see when they were likely to tie up for the night. This would give her and Jack the only chance they ever had of "a little fun," as they called it. Very often, however, they were so tired with their long day's tramp on the towing-path, that they only cared to lie down and go to sleep. But for a wonder, they were not so tired to-day, and so, when their father had gone, as he usually did, to spend his evening at one of the low beer-shops near the bank, Molly and Jack, with two or three other girls and boys from neighboring barges, made up their minds to have some fun before going to bed. It was a bright moonlight night. What with playing, quarrelling, and fighting, the time passed quickly enough, and Molly never thought of either Bab or her mother, until, hearing a clock strike ten, she called to

her brother, saying she was going in now, and he had better do the same; and then she jumped on board the barge, and ran into the little cabin to get a light before her father came home.

In a minute or two she was at the side of the barge again, calling "Jack! Jack!" in a tone of suppressed terror. When her brother came, she clutched him by the shoulder, and almost dragged him to the cabin-door.

"What's the row now?" asked the boy, trying to shake off his sister's hand.

"I want yer to come and look at mother, Jack," whispered Molly, with a shiver of fear.

"What's the good? I can't do nothing," said the boy; and he shook himself free of Molly's detaining hold, and sat down on the steps, while Molly peered fearfully into the cabin.

"I do b'lieve she's dead, Jack," she said, in a whisper; "and there's Bab laying there holding her hand as though she was asleep."

The child seemed to awake at this moment, and seeing her sister at the door, she said, "Oh, Molly, do come and make mother warm: she is so cold."

"Get away from her, Bab, get away; don't yer know she's dead?" said Molly, but without venturing to go near the bed herself.

But instead of moving away, poor little Bab threw herself, with a passionate cry, on to her mother's breast, sobbing, "She ain't dead, I know she ain't; she spoke to me 'fore she went to sleep; she telled me God 'ud take care on me somehow, and not let me be a boater allus."

"Oh dear, Jack, what shall we do? Go and find father, or fetch somebody here," said Molly, in still greater terror, as she saw poor little Bab throw her arms round her mother's neck.

Jack was only too glad to make his escape, and soon ran to one of the other barges, and brought back a woman, who went in and lifted poor Bab from the bed, and put her on the steps near Molly.

"Don't cry, little 'un," she said, in a rough but kindly voice; "yer lame, I see, but somebody' ull take care on yer, never fear."

"I ain't afeard; I only want mother," sobbed the poor child.

"Why, don't yer know she's dead?" snapped Molly, impatiently. She was crying, too, but not with such bitterness of grief as her little lame sister.

"Yer jest take her aboard our boat for to-night, and go and fetch yer father, for I dunno what to do. Did yer mother have a doctor to see her?" asked the woman.

Molly opened her eyes at the question. "Oh no," she said; "I used to fetch her stuff for her cough sometimes, when father could spare the money. I got some yesterday, and she ain't took more'n half on it; so 'tain't for want of physic she died."

"Well, yer'd better fetch yer father, for a doctor'll have to be got now," said the woman; and Jack ran off to the beer-shop at once.

In a few minutes the man came lounging down to the boat. "What's this yer saying 'bout a doctor?" he asked the woman, who still stood near the cabin-door.

"Why, yer ought ter had a doctor to the poor thing afore she died," said the woman.

"Who was to know she was a-going to die?" said the man, glancing at the bed, and speaking in an injured tone.

"Well, yer'll have to go and get one now, for there's the buryin' to be thought about."

The man scratched his head, "It's jest like her," he said, in a grumbling tone; "why couldn't she ha' said she was a going to die, and not make all this bother about it?"

He forgot that he had scarcely done more than put his head into the cabin to ask for his meals since the poor woman had been taken worse, for fear she should make any complaint, or ask for a doctor; but his neighbor seemed to understand all about it as well as though she had lived with them, and told him so in no very choice language.

It came to high words between them at last, and might have resulted in a fight, despite the presence of the dead, had not one of the woman's children run up to tell her mother that Bab was crying so much they could do nothing with her.

"Go and fetch her here, Moll, while I go and look for a doctor," said the man, glad of the interruption to get away. Molly went and fetched her little sister, and sat down on the cabin steps with her in her arms.

But this did not satisfy Bab. "Take me in to mother," she sobbed; "she wants me. I know."

"No, ne, little 'un; yer mother don't want yer now; she's dead, poor thing." "Yes, yes; I know she's gone to God, and she's telling Him about me, and how I ain't fit to be a boater, and He's going to take care o'me as well as mother."

"Bless the little 'un, how she do talk!" said the woman, glancing at Molly. "Eh, she's a rum 'un—she allus was," said Molly. "But yer can't go in there now, yer know, Bab," she added.

"But I must, I must; God is a-going to take care o'me as well as mother, and I must be there ready, don't yer know."

"Be where?" asked Molly.

"In there, on mother's bed; she's telling God about me now, I know, and He'll, maybe, send for me to-night, and if I ain't there ready, mother wouldn't like it."

Molly and the woman looked at each other, and then at Bab. "You are strange," said Molly. "I don't think I shall ever understand you, Bab."

"I'd let her go and sit on the bed, if she likes," said the woman; "it can't hurt, yer know; it's jest consumption the poor thing had, I should say, and that ain't like fever—'tain't ketching."

"Will yer go then, Bab?" asked Molly.

"Oh yes, yes; do take me to mother. I won't cry and make a noise if yer'll let me sit aside o' mother," sobbed the child.

"I'd let her go, though she'd be a deal better fast asleep with my young 'uns."

"Oh no; I mustn't go to sleep," said Bab. "I must keep awake till mother's talked to God, and he sends for me;" and once more she begged her sister to take her into the cabin.

"Oh, I can't go in there," said Molly.

"Here, I'll take her in," said the woman; and she carried Bab into the cabin and seated her on the bed, where she could hold her mother's hand and see her face, for this was what she wanted.

(To be continued.)

DR. DODDRIDGE, HIS MOTHER, AND THE DUTCH TILES.

PICTURE LESSONS.

"I have heard Dr. Doddrige relate," says Mr. Job Orton, his biographer, "that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney in the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious remarks upon the means, by God's blessing, of making many good impressions upon his heart which never wore out, and therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents.

THE WATER WAIFS:

A Story of Canal Barge Life.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

Author of "Ellerslie House," etc.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

What the child expected would take place, they did not ask, and if they had Bab could not have told them; but she was content, now she was near her mother again; and finding that she had left off crying, Molly was satisfied.

She was still keeping her silent, solitary watch, when her father returned with the doctor. She would have hidden herself under the bed clothes if she could when she heard them coming, for she was afraid her father would drag her away, as he would have done but for the appealing gaze with which Bab looked at the doctor, and the agonizing tone in which she said, "Do let me stay aside o' mother a bit longer. God's a-going to take care o' me as well as mother, and He won't be long now."

"Poor little girl, you shall stay beside mother if you like," said the kind-hearted doctor, looking tenderly at Bab's tear-stained face and swollen blue eyes. "Were you here with mother when she died?" he asked; for one glance at the ashy-grey face on the bed told him plainly enough that the woman had been dead some hours, although the man, on his way to the boat, had assured him that she was "only just took bad."

But Bab seemed to know nothing of when her mother had died; she only knew that she had gone to ask God to take care of her, because she was no good for a boater. And so after a few minutes her father and the doctor went away, and Bab was left to watch until sleep overcame the tired blue eyes, and she slipped down across her mother's feet and slept until the morning.

"MOLLY . . . PUT HER ARMS ROUND BAB PROTECTINGLY"

CHAPTER II.—MOLLY.

The poor boatwoman's funeral was soon over, and the barge went on its way as usual. Molly took her mother's place as well as she was able and the poor woman was soon forgotten by all but poor little Bab, and for her time seemed to bring no consolation, but as the days and weeks went on her grief seemed to increase. At first Molly took little notice of the child beyond washing her face once a day, and combing and curling her hair occasionally. This was what she had understood her mother to mean when she asked her to take care of Bab, and having done this, she had done all that was required of her, she thought, and as Bab was left to indulge her grief and her musings undisturbed. She would sit for hours on the bed at the little cabin window, looking out at the sluggish black water of the canal without speaking a word, even when Molly was in the cabin, cooking or washing up the tin pots and basins that formed their only tea service.

But one day, about a month after her mother's death, Bab said "Did I sleep very long that night mother died, Moll?"

"Why, yer slept till the morin,' I s'pose," said her sister. indifferently.

Bab sighed. "I didn't mean to go to sleep that night, Molly," she said.

"Why, it wor the best thing yer could do," said practical Molly.

But the child shook her head. "No it warn't," she said; "I jest missed my chance that night, and it won't come again, maybe."

"Missed yer chance? What do yer mean?" asked her sister.

"Don't yer know what I told yer, Moll? Mother was a-going to ask God to take care on me, and course He would send that night, and I ought ter kept awake to be ready; but I went to sleep, and so I've missed my chance;" and poor Bab's tears broke out afresh as she concluded.

"Well, your're a rum 'un, Bab. Is this what yer've been a-fretting and stewing about all this time?" said Molly, in a tone of wonder.

Bab turned her tearful blue eyes full upon her sister. "I've been a-waiting," she said; "I thought maybe He'd send agin if I jest stopped here and waited."

Molly scratched her tangled head in perplexity. Ignorant as she was in such matters, she was sure that Bab had made a mistake in supposing that God was going to send a messenger to carry her off bodily; but she knew so little about religion—so rarely heard the name of God even, except when her father was swearing—that she knew not how to tell Bab she was in error; yet her heart was touched with pity for the poor helpless child, who sat in the miserable cabin day after day patiently waiting without a murmur for some unknown messenger to come and fetch her away. Somehow she could not utter the rough words, "Don't be a fool, Bab, although they were upon her lips; she only said, "Never mind, Bab; I'll take care on yer for a bit, and maybe if we has to stay all Sunday at the wharf, I'll take yer ashore to hear some preaching and singing, like mother did sometimes."

Bab's eyes brightened at hearing this, and she readily agreed to let Molly set her outside on the cabin steps. But the sight of her father's scowling face as he sat smoking close to the tiller, made poor Bab shiver with undefined fear, and she clutched Molly's hand and whispered, "Yer'll take care on me, Moll, though I ain't no good for a boater?"

"Yes, yes; don't yer be afeard; I'll take good care on yer," said Molly, uttering an oath to make her promise more assuring.

But Bab whispered, 'Don't swear, Molly; God don't like us to swear, the man says, and I told mother I wouldn't."

Molly laughed. "What next, I wonder!" she said; "Why I shouldn't be much of a boater if I didn't swear as good as father hisself."

"But God don't like yer to swear, though He likes boaters," said Bab, in a serious tone.

"Oh, boaters ain't got no time to think about God or what He likes; why, they ain't got time to tie up of a Sunday, 'cept when they're loading up and can't get away from the wharf. No, Bab, them things ain't for boaters," concluded Molly.

"But the man said they was, Moll—the man at the wharf, yer know, they talked about Jesus and the woman that was a sinner, wot mother liked to hear about. She said as she knowed it war true, 'cos she'd heerd about it, when she wor a gal, and she often talked to me about it, and I told her all I could 'member o' what I'd heerd about Jesus loving poor boaters, and how He wanted 'em to do the right square things, and not swear, nor drink, nor kick the donkeys."

"Oh, bother the donkeys," said Molly; "they can look arter themselves; they're agrawatin' enough. Yer don't mean to tell me as God looks arter donkeys?"

But Bab could only shake her head. "I dunno", she said, "I want to know a bit more; the man said God 'ud take care on us, and He's took care o' mother, but why won't He ha' me? I ain't no good for a boater."

"Yer right enough there; yer ain't no good for nuffin', as I can

see," said a rough, surly voice; and looking round, Molly saw her father standing close by. But poor little Bab was frightened to look at her father; she cowered close down to her sister, and whispered, "Take me out o' the way, Moll." But Molly was not at all afraid of her father, and resolved to let him see it. She put her arms round Bab protectingly, and said, "Yer don't know nuffin' about Bab and what she can do.

"I know she ain't no good for a boater," growled the man, "and the sooner she takes herself off the better, for no body wants her aboard this barge now."

"Oh, don't they though; I'd let 'em see if anybody comes any nonsense wi' Bab;" and Molly drew the poor frightened child closer to her as she spoke.

"It's no good coming any o' that 'ere nonsense wi' me, 'cos I can't afford it. I can't fill useless mouths; and them as can't help work this boat has got to go."

"Where do yer wan't her to go?" demanded Molly.

"Anywhere; she's got a pick o' places, and she can go ashore where she likes; it don't matter much where; somebody'll pick her up afore long. Her yaller hair and white face ought to do somefin' for her," he added contemptuously.

How Bab hated herself for having this bright golden hair, that made her look so unlike all other boaters! "Cut it off," she whispered, clutching at her curls.

"No I won't," said Molly angrily, and turning a defiant face to her father. "Now look here," she went on, "as long as I'm aboard this boat Bab'll stop. Mother told me to look arter her, and I will. Yer can't do without me now, and I likes Bab, and she'll stop here jest as long as I do, so yer needn't make no more row about it, and saying this, Molly carried her into the cabin, and seated her on the bed in her accustomed place near the window. Brave as she felt, and determined as she was to protect her little sister, she knew it would be best to keep her out of sight as far as she could, for the sight of this "useless mouth" had always annoyed her father, and often put him into a passion; and it would be best not to rouse his anger, she knew, for he might, in one of these violent outbursts of temper, throw the child overboard. He had threatened to do it often enough. "Now look here, Bab, yer ain't no call to be afraid o' father, though he may swear a bit; yer shall jest keep out o' sight, and I'll look arter the rest, and yer shall have a drop o' something to keep the damp off yer stomach. I've got mother's bottle now, and I often gets a drop;" and, in proof of her assertion, Molly took a little bottle from its hiding-place, and poured some gin into a tin pot, and gave it to Bab.

But the child shook her head. "No, no, Molly, I can't; mother told me not to touch the drink agin, 'cos that 'ud made her wus than the woman what was a sinner, and she said, Moll, I wor to ax yer to give it up too."

But Molly looked half offended. "Who could live in this place without a drop o' something to keep the damp out 'o yer stomach?" she said, glancing at the reeking floor of the cabin, where the black mud came oozing through the cracks and joints; and she drank off the gin herself, and hid the bottle again. Molly was only thirteen, but she felt herself a woman now. She had been used to stealing sips from her mother's bottle as long as she could remember, so that it was not surprising that she should take possession of the bottle, and get it replenished whenever she could abstract a few pence from the money entrusted to her to buy bread and groceries with.

Bab had seen her sister more than once overcome by her frequent sips of gin, but she had felt afraid to say a word about it now; and glancing at her sister's angry face as she put the bottle away, she was shivering with fear lest Molly should go and tell her father he might do as he liked about putting her ashore.

In this, however, she did her sister injustice. Molly was certainly offended, but she would have protected her little sister against anybody now, and was resolved to do what she could to make her life pleasant, although she had refused many a boater's great luxury and only consolation—a drop of gin.

That evening, after the barge was tied up for the night, and her father had gone to the public-house, Molly came to the cabin, and said, "Now, Bab, I'll take yer out a bit. Father's gone, and Jack too, and there's a nice piece o' grass near the towing-path, and yer can sit there and look about yer for a time."

Of course Bab was willing to go. She had not been further than the cabin steps for weeks now, and to sit on the grass was a treat indeed. As Molly carried her on shore, the child put her arms round her sister's neck, and whispered, "Won't yer let me love yer, Molly?"

"'Deed Bab, you are a rum 'un," said Molly, kissing her little sister as though she was half ashamed of doing it; "you ain't no boater, sure enough," she added, with a short laugh.

"But yer'll love me, Molly, won't yer, though I ain't no boater?" whispered Bab.

"Why, yer makes me, Bab; I can't help it; and somehow I'm glad now yer ain't like other boaters."

"No, I ain't no good," sighed poor Bab, glancing at her shrunken little legs.

"Oh, but yer are, though, Bab; why, yer like a bit of another world to me, and I want yer to talk to me like yer did to mother. Jack says we're sure to tie up at the wharf a Sunday, and I'll take yer ashore, if yer like, to hear the preaching, if there is any."

"Oh, Molly, will yer really!" exclaimed Bab; and a faint color stole into her pallid cheeks at the thought of hearing more about Jesus, the friend of boaters and the woman who was a sinner.

Having settled her sister on her grassy seat, Molly went off in search of a little amusement on her own account; but she kept her eye on Bab, to see that the boys and girls from the other barges did not tease her, for, as she whispered to herself again, Bab was not like other boaters.

Often and often she had used these words as a reproach or disparagement, but now they were beginning to mean something quite different to Molly. Bab was something more choice and precious than an ordinary boater girl could be. Molly did not understand her, but she was growing very dear to her, and her gentle, patient, loving words and ways were conquering the jealousy and dislike that Molly had so long felt towards her little sister. She was ready to do battle for her now against anybody and everybody, and when she saw some of the children from the other barges pulling Bab's curls and teasing her, she swooped down upon them in a manner they were not likely to forget for some time.

"Well, she ain't no boater," said one who had pulled at Bab's hair.

"No; she's a deal better nor any of you boaters," said Molly; "and if I ketch yer anigh her agin, I'll pitch yer all inter the cut;" saying which, Molly drove her sister's tormentors to a distance, and Bab felt no small pride in her protector's prowess. Of course Molly did not really mean that she was better than a boater, thought Bab: she had only said that to tease the other girls; but still it pleased Bab to think that her sister cared so much for her.

Molly privately determined that Sunday should be spent at the wharf if she could possibly manage it, and she talked to Jack about this, promising to get a "jolly dinner," for Sunday if he would hurry the donkeys along, so that they reached the wharf on Saturday night. Jack readily promised to do this, for a whole day to lounge about the other wharf, or play pitch and toss with the other boys, was always pleasant to him; and so, by cruelly using the stick a little more frequently to the overworked donkeys the journey was accomplished in time and they tied up at the wharf on Saturday night, to Bab's great delight.

"Now yer can go and hear the preaching and singing to-morrer, Bab," said Molly. "I'll get up early and wash yer face and comb yer hair and take yer ashore all day, and maybe there'll be two lots o' singing for yer."

"Oh, ain't it nice!" said Bab. "Yer'll come too, won't yer, Moll?"

"Well, I dunno 'bout that. Preaching and singing ain't much in my way; but you likes it, and yer shall have it if yer can get it, and yer can tell me 'bout it afterwards, like yer did mother. I hope it's a-going to be fine," added Molly, looking anxiously out at the evening sky, where the clouds seemed to be gathering.

But Sunday morning dawned bright and warm, although it was late in the autumn, and before the bells in the distant churches began to ring for morning service, Molly had washed and dressed her sister and carried her ashore.

"There ain't nobody come yet; but you stop here a bit, and I'll come back presently and take yer to the preaching place if it ain't here, though there can't be a better place nor this," said Molly, as she seated her sister in a comfortable corner between two logs.

"Oh, they're most sure to come here," said Bab looking at the pile of logs; "there couldn't be no better place nor this for the boaters to sit down."

"Yes they're most sure to come here," said Molly, looking round. There were a few children at play on a heap of rubbish close by, and she was wondering whether they would interfere with her sister as soon as she had gone. "Look here, Bab," she said, picking up a stick that lay near and handing it to her sister, "if any o' them come anigh yer, you jest hit out right and left as hard as ever yer can. Never mind who you hurt, or how much yer hurts 'em."

(To be continued.)

THE RULES OF ELIZABETH FRY.—The following rules for the guidance of life are by the celebrated Mrs. Fry: 1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day, but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers so far as they go.

WE should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill—*Cicero.*

A PASSIONATE reproof is like a medicine given scalding hot; the patient cannot take it.

THE WATER WAIFS:

A Story of Canal Barge Life.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

Author of "Ellerslie House," etc.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY AT THE WHARF.

Bab looked up at her sister for a minute, and then at the stick. At last she said, "But, Molly, yer forgets I've come to hear 'bout Jesus, and the man said afore as Jesus didn't like to see the donkeys beat."

"Nobody asked yer to beat the donkeys," said Molly impatiently.

"No; but little boaters is better nor donkeys," said Bab. "Jesus loves boaters, and p'r'aps they won't touch me;" and she put the stick aside.

Molly looked at her for a minute, half-puzzled, half-displeased. "'Tis easy to see yer no boater," she said as she walked away.

Molly went back to the barge, thinking of what Bab said, and wondering more than ever where and how the child could have learned such strange things, and hoping very much that her desire to hear more would be gratified to-day, for it might be weeks before they tied up on Sunday again. Molly even half resolved to go herself and hear something of what was said if there was service in the afternoon. But she could not leave Bab long without going back to see if the preaching had begun, and whether her sister was in a good place to hear and see all that was going on, or that the other children from the neighboring barges were not molesting her.

She found Bab sitting where she had left her, quite alone, watching the other children at play; but no one had come to preach or sing yet.

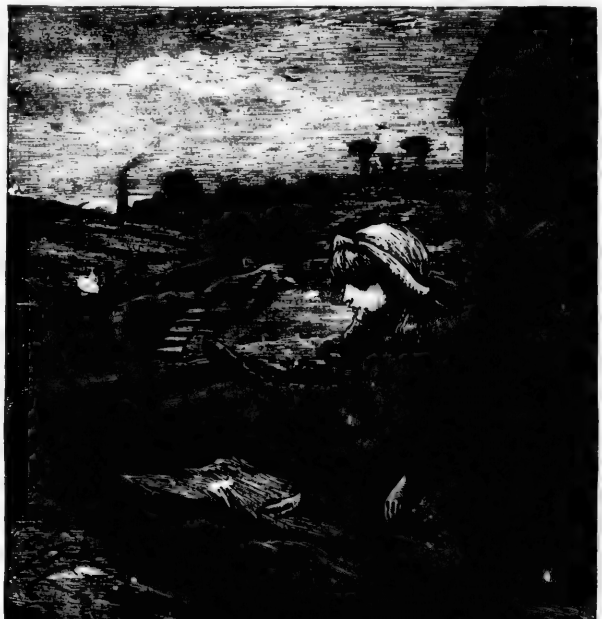
"Never mind, Bab; they'll come presently," said Molly, cheerfully; "I s'pose they're sure to come, ain't they?" she added.

"I dunno. They did come that time, yer know, but this ain't the same wharf. Ain't there a lot o' barges here, Moll, and a lot o' young 'uns too?" added Bab.

"Yes, it's a big wharf, and I've heerd there's often forty or fifty tie up here, loading or unloading. Oh yes, Bab, there's sure to be preaching here; so mind yer pick up a bit to tell me, 'cos I'm going to cook the dinner now;" and Molly ran back to the barge; for she knew her father and Jack would expect a good dinner today, and she had made up her mind to try and please them, that she might take care of Bab without interference.

When dinner was nearly ready, she went to fetch her little sister, that she might install her in her usual corner out of sight, so that her father might not be too forcibly reminded of this "useless mouth" at dinner-time, when he and Jack would enjoy theirs on the cabin steps.

But when she reached Bab this time, she saw that the child had been crying. "What's a matter, Bab?" she asked, quickly. "Are them boaters been at yer?" and Molly seized the stick that lay near, and prepared to make a descent upon the groups of dirty, half-naked children play close by.



BAB SITTING ON THE LOGS WAITING FOR MOLLY.

"No, no, Molly, they ain't done nothing to hurt me; they only says there ain't no singing nor nothing here; and it made me cry a bit."

"Well, yer shouldn't cry, then," said Molly, taking her up in her arms and turning towards the barge; "they dunno nothing 'bout such things, how should they? I'll bring yer back this arternoon, and yer'll see if the man don't come."

Molly was as good as her word. As soon as dinner was over, Bab was carried back to her cosy seat on the logs; and Molly herself sat down to watch and wait for somebody to come and teach Bab something about God, and whether He would take care of her as she supposed. But the afternoon passed, and no one came except the men and women from the boats, and they sat or lounged upon the logs smoking, gossiping, or quarrelling, until at last Molly carried Bab back, feeling as disappointed as the child herself.

It was evening now, and her father would want his tea; so Molly got it as quickly as she could, promising to run ashore as soon as it was over, and see if there was anybody there likely to help Bab. Molly herself felt angry against some one, although she could not tell who was to blame; but surely somebody who knew about these things might come and speak a few words to poor boaters who had no other means of learning but what they could pick up on a Sunday when they happened to tie up at a wharf. She then looked round at the noisy groups of men, women, and children, who found nothing else to do this fine Sunday evening but to smoke and gossip, fight and quarrel, and to hurl oaths at each other

It did not shock Molly, she was too much accustomed to such scenes, but she was vexed that Bab should be so disappointed, and in her discontent she wandered away from the groups of noisy people to the other end of the wharf, where a high, open fence only separated it from the street. Peering through these railings, Molly saw a few people go into a building nearly opposite, and as the door opened she could distinctly hear the sound of singing, and the next minute a daring thought had entered her head. She would take Bab to hear it too, and she began to look round for a gate at once. It was some time, however, before she could find one, and when it was found she was practically no nearer her object for the gate was locked. Then, glancing at the respectably-dressed people who were passing along the street, Molly remembered that neither she nor Bab could mix with these; for they had neither shoes nor stockings, and their clothes were little better than a bundle of dirty rags. So she slowly sauntered back to the barge, feeling very disappointed and very bitter against everybody. She could not say much now even to comfort Bab.

"Ain't nobody coming to sing to-day, Molly?" asked the little girl, as Molly went into the dull, dreary little cabin.

"I s'pose not," said Molly; "they likes singing for themselves best. Look here, Bab, I never did think much o' what yer told me, and now it's pretty certain it ain't for boaters at all, or else why don't somebody come and tell us about it?"

"But the man on the other wharf said as how God did care for poor boaters; he said Jesus loved 'em like He did the woman wot was a sinner," protested Bab.

But Molly shook her head. "No, no; gin is the only comfort boaters as got. I've heerd mother say it lots o' times, and I b'lieve it too."

"But mother told me gin'ud just been her ruin," said Bab quickly. "She told me so afore she died, and I b'lieve that."

"I don't," said Molly; "we can get the gin, but yer know now we can't get the preaching and singing, even if we wanted it, and I'm not sure as we do. As I said afore, it ain't for boaters, and don't suit boaters. 'cos why—'cos boaters ain't like other folks."

This argument appeared to be unanswerable under present circumstances, and Bab turned her sad little face to the window, while Molly took out her bottle, as she had so often seen her mother do when some disappointment or misfortune had befallen them. Molly half hoped, half dreaded, that they would have to spend another Sunday at the wharf, for there was no cargo ready for them when the barge was unloaded, and several days were wasted waiting for a fresh cargo. This always put her father out of temper, for delays like this were a loss to him, and so it was more than ever necessary to keep poor Bab out of his sight. It was a dull time for the poor little lame girl, seated in her corner of the dreary cabin, and it was not strange that she looked pale and sickly, and lost her appetite; for the foul smell of the close little cabin—which was scarcely larger than a good-sized bedstead, and yet served as bedroom, kitchen, and parlor for the whole family—was enough to make anybody ill; and the poor barge women had some excuse for their drinking habits, believing as they did that gin alone would keep them from being ill.

Molly could not endure the stifling little den, and went to play on the wharf or towing-path whenever she got the opportunity. Bab noticed too that she managed to keep her bottle well supplied, and whenever she came into the cabin the bottle was brought into use.

"Molly, don't yer b'lieve wot mother said 'bout that drinking?" said Bab, one day, in a tone of expostulation.

Molly laughed. "Yes, I do," she said, "as how boaters never could live wi'out taking a drop; and I'm sure she was right, for things are that aggrawatin', let alone the smell and the rats that run about this 'ere cabin. There's father allus grumbling about something, as though it wor my fault he could get no cargo."

"Shall we be here another Sunday?" Bab ventured to ask.

"Well, maybe we shall, and maybe we sha'n't; but wot's the good if we are? I tell you it's all a mistake about yer thinking o' that singing and preaching being for boaters. If it wor, why of course there'd be somebody come to tell us, such a big wharf as this is, wi' fifty and maybe sixty barges lying up. No, no; as I said afore, these things ain't for us boaters, but for them as has fine gowns and bonnets and such things. Forget all about it, Bab, and have a drop o' gin now an' then. I'll give yer a drop when I can spare it—that's the thing for boaters, yer know."

But Bab shook her head. She could not forget that one Sunday at the wharf and the many secret conferences that had been held between her mother and herself upon what she had then heard. She had little else to think of, sitting there in the dreary cabin all day; and in spite of her disappointment, she secretly indulged the hope as the days went on that another Sunday would be spent at the wharf. But she was not destined to spend another Sunday of suspense and hope deferred, for by midday on Saturday the cargo was all stowed on the barge, and they set off at once on their journey. Sunday was like any other day when they were travelling. They heard the church bells ring in the distance, and if they passed through a town and caught glimpses of the shops, they saw that most of the shutters were closed; but these signs and tokens of a day of rest having once more dawned for the weary workers of the world, meant nothing to the hundreds and thousands of our canal population who were journeying along the water-ways of our land.

Bab had heard the bells ring dozens of times, but the message they conveyed had so little to do with boaters that she did not even connect their sweet music with the longing desire she felt to learn more about God, and whether He really did think of poor boaters, and would take care of her and Molly.

Molly was included in this solicitude now, for she could not but notice her sister's growing love for her mother's discarded old bottle, and "drink meant ruin," her mother had told her. So she was anxious that her sister should give up the habit, and if she could only be sure herself and convince Molly that God really cared for them and desired her to give up drinking gin, she would do it at once.

She was thinking of this all day on Sunday, while the donkeys tramped along the towing-path. It was pleasanter for Bab to be on the move like this, for sometimes they caught glimpses of cornfields and trees, with their yellowing foliage, and little patches of grass near the towing-path; and it was pleasanter to look at these things than the black sluggish water of the canal, that always reminded her of the tunnels when she looked at it long, although they might be miles away from one.

Bab always had a creeping, sickening dread of tunnels, for if her father was cross he would make Jack help him leg through; and there was always the dreadful thought that Jack or her father might slip and be drowned before the other end was reached. This difficult and dangerous task is performed by two men or boys lying flat on their backs upon boards placed near the head of the barge, something like wings, and pressing their bare feet against the sides of the tunnel, thus propelling the barge. Hundreds had been drowned in this way, and Bab had heard such tales sometimes about the perils and horrors of legging through a tunnel that she almost held her breath now with fright and terror when they were thus travelling; for Jack in his ill temper had often told her that his father could afford to pay for the steam tug to tow them through if he had not her useless mouth to fill. So Bab felt herself guilty of being the cause of Jack's danger, and if anything happened to him it would of course be her fault. When this thought recurred to her now, she blamed herself more bitterly than ever for going to sleep the night her mother died, and "losing her chance," as she called it. If she had only kept awake, she would have been ready to go with whomever God sent to her, and Jack would not have to leg through the tunnels now, because there would be no useless mouth to fill.

So the autumn passed away, and the dull, cold days of winter came, when Jack and her father were always cross and out of temper; for tramping along the sloppy towing-path in the frost and sleet, with scarcely a bit of shoe to the foot, and only a rag of a jacket, that was wet through in five minutes, was very trying, especially for a boy who worked as hard as any man on the towing-path. Jack often grumbled about this, and when Bab heard it she always felt he was complaining of her.

During these dreary weeks and months there had been several Sundays spent at various wharves; but the weather was too cold now for open-air services, so Bab had never gone to the logs since to watch and wait for somebody to tell her that God cared for poor boaters. But one Sunday evening towards the close of the winter they tied up near a lock where some dozen other barges were fastened, and going to the towing-path to look round after her father and Jack had left the boat, Molly saw lights in a little building close by, and instantly ran to peep in at the window and see what was going on. But she had not reached the place before some one inside opened the door and looked out, and with the opening of the door came a flood of light and the sound of voices singing. Molly stood spell-bound for a minute, listening as the voices rang out, "Jesus loves me! Jesus loves even me!" Molly did not wait to hear any more; she darted back to the boat, calling "Bab! Bab!" as she picked her way along the cargo to the cabin stairs.

"Bab, there's preaching and singing here," she said, as she rushed into the little cabin. "Come on; I'm going to put mother's shawl on yer, and take yer right in there; I don't care for any on 'em, or their fine bonnets either.

"Are yer sure it's real singing, Molly?" asked the little girl, as her sister seized her in her arms. "Ah, that it was; I could hear 'em as plain as if I was in there. I heard 'em sing, 'Jesus loves even me!' Ain't that the singing yer've been a-wanting to hear this ever so long? Look over there; yer can see the lights. Hark! yer can hear 'em singing," and as Molly spoke, the words of the chorus sounded plainly—"Jesus loves even me!" and as Bab heard the words, she bowed her head on her sister's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter, Bab? don't yer like it?" asked Molly, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes. Make haste, Molly, and let us hear some more. It's true, ain't it, what I told yer?" she asked, in a triumphant whisper; "they said plain enough as Jesus loves us, didn't they?"

"Ah, but we dunno whether it means boaters though," said Molly, as she hurried panting along the towing-path to where the light came streaming from the windows of the little building.

When she reached the door, Molly opened it, and staggered in with Bab; and seeing a vacant seat near, she sat her little sister down, and then turned to look round. The singing was over, and a man at the other end of the room was speaking; but Molly did not pay much attention to what he said, she was so amazed to find that the little congregation were almost all boaters. Some of them were as poorly clothed as she and Bab, but they were listening with the greatest attention to what the man was saying. Molly was too much occupied in looking round at the bright, cheery, little mission-room to listen at first, but at last her ear was caught by the words—"Yes, my friends, Jesus wants to be your Friend, if you will only let Him. He was the Friend of fishermen when He was on this earth, so that He knows all about the trials and temptations of boat people, boys and girls, men and women; and it is because He loves you that He asks you to give up drinking and swearing and fighting."

Bab looked at Molly and nodded. The sad little face was almost glorified with its look of gladness. "It's true, it's true," she whispered. "Yer won't drink any more gin now, will yer, Molly?"

(To be Continued.)

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

Isa. 40 : 8.

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CHAPTER IV.

LEFT BEHIND.

After that Sunday evening little Bab seemed to blossom into a new life. She would sit and sing softly to herself as she sat in her corner by the cabin window, "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me." She knew no more than this, but it was enough for Bab. Her problem was solved, and she was content. While Molly was looking about her, taking stock of the room and those who were there, Bab was listening with all the eagerness of a hungry soul, and what she heard seemed like a message sent direct from God to her.

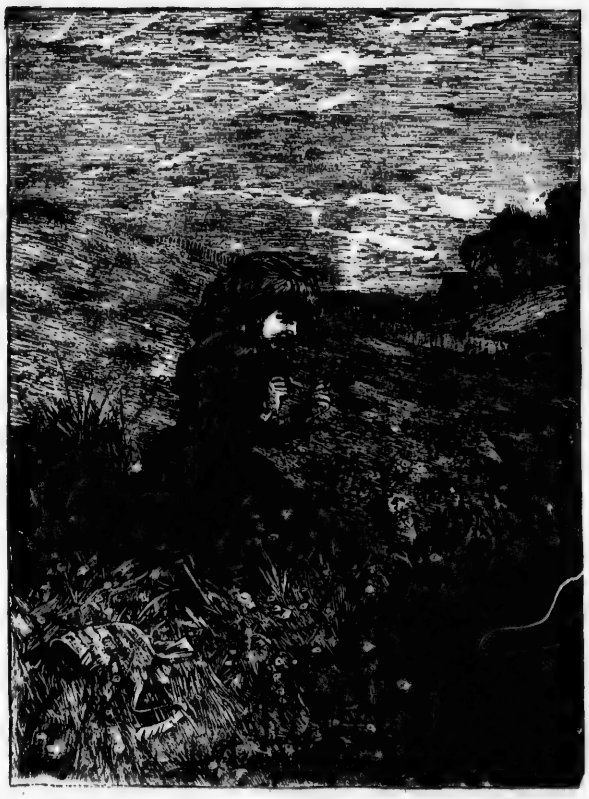
"Perhaps, my friends," said the missionary, "you may have thought that if God hated sin so much He would surely take us from a world where sin abounds. It would be easy for Him to send a messenger for each one of us to-night, and carry us right out of this troublesome world. But God does not take care of his people in that way. He wishes them to stay here that they may teach others what they themselves have learned. The poorest and youngest may do something if they are willing. Each can tell a sister or a brother of the love of God, and help them to overcome some sin. If one sees another giving way to temper, or strong drink, or cruelty to the poor horses or donkeys, a kind, gentle word will often prove a check, and so God's work will be done, for it is in this way that He desires us to work for Him."

Molly heard nothing of this, for she was staring in open-eyed wonder at the Scripture prints and text hung round the room; but Bab heard every word, and, like Mary of old, she "kept all these sayings in her heart." She forgot the gloomy little cabin, with its mud begrimed floor, for her heart was full of the thought that God loved her, and wanted her to be His servant and do something for Him. She was at no loss to decide what this something was, for had not Molly grown so fond of her mother's old bottle lately, that scarcely a day passed now but she had several sips at it, and often had to lie down on the floor and go to sleep for some hours in the middle of the day?

Now Bab thought she would only have to remind Molly of what she had heard, and there would be an end of this; for she had often said that boaters drank gin because there was no other comfort for them, and nobody cared whether they drank or not; but now that there was no longer any doubt about God loving and caring for them, she would throw the bottle away. Molly, indeed, really promised to do this by-and-by.

"But can't yer do it now, Molly," whispered Bab, in a coaxing tone.

"Why, what's the hurry? the bottle won't bite yer," said her sister. "I won't forget what we've heard, and I'll ask Jack not to whack them donkeys so much; he do beat 'em awful sometimes."



BAB AMONG THE DAISIES.

"Yer'll tell him to be kind, won't yer, Molly, and ax father not to swear every time he speaks to yer?"

"Lor, it ain't no good telling father 'bout that; boaters can't do wi'out swearing," said Molly; "but I'll try and leave off, if it'll please you, and I'll speak to Jack about the donkeys, if yer like."

"Oh yes, do, Molly," said Bab, "'cos yer know that's why God didn't send for me when mother axed Him that night. I know she did ax Him, and I s'pose He said, 'Oh yes, I'll take care o' little Bab for yer, but I can't bring her here just yet, 'cos she's got to 'member things for Jack and Molly, and tell 'em if they forget.' That's what I've got to stop here for, Moll," added the child, in a tone of infinite content.

"Oh, Bab, you are a rum 'un; I allus said you was," exclaimed Molly.

But Bab went on talking, partly to herself and partly to Molly, without noticing her sister's remark. "To think as God 'ull have a poor little 'un, what ain't good enough for a boater to do work for Him! Ain't that jist the queerest sort of thing? But ain't it nice for a little 'un like me, what ain't good for anything else?"

"But, Bab, how yer talk; sure enuf yer ain't no good for a boater, but maybe yer'd be good for somefin' else if yer only knowed wot it wor."

"Yes, the man said the poorest little 'uns could help work for God if they couldn't help work the boat, and that wor me he meent. I'm glad I'm good for somefin'," concluded Bab.

"Why, course yer good for somefin'. I dunno wot I'd do wi'out yer, Bab, now. Why, yer aint like no other boater gal—'cos why—'cos yer jist so quiet and never makes no rows and grumblings, that yer like a little bit o' another world wot boaters never sees; and I wouldn't part wi' yer for anything now," said Molly, tenderly smoothing down Bab's fair hair.

It was wonderful to see the little tender, loving ways Molly had fallen into with her sister lately. To the rest of the world she was the rough, rude boater girl, ready to quarrel and fight with anybody who ventured to dispute her right to clear the towing-path, or have her own way in everything she chose. But to Bab she was gentle and kind and tender, combing and curling her hair as gently as her mother did, and taking almost as much pride and pleasure in doing it. Anything she could do to please Bab was done without a murmur, so that it was not strange that the little girl fancied her victory over the bottle would be an easy one; and for a little while she thought it had been gained, for she saw nothing of it, and hoped that Molly had kept her promise and thrown it into the canal. But as the spring advanced, and that Sunday evening at the mission-room seemed to grow into a dim memory, Bab saw with surprise and disappointment that the bottle was brought out of its hiding-place once more; and careful as her sister was to conceal the fact from her, Bab knew that she had recommenced the dreadful habit of drinking.

Bab spoke once more, very gently and coaxingly, but Molly turned cross and denied it. Again the little sister begged and implored her to throw away the bottle, until at last Molly grew so angry that she threatened to leave her behind on the towing path or wharf, as her father wanted, if she said anything about the bottle again. She did not mean to carry out this threat, but it vexed her that Bab should be sharp enough to see what she thought was hidden from everybody, and she resolved to indulge herself only when Bab was safely playing on the towing path, where she often carried her now.

One morning in May, Molly came running into the cabin, exclaiming, "Here's a lark, Bab, the steam-tug can't take us through the tunnel, and we shall have to stop here all day, Jack says."

"Won't they leg through?" asked Bab.

"The lock tender says they can't; they're certain sure to get

drownded if they tries, and so Jack says he won't try—he'll run away fust; so we're a-going to tie up, and I'm a-going to take yer to a lovely field jest t'other side o' towing path, where there's buttercups a-growing, and yer can pick 'em, too, if yer like."

Bab clapped her hands with delight at the thought of picking "real flowers," and was dressed in her mother's old cotton sunbonnet, and carried to the towing path. A high fence protected the field from the marauding little boaters in a general way, and when Bab saw it she said, "But I can't get in there, Molly."

"Not by yourself, but yer can go if I puts yer in; and that's what I mean to do," said Molly.

So saying, she seated Bab on the towing-path while she went to look for a gap or a loose rail that she could pull away and slip Bab through. But the side next the towing-path was firm and compact everywhere, and it was not until she had walked some distance up the lane skirting another side that Molly discovered a weak place. Here a rail could be easily pushed aside, leaving ample room for a little mite like Bab to slip through. Molly saw this, and ran back instantly for her little sister.

"Now, Bab, yer'll have a jolly time," she said, as she carried her up the lane; "there's nothing but grass and flowers, and yer can crawl about or sit still and pick the daisies, or lay down and go to sleep. I'll bring yer dinner by-and-by, and I'll fetch yer as soon as the tug comes."

"Yer won't forget me, Moll, will yer?" said Bab, a little apprehensively, as she looked back and saw how far they were from the canal.

"Forget yer? do I ever forget yer when I brings yer out 'o the boat for a bit?" said Molly, in an injured tone.

Bab kissed her sister, and stroked the coarse tow-like hair. "Yer werry kind to me, Moll," she said; "I wish mother could see how kind yer is. No, yer won't forget me, I know, and yer won't let father go away wi'out me."

"Right yer are, Bab. Don't I allus stick up for yer?" said Molly.

"That yer do, Moll, and yer won't forget me now, will yer?" repeated the child.

"Course I won't—'cos why—'cos, I couldn't stop aboard the boat wi'out yer now, Bab;" and she kissed the little pale face in a way that quite assured poor little Bab. "Look, here we are. I can push this bit o' wood out o' the way, and then yer can slip through as easy as anything."

"I wish yer could com' too, Moll," said the little girl, a' her sister gently pushed her th' h the broken fence.

"I will if I can, by-and-by, but I must go and look arter the dinner fust. There now, yer can pick the flowers and roll in the grass, and do what you like," said Molly, putting her head in to look round. "It is a fine field," she added; "good-by, Bab!" she called, as she turned away.

"Good-bye," answered Bab; "come back soon;" and in anticipation of that coming, she began to pick the golden buttercups. "I'll get a big bunch for Molly," she said half aloud—"a big bunch o' the very best in the field;" and the little girl carefully selected the finest flowers that grew within her reach. But very soon she saw, or fancied she saw, that those a short distance off were much better than those close at hand, and so she shuffled herself along in a sitting posture—her only mode of locomotion—and soon began picking these. But near the middle of the field she saw some beautiful red-tipped daisies, and the golden buttercups were forgotten in her eagerness to reach these choice daisies. White ones she had seen before growing sometimes on the edge of the towing-path, but never such large pink-tipped beauties as these. Bab was in raptures of delight. She sat and looked at them; then stooped and kissed them; and when at last she began to pluck them, she did it most carefully and gently, for fear of spoiling the little fringe of delicate pink and white leaves.

But after gathering a bunch of these, the unwonted exertion and fresh air made Bab feel so drowsy, she was glad to lie down on the grass, and before she had time to do more than place her flowers carefully beside her, she was fast asleep.

How long she slept she did not know; she was too much astonished when she first woke to think of anything but her strange surroundings, until it slowly dawned upon her that Molly had said she would bring her dinner, and she suddenly became aware that she was very hungry. Then she picked up her flowers, and was surprised to see how they hung down their heads. Had she only known it, this would have been sufficient to tell her she had been asleep several hours; but she did not understand why they had withered. She did wish, however, that Molly would bring her dinner, and at last gathered up her flowers, and began to shuffle towards the fence again, that she might put her head through the gap, and look down the lane for her sister. But it was not easy to find the place where she had got into the field. The rail had slipped back into its place, and one looked exactly like another, so that the poor child soon grew quite bewildered in her efforts to find the loose rail as she scuffled up and down the side of the field, pushing first one and then another, and trying to squeeze her head between the bars to get a peep down the lane.

At last she grew so utterly weary of her fruitless efforts that she burst into tears, crying, "Molly! Molly! why don't yer come?" Then she looked all round, growing more frightened every minute, until she remembered that through the rails at the bottom she could see the canal and boat, and this gave her fresh courage; she would make her way to the bottom of the field, and call Molly, and if she could not make her sister hear, somebody else would be on the towing-path, and go to the barge and tell her. So drying her eyes, and gathering up her flowers once more, she set off on her weary scuffle to the other end of the field, pausing many times to rest on her way, and wondering all the time why Molly had not come to bring her dinner, and fetch her back to the boat.

At last, after a journey that seemed very long indeed to poor Bab, unaccustomed as she was to moving about by herself, the fence at the bottom of the field was reached, and dragging herself up on her knees, she looked eagerly through at the canal; but to her dismay, there was not a barge to be seen, and the towing-path was quite deserted. Poor Bab dropped back on the grass, too terror-stricken to cry at first. What she had lived in dread of for so long—what Molly had so often promised to protect her from—had happened at last: her father had left her behind; the boat had gone away without her. She looked around the wide green field in helpless bewilderment; then peeped through the fence once more, unable to believe as yet that Molly—her Molly, who had been so kind to her—had really forsaken her.

But there was no room left for doubt as she gazed once more at the black sluggish water of the canal, for there was neither barge nor steam-tug to be seen; and at last, wildly crying, "Molly! Molly! Molly!" poor Bab sank down upon the grass again, and burst into agonizing tears. She cried for some time, now and then calling, "Molly! Molly!" but she grew quiet at last, except for an occasional sob, until she fell asleep from weariness and exhaustion. She slept for some time, and, when she woke she knew by the look of the sun that night was drawing near; yet she no longer felt so terribly afraid of being alone; a strange sweet peace came over her. All she had heard at the mission-room that Sunday evening came back to her mind with renewed freshness, and she sang softly to herself, "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me." And then some words she had heard that night, but which she had scarcely thought of since until now, arose in her memory. The missionary had said if any one was in trouble, and wanted God to help them, He would always be willing to do it if they would only ask Him; and then he had explained in a few simple words what prayer was. Bab remembered it all now, and sitting there on the grass, she put her little hands together, and added, "Please Jesus take care on me and let Molly come back soon Mother axed God to look arter me the night she died, but He couldn't then, 'cos He wanted me to 'member things for Molly and Jack; and I want ter be God's gal, and do His work for Molly and Jack and the donkeys, though I ain't good enuf for a boater, 'cos o' my legs. Please, Jesus, take care on me somehow, for I'm hungry, and it's getting dark, and I don't like being out in the dark; so please let Molly come soon, and take me back to the boat." Bab did not know what more to say, so she sat quietly looking round the field, as if expecting to see Molly at once. She was used to sitting still, and she sat and waited for half an hour without moving. Then, with a little sigh, she looked once more at the canal, saying softly to herself, "The boat's gone, but Molly'll come back for me; so I'll go and find the place, and be all ready for her when she comes."

There was no doubt in her mind about her sister coming back now. She had done what she had been told to do—she had asked God to take care of her—and of course Molly would come and tell her how it was the boat had gone without her. The daisies had shut up their sleepy eyes by this time, and Bab had no heart to keep what she had gathered; so she left them behind as she started off once more in search of the loose rail where she had got into the field.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new way of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may become happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path until he brought him to a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "That it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man. "Build thy home in heaven, and then thou shalt have peace and happiness."

THE WATER WAIFS:

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CHAPTER V.

NEW FRIENDS.

The slanting rays of the setting sun were shining into a pleasant little room where a lady sat with her hands folded and her eyes resting on a pair of soiled faded blue shoes—baby shoes, that no little feet wore now. The tears fell silently from the lady's eyes as she gazed at them, murmuring, "My darling would have been seven years old today if she had lived. Five years has she been with G d now, and no little feet will make music in our home again;" and the lady covered her face with her hands, and her tears fell faster than ever.

She did not hear the door open, but the next minute a voice said—"My wife will not grudge giving up her sweet flower when she knows it is but transplanted to God's garden above."

"I am afraid I do, I am afraid I do," sobbed the lady. "There are so many children in the world that could be better spared than ours—our only one."

"Hush, hush, my dear, we know not yet why God has taken our darling from us, but we may rest assured that it was done in tenderest love—love to her and love to us. But, come now, my dear, I want you to put on your bonnet and go with me for a drive this evening. I have a patient at the other end of the town I must see again to-night, and as it is such a pleasant evening, the drive will do you good."

The lady looked once more at the little shoes before she folded them in the silver paper to put away; then, having carefully locked them up, she went and put on her bonnet. The gig stood at the door when she came down, and her husband was waiting to help her in, and soon they were driving through the town, and out by the canal, which was a mile or two beyond.

"How beautiful that field of buttercups looks," said the lady.

"Yes, that 'canal field' always makes a good show," remarked the doctor, as he gazed across at it. "Why, there's a child there!" he suddenly exclaimed. "How can she have got in?"

"I don't see any child," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Whoa, 'Jennie,'" said the doctor, drawing the reins. "Look there, my dear, down by the fence, at the side, there's a child lying on the grass."

"Suppose we go and see about it, then," said the lady; "perhaps the poor little thing cannot get out."

So Jennie's head was turned towards the lane, and when they were near the spot where poor Bab was lying, the doctor got down and went close to the fence.

"What are you doing there, my child?" he asked, in a gentle tone.

Bab started, and sat up, her [illegible] eyes filling with tears as she said—"God ain't sent Molly yet." "Who is Molly?" asked the doctor.

"She's Molly, and she's gone away in the boat, but I's axed God to take care on me, and so Molly'll come soon," said Bab.

"Is Molly your mother?" asked the gentleman.

Bab opened her eyes at the question. "Mother's gone to ax God to take care on me," she said.

"But Molly is a boater, I suppose?"

"Yes, she's a rust-rate boater," said Bab.

"And she brought you to this field and left you here?" asked the doctor.

Bab nodded. "She went to get my dinner and she'll come soon now."

"Poor child, poor child," said the gentleman, stepping back to speak to his wife, who still sat in the chaise.

"My dear, the poor child is deserted, I feel certain. She belongs to some of those barge people, and they have put her into the field and gone off and left her."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed the lady. "What will become of her? She cannot stay there all night." "No, certainly not. My dear, I wish you would get down and speak to her," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Ellis soon made her way to the fence, and put her hand through, thinking the child would come to meet her. But Bab only opened her large blue eyes a little wider at the unwonted spectacle, for she had never seen a lady before, and Mrs. Ellis' gloves and pretty spring bonnet were things almost incomprehensible to Bab.

"Stand up and come to me," said Mrs. Ellis, still holding out her hand.

"'STAND UP AND COME TO ME,' SAID MRS. ELLIS."

But Bab shook her head. "My legs ain't no good," she said. "I ain't no good neither, only to help God."

"What does the child mean?" said Mrs. Ellis, turning to her husband.

"Are you lame, little one? Can't you walk?" asked the doctor.

Bab again shook her head. "Molly carried me here," she said.

"And we must get you out somehow, that's certain," said the doctor, speaking partly to himself and partly to his wife. "Do you know where the gate is?" he asked Bab.

She shook her head. "There ain't no gate; Molly found a hole—one o' these things moves," said Bab.

"There is a rail loose, she means," said the doctor. "Do you know where the hole is?" he asked.

Bab shuffled along for a little distance, with her eyes fixed upon the fence, the gentleman keeping pace with her on the other side. "I was going to see if there was another barge come, but I found the hole fust," said Bab; and in a minute or two she spied the loose rail again, and exclaimed, "There it is, there it is!"

Mr. Ellis pushed it aside, and said—"Now we will soon have you out. Come along, little one; I'll lift you over."

But Bab drew back as the doctor held out his arms. "Molly'll come presently," she said—"I'm a-waiting for Molly."

The doctor shook his head. "Poor child," he said, "I'm afraid you won't see Molly any more, for she's gone away in the barge and left you."

"But the man said as God 'ud take care on me, if I axed Him," said Bab; "and I did, an' I'm waiting for Molly now."

"But suppose God has sent me to take care of you instead of Molly?" said the doctor, glancing at his wife, who stood close by his side.

"God has sent us to you, dear child," said the lady, hastily wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes; and gently pushing aside her husband, she stooped down and held out her arms through the gap in the fence. "Come to me dear," she said; "God has sent me to you, I am sure."

"But why didn't He send Molly? I axed Him to send Molly," said Bab, beginning to whimper.

"God does not always send us the very thing we ask for, but He

often gives us something better, though we may not think so at the time. You are disappointed, dear child, that Molly has not come to you; but you will come to us, and let us take care of you instead?"

"Did God really send you?" asked Bab.

"Yes, dear, I feel sure He did; and you will come with us, won't you?"

Bab nodded. "Till Molly comes," she said; and she shuffled forward to the gap, and allowed herself to be lifted through without any further demur.

"We must take her home with us," said the lady, turning to her husband, and speaking quite decidedly. "I feel as though God had spoken with an audible voice, and said, 'Take this child and nurse it for Me.'"

"Then we will take her home at once, dear," said the doctor; and helping his wife into the chaise, he wrapped his light overcoat round Bab, and lifted her up afterwards.

Poor Bab was too tired and hungry to wonder much about all this. She lay still in Mrs. Ellis's arms occasionally opening her eyes and looking up at her new friend's gentle face; but she scarcely moved until the town was reached and she caught sight of a baker's shop. Mrs. Ellis, who was watching her little pale face, saw the look that came into her eyes at the sight of the bread, she whispered, "Are you hungry, dear."

"Not much; I can wait," said Bab patiently.

"To be sure the child is hungry," said Mr. Ellis, stopping the horse. "I remember she told me this Molly was to bring her some dinner, so of course she has had nothing to eat all day."

"What shall I get for her, my dear?"

"Some light biscuits and milk will be best. If she eats a little now we may give her a proper meal before she goes to bed."

So the biscuits and milk were bought, and poor Bab would have eaten them much faster than was good for her, for she was very hungry; but when Mrs. Ellis told her she must eat them slowly at first, just a little bit at a time, she did exactly as she was told, although she would have liked to have put the biscuits into her mouth one after the other as fast as she could, she was so hungry. Before they reached home Bab had finished her meal, and was fast asleep, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were discussing what they had better do with the child

The first thing to be provided was clothes; for the lady had noticed that those Bab had on were very dirty, as well as ragged, and she had made up her mind to burn them at once; but the doctor said, "No, no, my dear, the clothes must not be destroyed. Her friends may come in search of her, and the clothes might prove useful in identifying her."

"Do you really think they will to take her away from us?" the lady, anxiously. "She has been so wofully neglected, you see."

"No, I don't think her friends will ever trouble themselves about her again. Her mother is dead, you see, and the child being lame would always be a burden upon the father. I am almost certain I have seen the child's face before somewhere. Her pathetic blue eyes struck me as familiar the moment I saw them, but I cannot recall where I have seen her. No, dear, we had better keep her old clothes; but what will you do about getting new ones?"

"I think I will go and speak to Mrs. Wilson as soon as I get home. She may be able to lend me a few of Lena's old things, until she is claimed or I can buy her new ones. Oh, I do hope no one will want to take her from us again, for I have learned to love her already; she is such a sweet little thing."

"Very unlike most boaters' children, certainly," said Mr. Ellis, "and I don't think she is likely to be claimed; but still, we must leave that in God's hands, and do what we can for her while we have her. I wonder where she has learned that God would take care of her; for these barge people are such a dreadful set, and so ignorant that they have seemed beyond hope of reclaiming."

"Well, somebody has taught this poor little mite to believe that God loves her, and will take care of her, and I am glad of it; and it maybe the rest are not so hopelessly bad as they seem. Here we are at home!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, as Jennie stopped at the doctor's gate. He jumped down and took the child from his wife's arms, and then helped her to descend.

"I'll walk on to Mrs. Wilson's at once, if you will take her in and put her on the sofa, I won't be gone long, and when I come back I will give her a bath before I put her in clean clothes."

Mrs. Ellis would not ask her servants to do this for Bab at first, for they might not like it, and moreover, she wanted the child to feel that she had taken a mother's place towards her. She soon came back from her friend's with the requisite change of clothes, and Bab was undressed, Mrs. Ellis expecting to find her very dirty; but to her surprise she found she had been well cared for in this respect, dirty and ragged as her clothes were, and that there would be no need to cut off her hair. Molly had washed her and combed and brushed her hair she heard, and she was more puzzled than ever, seeing this evidence of Molly's care, to account for her being left in the field.

Bab was puzzled, too, that Molly did not come; but she was so much occupied in looking at all the strange things around her, she had not much time to think about Molly now. After her bath she was arrayed in a pretty white-frilled night-dress that to Bab was such a marvel of beauty that she did not like to go to bed in it, for fear of spoiling it. Then the house itself seemed a wilderness of rooms, and each room so much beyond anything Bab had seen before, that the whole was like what a palace in fabled fairyland would be to an ordinary child.

When she was ready for bed a servant brought a basin of bread and milk for her; but Bab could scarcely eat it for looking at the wonderful things around her, all so unlike the dirty little cabin that had always been her home.

Mrs. Ellis certainly expected to see her kneel down, or put her hands together in prayer, before going to bed; but the child evidently knew nothing about this, and looked up in her friend's face in wondering amazement when she said, "Won't you say your prayers, my dear?"

"What are prayers?" asked Bab.

"My dear, you know quite well, for you told me you had been praying to God to take care of you when you were in the field."

But Bab shook her head. "I don't know what prayers is," she said.

"But, my dear, you told me you had been asking God to take care of you when you were in the field," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Oh yes; the man said as Jesus loved us and 'ud take care on us, if we only axed him; and I did, and then He told you to come and get me out."

"Well, my dear, asking God for anything is praying," said Mrs. Ellis; "And God likes us to ask Him every day for what we want."

"But I ain't in the field now, and I don't want nothing, only Molly," argued Bab.

"Well, dear, but wouldn't you like to thank God for taking care of you, and bringing you here?"

"I dunno yet; but I want God to take care o' Molly and Jack and the donkeys. God loves donkeys as well as boaters," added Bab.

"Then you should ask God to take care of these friends;" and Mrs. Ellis taught the little girl how to kneel and put her hands together, but let her use her own words of prayer, for she felt they would be more real to her than any form of words that she could teach, at least for the present.

(To be Continued.)

BEFORE PENS.

The chisel was employed for inscribing on stone, wood, and metal. It was so sharpened as to suit the material operated on, and was dexterously handled by all early artists. The style, a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, ivory, or bone, was used for writing on wax tablets. The style was unsuitable for holding a fluid, hence a species of reed was employed for writing on parchment. These styles and reeds were carefully kept in cases, and the writers had a sponge, knife and pumice stone, compasses for measuring, scissors for cutting, a puncheon to point out the beginning and the end of each line into columns, a glass containing sand, and another with writing fluid. These were the chief implements used for centuries to register facts and events. Reeds continued to be used till the eighth century, though quills were known in the middle of the seventh. The earliest author who uses the word *penna* for a writing pen is Isadorus, who lived in that century; and toward the end of it a Latin sonnet, "To a Pen," was written by an Anglo-Saxon. But though quills were known at this period, they came into general use very slowly; for in 1483 a present of a bundle of quills was sent from Venice by a monk with a letter in which he says: "Show this bundle to Brother Nicolas, that he may choose a quill." The only other material to which we would refer is ink, the composition and colors of which were various. The black was made of burnt ivory and the liquor of the cuttle fish. We are not prepared to say what other ingredient was used, or how it was manufactured, but these ancient manuscripts prove that the ink was of a superior description. Red, purple, silver, and gold inks were used. The red was made from vermilion and carmine, the purple from the murex, and the manufacture of these, especially the gold and silver varieties, was an extensive and lucrative business.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A REMARKABLE NEST.

The cow-bunting of New England never builds a nest. The female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed like her own on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story in the home, thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs, and reared her four children. In the museum at Salem, Mass., may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.—*Evangelist.*

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CHAPTER VI.

BAB'S FAITH.

My readers may perhaps expect to hear that Bab was wonderfully happy in her new home, but it was not so. She felt lost and bewildered by her strange surroundings. Knives and forks, cups and saucers, spoons and plates, were a burden to poor Bab, who had been used to make her own fingers do duty for all these. So also were the chairs and couches, for she had been used to crouch in the corner by the cabin-window, and keep her unfortunate little legs out of sight as much as possible; but now she was told she must not double her legs under her, but lie flat on her back as much as possible, for the doctor hoped that with care she might outgrow the weakness that had caused the lameness, as there was no malformation of the limbs. Then Bab's different clothes were anything but an unmitigated pleasure to her, not that she delighted in dirt, but the few loose rags she had always worn were to her far more comfortable than the pretty, neat little frocks, that fitted her so closely, and which she was in constant fear of spoiling. But, by degrees, this uncomfortable sense of having clothes on, began to wear off, and then the doctor and Mrs. Ellis were so kind that Bab at length commenced to enjoy some things in her new life. She liked learning to read and to sew, but her especial delight was to lie on the couch, listening to Mrs. Ellis when she played the piano, and sang some simple hymns. Bab was very quick at learning these, too. She had soon learned all the words of "Jesus loves me," and several others, and would join Mrs. Ellis in singing them whenever they were by themselves, for she had soon lost all fear of the gentle lady, who was so kind and loving to her, although she was still rather shy of the doctor.

In this way some weeks passed. Nothing was heard of Molly, and Bab so seldom mentioned her now, that her friends began to hope she was gradually forgetting her old life, until one evening, when they had been singing as usual, Bab started up all at once, and exclaimed—"Couldn't we go down to the towing-path and sing?" "To the towing-path, my dear!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you mean?"

"Why, there's lots of boaters that want to learn hymns, only they can't," said Bab; and then she told Mrs. Ellis of that Sunday she spent at the wharf waiting and watching for some one to come and teach her a hymn, or tell her that God would take care of her.

The tears rose to the lady's eyes as she listened to Bab's account of how Molly had coaxed Jack to hurry the donkeys on, that they might spend the Sunday at the wharf, and how bitter the disappointment was when no one came to sing or preach. "Oh dear, how shocking! I will talk to the doctor about it as soon as he comes home," said the lady.

"But couldn't we go now?" said Bab; "there's sure to be a lot of boats tied up, and it's singing boaters like best."

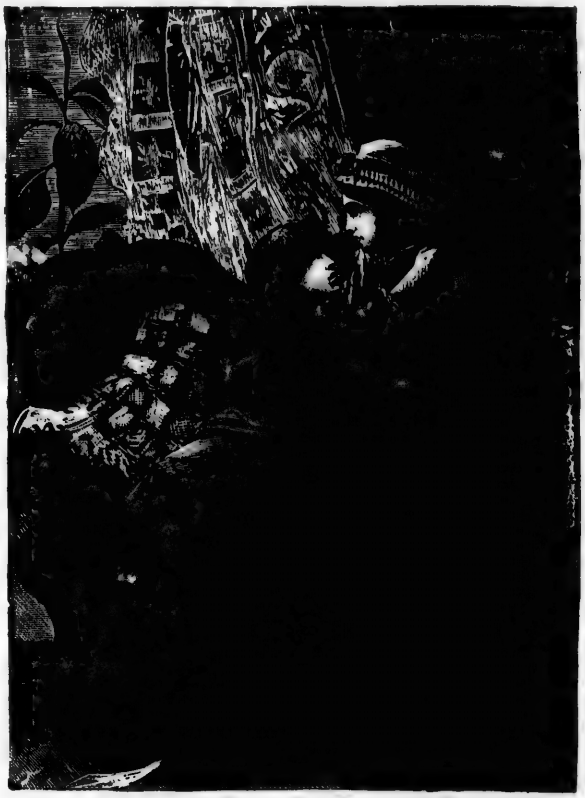
"I'll talk to the doctor," replied Mrs. Ellis, "when he comes home, and I feel sure he will go himself or get sombody to go next Sunday and have a service for the boaters."

"And you'll ask him to take me, won't you?" said Bab, coaxingly.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Ellis, "you can learn to sing hymns here, and we are going to take you to church with us next Sunday. I was talking to the doctor about it only yesterday, and he thinks you may go with us now."

"But I want to go to the towing-path as well," said Bab, "'cos Molly is going to be there."

The lady looked at the child, wondering whether she could have seen or heard from her sister lately, but judging that such a thing was quite impossible she said—"My dear, your sister is not likely to come to this neighborhood—come near here, I mean."



"I CAN'T—I CAN'T GO AWAY FROM YOU."

"Oh, yes, she will!" said Bab, confidently. "You told me to pray to God about Molly, and I have, and He's sure to send her to me soon; so I must go to the towing-path, and be ready for her."

Mrs. Ellis looked a little disappointed as Bab said this.

"My dear Barbara, are you not happy here?" she asked, anxiously. "Would you like to go away and leave me now?"

This view of the matter was apparently a new one to Bab. She had never thought that to go with Molly she must leave her new friend. She raised herself from the couch where she had been lying, and held out her arms towards Mrs. Ellis; and when the lady seated herself beside her, she flung her arms round her neck and burst into tears. "I can't—I can't go away from you," she said; "and maybe father wouldn't let me go on the boat now, 'cos he always was wanting to lose me. But I must see Molly—oh, I must see Molly?"

"My dear, you shall see her if we can find her," said Mrs. Ellis, scarcely knowing what she said, in her anxiety to comfort the poor child.

"You'll take me to the towing-path, or else to the field, won't you? 'cos Molly is sure to come and look for me there."

"Who is that wants to go back to the field again—not my little Barbara, surely?" said the cheerful voice of the doctor, who had entered the room in time to hear Bab's last words.

"I want Molly, please; I want you to take me to Molly," said the little girl, in an imploring tone, but still clinging fast to Mrs. Ellis.

"Why, what is this? we have not heard anything about Molly for a long time," said the gentleman, seating himself on the sofa beside his wife.

"I've been asking God all the time to bring Molly back, and I know she'll come soon, if we go and sing on the towing-path, 'cos she likes singing, Molly does, and she wanted to hear the man at the wharf, like I did."

Then Mrs. Ellis told her husband what she had heard from Bab about her and Molly waiting all day for some one to hold a mission service at the wharf, and how they had watched and waited in vain. "Poor little Bab! If I had only known it, I would have come myself and talked to you, and sang to you," said the doctor, kissing her.

"There's a lot more boaters left," said the child.

"Not many like you, my little Barbara, I think."

"I ain't no good for a boater; but there's lots that ain't heard about Jesus loving them. Won't you go and sing them that hymn what tells 'em about it?" asked Bab, anxiously.

"She wanted me to go to-night and sing to these poor children," said Mrs. Ellis, smiling.

"Well, we can hardly go to-night, my little Barbara, but I will certainly see if anything can be done for these poor barge children, and without delay, too. I think I

have heard that a good many boats stop here on Sunday. I will make inquiries, and if so, I will certainly try a little Sunday-school or mission service down there. Good-night, my darling," said the doctor, as the servant came to carry Bab to bed. "We will have a Sunday-school for the little boat-children very soon." And long after Bab was asleep, the doctor and his wife sat talking of this, and the little water waif that had been so strangely brought under their care.

Mrs. Ellis' greatest dread was that Bab should be claimed, and the child's passionate longing for Molly disturbed her a good deal; and when the plans for beginning a Sunday-school on the canal bank had been discussed for some time, she came back to this trouble once more. "I should like to know what sort of a girl this Molly is," said the lady.

"We have not heard anything about her for some time. I thought our Barbara had forgotten all her relations," said the doctor.

"She has thought about them, I fancy, although she has not talked of them," said Mrs. Ellis. "But now about this girl—this Molly. I am afraid the child will never be happy until she hears of her."

"But, my dear, I thought your greatest fear was lest our little waif should be claimed," said Mr. Ellis.

"Well, yes, it is; and somehow I feel sure this Molly did not leave her in the field, intending to desert her. She loved the child, I am certain, and I should like her to know she is safe and well cared for."

"That she might come and take her away from us—she would have the right, you know, my dear," said the doctor.

"Yes, I do know, and I am afraid she would want the little darling back," said Mrs. Ellis; "but still I have been thinking of it all, and—and I do think we ought to try and find her. She loved our little Barbara before we did, and she will grieve for her loss, perhaps as much as I should, and I think she ought to know where she is. Perhaps she would let her stay with us, for Bab says her father wanted to lose her, she knows."

Mr. Ellis sat thinking for a few minutes, and at last he said, "I believe you are right, my dear, and I will make inquiries about this Molly. Perhaps we ought to have done so before."

"I think we ought; I am sure it is right we should do so now, although it is hard to think we have to give up the child to go back to such a life;" and the lady sighed as she thought how much Bab had improved already in looks and speech, and how doubly painful the dirt and misery of her former lot would be to her now, if she should have to go back and live on the barge. "This is the hardest thing I ever had to do, I think," she said, after a minute's silence; "It seems like pushing her back into misery, with my own hands; and yet it is right, I feel sure it is right."

"And being so, our duty is plain, and we must trust in God for the rest," said the doctor, yet scarcely able to repress a sigh himself, as he thought of poor Bab; for if this Molly really loved the child, she would certainly want to take her from them.

"What will you do? where will you make inquiries?" asked Mrs Ellis, after a pause.

"I will try and see the man who has charge of the lock to-morrow, and ask him if he has heard anything of a child being lost—if a girl has been making inquiries for one."

"And you will tell him where we found our little darling?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Certainly, my dear; I must tell him the whole affair, and where the child may be found, if any of her friends should come and inquire for her. We must do that; it ought to have been done before; and then, whatever the result may be, we must believe it will be for the best—the best for Barbara as well as ourselves," said the doctor.

He did not think much of poor Molly in the affair, as to what would be best for her; but Bab thought little of anybody else except Molly, and prayed for her night and morning, that God would take care of her and bring her back soon.

She did not know of the inquiries that were being made by the doctor, until one day, when she was sitting on Mrs. Ellis' knee, the lady said, "Barbara, my dear, we have heard something about Molly."

"Oh, where, where is she?" asked Bab, tossing her curls back, and looking round towards the door, expecting to see Molly there.

"We have not seen her, my dear, but we have heard about her," said the lady, tenderly smoothing back the long fair curls, and kissing the little eager, upturned face. "She came back to look for you in the field, and——"

"I knew she would, I knew she would," interrupted Bab, eagerly. "I knew Molly would come. Where is she now?" she suddenly asked.

"She went back to the barge, we think. She asked the lock-keeper if he had seen a little girl—her little Bab she called you, so that we know it must be Molly."

"When did she come?" asked the child.

"We think it must have been the day after we found you," said the lady.

"And I wasn't there—oh, why wasn't I there, why didn't Molly come here?" and poor Bab burst into tears at the bitter thought of having missed her sister when she came to search for her.

"Don't cry, my darling; you will see Molly some day soon, for the lock-keeper has promised to tell all the barge-people that a little girl named Bab was found here, and then when Molly hears of it, she will come and ask him again where you are, and he will tell her where to find you."

Bab smiled through her tears. "God will take care of Molly, and bring her to me, I know," she said; "and I'll tell her that a dear mama you are." Then, as another thought occurred to her, she threw her arms round Mrs. Ellis' neck, and exclaimed, "But I can't go away without you. If Molly takes me, you'll come, we won't you?"

Mrs. Ellis smiled as she kissed the eager little face. "My dear, you forget I never lived on a barge," she said.

"And you would not like it," no, you wouldn't like it," said Bab, all at once remembering something of the misery of that almost forgotten time.

"And you would not like it now, my darling, I think," said the lady, a little anxiously.

Bab shook her head. She was beginning to appreciate the comforts and refinements of her new home, and the thought of the dirty, close little cabin made her shudder, as she thought of going back to it. "What shall I do?" she said. "Molly will want me to go back, I know."

"We will ask God about it, dear, and he will tell us what we ought to do. We must do what is right, you know, not what will please us best."

Bab nodded, and then, after a pause she said, "I wish Molly wasn't a boater, and then she could stay here; but she's a first rate boater, you know, and so she wouldn't like it."

Bab evidently thought the occupation of a boater superior to all others, and Mrs. Ellis did not attempt to correct this notion, for she had no idea of taking Molly into her heart and home, as she had taken this helpless little waif and she could not raise hopes of this, even to pacify Bab, so she said "Now, my dear, we will ask God to take care of us, and manage this difficult business as He sees to be best. Only I thought you would like to know that Molly had not forgotten you, as we feared."

"I knew Molly hadn't forgotten me. Molly won't forget poor little Bab," said the child, confidently.

(To be Continued.)

I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am - bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.*

I . . . . . shall be sat-is-fied, I . . . . . shall be satisfied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

When I a-wake in his likeness, I . . . . . shall be sat-isfied,
I shall be sat-isfied,

I . . . . . shall be satis-fied, When I awake in his like - ness.
I shall be satis-fied. I shall be satis-fied,

* The author here restores this chorus to its original form, which he regards as much better.

THE WATER WAIFS:

A Story of Canal Barge Life.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

(Author of "Ellerslie House," etc.)

CHAPTER VII.—MOLLY'S RETURN AND REFORMATION.

Early in the autumn a boatman's mission-room was opened near the lock, for Dr. Ellis had very soon interested some friends in the neglected condition of the poor boaters, and an effort was at once made to do something to remedy this; and it was arranged that the doctor and a few other friends should in turn conduct a Sunday evening service, as well as an occasional service during the week, at the mission-room. There was to be a Sunday-school also for the children, which Mrs. Ellis readily agreed to manage, and she promised that Bab should go with her sometimes, to help her with the singing; for the little girl was almost wild about this, and could talk of little else now than singing to the boaters in the new school-room.

Bab was so happy and so excited that she could scarcely keep herself from singing aloud, "Jesus loves me," as they drove along the road; and she scarcely saw anything they passed, in her eagerness to reach the new school-room and witness the delight of the boat children at her dear mamma's singing; for Bab always called Mrs. Ellis mamma now, and no one seeing them together would ever imagine they could be anything else.

Bab was now so occupied in looking up into her dear friend's gentle, loving face, and forward at the road along which they were going, that she never glanced aside at the field where she had last parted from Molly; or else she must have seen the crouching figure of a girl, dirty, unkempt, and miserable-looking, close to the fence where Molly had found the broken rail. But the ragged heap by the fence saw the chaise approaching, the bright, sunny-haired little girl between the lady and gentleman, and a pair of shining, eager eyes, looked out from the tangles of unkempt hair, and fixed their gaze upon the happy little face.

"It can't be, it can't be her," muttered the girl, yet still keeping her eyes fixed upon the child; and when the chaise passed she got up and went after it as fast as she was able. She did not try to run up with it, but managed to keep it in sight, until it stopped at the mission-room, and she saw the little girl carried in; and then the gentleman drove away again, the ragged girl still following, until the streets of the town were reached, and she saw a poor man touch his hat to the doctor as the chaise stopped. She followed the man then down a side street for a few yards, and touching him on the shoulder, she said, "Do you know that man in the little cart?" She spoke in an eager, anxious whisper, and the man thought she must be ill, and said so.

"But that's the doctor, sure enough, and a kinder man never lived than Dr. Ellis; so yer need not be afraid of speaking to him," added the man, in a kind manner.

"Where does he live?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Yer going to see him at his house, I s'pose? Well, yer go right straight through the town to Spring Road, and then yer'll see his name on a brass plate on the gate, 'Dr. Ellis, surgeon.' Yer can't mistake it," said the man.

The girl did not tell him that she could not read, and therefore the doctor's brass plate would be of little service to her; she only nodded her head and hurried up the street and back by the way she had come, until she reached the mission-room. As she drew near she could hear them singing inside, and stopped to listen for a minute; then went on again, until she reached one corner where a window was open, and here she placed herself where she could see and hear all that was going on without herself being seen. How bright and eager her eyes grew as she peered cautiously into the room, until at length her whole face seemed to change with its glad look of wondering surprise and joy as she clasped her hands, murmuring—"Yes, it is Bab; it is my Bab!" and completely overcome by the joyful recognition, Molly sank down upon the ground and burst into tears.

MOLLY LOOKING IN AT THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW.

"I don't care for nothing now," she murmured half aloud, looking up when the singing began again, and listening for Bab's sweet little voice; they've took her and made a lady of her, and that's just all poor Bab was fit for; and now I know she's safe, why, I'll go away and look arter somefin' for myself." But Molly did not go away. She seemed, however, to become suddenly aware of her deplorable appearance, and after watching Mrs. Ellis and Bab drive away in the gig, she went down to the canal bank, and contrived to wash her face and smooth her hair, and shake a little of the dust out of her clothes; so that when the evening service began she slipped into the mission-room with the other boaters without exciting any attention.

The doctor conducted the simple service, but of course he knew nothing of Molly, and took no notice of her; but Molly was greatly disappointed that Mrs. Ellis and Bab did not come, she had promised herself the pleasure of having one last long look at her little sister before she went away, and she could not pay much attention either to the prayers or singing for thinking of this.

When the service was over she crept out, and the next morning started on her travels; but the day following she was back again, and before the end of the week Mr. Ellis heard from the lock-keeper that Molly was about the neighbourhood again.

"Then send her to me," said the gentleman.

But, to the doctor's surprise, another week passed, and he had heard nothing of Molly.

The weather had changed during the last few days, and was now so cold and wet that no one ventured out of doors, unless they were compelled to go; and when Dr. Ellis entered his gate about dusk one evening, and saw a crouching figure close to the drawing-room window, he thought some thief was taking advantage of the darkness and the weather to make himself acquainted with his domestic arrangement preparatory to breaking into the house. It was therefore with no light hand that he seized upon the intruder, but saw to his astonishment, as he dragged her from the shelter of the shrubs to the gravel path, that it was only a poor half-drenched girl, instead of a man, as he had supposed.

She was evidently astonished at being dragged from her hiding-place, and with an oath she wrenched herself from his hold, demanding who he was, and raising her hand in a threatening attitude, as if to strike him. Seeing her wretched, woe-begone condition Mr. Ellis' heart was instantly filled with pity, and he said in a gentle tone, "What are you doing at my windows such a

night as this? Do you want me?"

"Are you Dr. Ellis?" asked the girl, her hand suddenly dropping at her side.

"Yes; you had better come inside, and tell me what you want," said the doctor taking the key from his pocket, and leading the way to a side door.

But the girl did not follow. "I don't want nothing," she said; "I only wanted to have a look at the little gal inside there." And she was moving towards the gate, but the doctor's hand was laid upon her shoulder

"Do you know the little girl in there?" he asked, guessing at once that this was Molly come in search of her sister. "Have you seen her?"

The girl nodded. "Yes, I've seen her afore to-day," she said; "but I'll never come no more if yer'll promise to take good care o' Bab always."

"Then you are Molly, that our little Barbara is so often talking about. You must come in and see her now, and let her know you are safe."

But Molly only tried to drag herself away. "No, no, I've seen her," she said; "and I'll go away now, and never come back any more."

"But why should you do that my girl?" said the gentleman.

"'Cos Bab is happy, and I couldn't do nothing for her like you can, and so I don't want her to know about boaters and me any more."

"But Bab is very anxious to know about you, and now you are here you must come in and see her. I am glad you do not want to take her away from us."

"Take her away—take Bab away when she's so happy, and yer so good to her?" Molly spoke almost with a sob, but she allowed herself to be led into the house, and followed the doctor into the little surgery.

"Now, my girl, I should like you to tell me whether any one else is likely to claim our little Barbara. Does your father know where she is?"

"Not a bit of it, and he don't care; he'll never trouble hisself to ask about her now he's got rid of her, for that was all he wanted."

"And you have not told him where she is?"

"It ain't likely, for yer don't want ter have a lot o' boaters bothering yer; and I've left father now, for he don't want me, 'cos I grumbled and kicked up a row at the way he'd served me and Bab, locking me in the cabin, and going off leaving Bab in that field."

"That is how she came to be left behind then?" said the doctor.

"Yes, father he was always looking out for the chance o' doing it. Mother told me that afore she died."

"When did your mother die? Was it about a year ago in this neighborhood?"

"It warn't far from this lock," said Molly.

"Then I had seen little Barbara before. She cried to sit beside her mother when I came."

"Yes, that she did. She'd took a notion that God was going to send a messenger for her that night, and thought she'd lost her chance 'cos she went to sleep and didn't see him."

"Poor little mite; I am afraid it was the messenger's fault, for I might have seen that night that she needed some one to befriend her."

"Bab thought that God wanted her to do some work for Him fust," said Molly; "and if it was worth His while to look after a poor boater gal like me, why I think He did."

"Why should you speak of yourself like that?" asked the doctor. "Boaters are as dear to God as any one else. The Lord Jesus Christ died for you, as much as He died for me or any other person.

And now tell me about yourself. How can I help you?"

"Help me!" exclaimed Molly. "Why, I'm a boater; I ain't like Bab."

"You are not so helpless, certainly; but still if you have left your father's barge, and are all alone in the world, you must need some help, I am sure, for you are a young girl."

"But I ain't fit for Bab, and I never was, and the only thing I can do is jist to go right away, and let Bab forget me; and then yer can make a lady on her, without any fear of the folks talking about her being a boater."

"But God did not give Bab to you and to us for that. He sent her here among us to help us."

"Yes, that's what she says, and she has helped me. You can tell her I never touches the bottle now," said Molly.

"You shall tell her yourself, Molly. You know she is your sister, and will always be your sister."

For a moment there was a gleam of joyful triumph shining in Molly's eyes, but the next moment they filled with tears, and she said, almost angrily, "Yer know I ain't fit to be Bab's sister; I can only go away and not let her see me no more!"

"My girl, that is not what God intended when He gave you such a sweet little sister. Now listen to me. You are not fit to be Bab's sister just now, perhaps, and I should scarcely like you to come and see her often as you are."

"Didn't I know it—didn't I tell you so?"

"Hear what I have to say, my girl. You know this yourself, but I believe—I am sure—that by God's help you can make yourself fit, and in this way you will be using God's precious gift to you as He would have you use it."

"Why, what can I do?" said Molly. "Only tell me, yer'll see whether I won't do it, just for the chance o' seeing Bab sometimes, so as she won't be ashamed on me."

"Very well, then, I will see what can be done for you. And now you shall come and see Bab; or, stay, I will ask Mrs. Ellis to find you some dry clothes first, and then I will bring Bab to you." And Mr. Ellis went and called his wife, and explained to her as shortly as he could who was in the surgery, and how she came there.

"And she does not want to take the child from us!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of relief. "Oh, I do hope we shall be able to help the poor girl herself, if only for that."

"We must certainly do something for her, for she has the making of a good and noble woman in her, in spite of her roughness and ignorance. But now go and find her some clothes, my dear, and take her to the kitchen fire, while I go and tell Bab who is here."

A change of clothes was soon found for Molly, and a meal was spread for her in the kitchen; but before she had sat down Bab came in, and the sisters were left to themselves for the next hour.

Bab's first words, after her tearful greeting, sounded a little reproachful, for she said "Oh, Molly, why did you go away without me that day, and leave me in the field?"

"I never meant to, Bab. Yer know I never meant to, don't yer?" said Molly, imploringly.

"I know yer didn't leave me there on purpose. But how was it, Molly?"

"Well, I'm most ashamed to tell yer, 'specially now; but I tell yer this, Bab, I ain't never touched it since, and I ain't a-going to, for it was all through mother's old bottle yer got left behind."

"Tell me about it," said Bab, "didn't the boat stop all day?"

"Why, it didn't stop an hour, Jack told me. I went back, arter putting you in the field, and had a bigger sip than usual, wot made me sleepy, I s'pose, for I went to sleep, and when I woke the cabin door was shut and locked, and we was going as fast as we could go. I hammered and screamed, but it worn't no good, they wouldn't let me out till night, and then we was miles away from here. But I started and walked back to look for yer next day, but nobody hadn't seen yer in the field or seen yer took out, and at last I went back and found the boat agin; but father wouldn't let me go aboard then, so I come off agin and helped one and another with the boats when I could and begged when I couldn't till I got here agin, and seed yer go to that boaters' school one Monday, and I've seed yer a good many times since."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Bab. "Yer a fust-rate boater, Molly."

"Yes, but that ain't no good now, and so I'm going to do something that I can come and see you sometimes."

Bab clapped her hands at this announcement. "I am so glad," she said, "'cos I didn't want to go back to the boat, Molly."

"I should think not," said Molly. "Why, Bab, I never thought that God could do such things for boaters as He's done for me and you, for yer see the doctor's a-going to help me be something decent now."

Of course Bab, and Molly too, had unlimited trust in the doctor's power to do "something" for Molly, but the gentleman himself was puzzled to know how to help this second water waif he had undertaken to provide for, and many anxious consultations were held before anything suitable could be decided upon.

At last it was arranged that Molly should go to the institution for training servants, that she might learn to do housework and cooking, and to fit herself to take a respectable situation by-and-by. Mrs. Ellis told her before she went that she would probably find the confinement to indoor work rather trying at first, and also the conforming to rules and regulations somewhat irksome; but Molly declared she was willing to do or bear anything for the sake of seeing Bab; and she was as good as her word. Mr. Ellis received an excellent report of her conduct after she had been there a few months, the matron saying she was willing to learn, truthful, and obliging, and no one but herself knew what a hard battle she had to fight to keep the rules of the house, and always do as she was told. But the battle was fought and the victory won, for Molly could believe now that God cared for her, poor as she was, and she constantly sought grace and help from Him to do her duty.

The greatest joys of her life were in the visits she paid to little Bab. To go and see her sister neatly dressed was a pleasure looked forward to by Molly through all the working days of service; and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis had the satisfaction of seeing their most sanguine hopes fulfilled in the after life of these water waifs.

THE END.

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once, any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to a human being, or any word that I can speak for the good of others—let me do it now. Let me not neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*R. H. McDonald.*

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ROBIN DEVEREUX.

(*Chatterbox*)

"'Tis only noble to be good."—*Tennyson.*

"Noblesse Oblige!"

That was young Robin Devereux's favourite motto, and it was often on his lips, being, as he thought, specially suited to himself.

Robin was very proud of his birth and descent from a good old family, but his little sister Lily (who was two years younger) sometimes thought it a doubtful benefit to be born a Devereux, seeing that the name seemed to entail so much upon its owners.

Poor Colonel Devereux could leave his children no inheritance except an inconvenient stock of family pride, and at his death they might have fared badly but for the kindness of their father's brother-in-law, Mr. Thorpe, a wealthy corn-factor, who generously took in the poor orphans and brought them up with his own children. This arrangement was not entirely to Robin's taste, although his new home was as happy a one as his uncle and aunt's loving care, and the merry companionship of a host of young cousins, could make it. He chafed and fretted at what he called his humdrum life in Lanesbury. How could his uncle bear it? What a prospect for himself and his eldest cousin Charles! Lessons from morning till night now; and when that was done with, drudgery of a worse kind in his uncle's counting house!

"Stick to your books, Robin," Mr. Thorpe would say cheerily, "and some day we shall find a seat in the counting-house for you. I don't mean to make any difference between you and my own boys, and who knows but that some day it may be Thorpe and Devereux over the office-door?"

"Thorpe and Devereux, corn-factors!" Robin hated the thought.

Charles Thorpe, however, who took things in a matter-of-fact way, wished for nothing better that to repeat his father's busy, upright life, and could not understand his cousin's dreams for the future. But then he was a Thorpe and knew no better, thought Robin disdainfully, and he confided to Lily his ambitious plans of doing some grand work in the world worthy of the name of Devereux.

His views as to the best way of attaining this object varied from day to day, somewhat confusing poor Lily. Now he was to be a soldier, like his father, and carve his way to fortune; now he would be a second Warren Hastings, and buy back the alienated family estates; now he was to go into Parliament and become nothing less than prime minister. "Noblesse oblige! you know, Lily," he always ended up.

But meantime, in all their studies, Charles Thorpe was slowly but surely getting ahead of his more brilliant cousin, whose quick wits could not make up for his idleness and inattention. The two boys were unlike as in appearance as in disposition. Charles, in his lumbering figure, plain though kindly face and unready manner, betrayed his yeoman origin; but Robin, tall, lithe, and active, with flashing eyes, was a Devereux all over. The cousins, who were now both about fourteen, went every day to a neighboring village about two miles distant, where they read with the Vicar's son, who acted as their tutor. But Robin's love of play and high spirits were always bringing him into some scrape; and although the good-natured Charles did his best to shield him, nothing could keep his cousin from frequent disgrace. In vain his aunt looked grave, and Lily gently urged that hard work and steadiness now might help him to become a great man sooner than anything else.

ROBIN ESCAPING FROM THE VAN.

"Stuff, Lily!" he answered. "It's all very well for a fellow like Charles, who has no ambition, but a Devereux can't be bound by common rules."

So it seemed, for shortly afterwards Robin was found guilty of such a flagrant act of disobedience that his tutor not only gave him a severe imposition, but also made a formal complaint to his uncle. Mr. Thorpe, justly angry, condemned Robin to stay in his own room except during school-hours, and bade him consider himself in disgrace until further notice.

This imprisonment was a great hardship to the active boy, but I don't think he felt it half so much as Lily, who wandered about the passage outside his door and was thoroughly miserable. At first Robin worked hard at his task, but then he grew tired and restless, and began to cast about in his mind for some way out of his disgrace. On the third day an idea occured to him, which seemed so very tempting that he carried it out the next morning.

He rose early and packed his school-satchel with a few necessaries in the way of wearing-apparel, adding a lunch of bread, which he spared from his breakfast. He counted up his little stock of money—eighteen pence exactly—and stored it safely in his pocket. Then he got pen and paper, and, after the fashion of intending runaways, he wrote a few lines:—

'DEAREST LILY.

"I can't stand this any longer, and mean to go out into the world and make my fortune like a gentleman and a Devereux. Keep your spirits until you see me again.

"Your loving ROBIN.'

By way of best attracting notice, he pinned this letter with an old knife on to his dressing-table. As he did so his heart sank. No thought of the ingratitude with which he was repaying his uncle and aunt's kindness disturbed him. His tenderness was all for Lily. What would she do without him? How could he bear to leave her? Well, it was only for a little while; all should be made up to Lily when he had made his fortune. Then he would come in his coach-and-four, with the Devereux arms upon the panels, and bear Lily away to live with him at Devereux Court. So jolly and happy they two would be together; and Lily should do just as she liked, and always wear velvet and satin—never less than satin. . . . . But as he dreamed, the hall-clock, striking eight, awoke him to the fact that his fortune was still unmade, and that it was time to start for school.

The key of his door was turned

in the lock from the outside: he was at liberty for a few hours, and Charles was calling from the hall below,—

"Make haste, Robin! we shall be late!"

"No. Go on, old fellow! I'll catch you up."

Charles set out in his methodical way. Robin gave him start sufficient to turn the corner half-way down the lane, and then, catching up his satchel, prepared to follow. At the top of the stairs stood Lily, waiting as usual to bid him good-bye. Robin threw an extra amount of fervor into his embrace that morning, giving his sister, in addition, an apparently needless caution to take care of herself.

Then he ran down the garden; but instead of following his cousin along the winding lane to Kyneton, turned short off, leaped a stile upon the right, hurried across an intervening field into another lane beyond, and scarcely drew breath until he had put full two miles between himself and Lanesbury. Then he went more soberly, but still at a brisk pace, till he heard the wheels of some conveyance coming along the road behind him. Prompted by his guilty conscience, he scrambled up the bank, and congratulated himself upon his precaution, when hidden, behind the hedge at the top, he saw his uncle's dog-cart bowl swiftly past below. Mr. Thorpe himself was driving, and talking to his companion in his usual loud voice about harvest prospects.

The lane, so near home, was clearly unsafe. After this experience, Robin struck into the fields again, and found his way across country to a hamlet eight miles from Lanesbury, where he rested and made a spare midday meal off his lunch of bread and a draught of milk procured at a neighboring farm. He had no particular plan, except to get as far as possible from Lanesbury before beginning the process of making his fortune. So, as the first stage in his journey, he turned his steps toward Horton, a large town about thirty miles away. A third only of the distance he walked that day, and when evening came he spent a few of his pence in a night's lodging at a roadside cottage.

The next afternoon he had already walked some miles, and was beginning to feel weary, when he was overtaken by the van of an itinerant basket-mender, which was apparently bound in the same direction as himself. Just as it reached him something went wrong with the rotten harness, and Robin stepped forward to help in putting it right. In return, the owner of the van offered him a lift, which Robin gladly accepted, and climbed up to the vacant outside seat. The basket-maker's wife with several small children occupied the vacant space inside the cart.

The pace of the old horse was not fast, but Robin liked the rest, and so easily got over the few more miles between him and the next village. Here the van was left in charge of the tramp's wife, while he himself tried to dispose of some of the many baskets and other rough wicker articles dangling at the sides of the cart. Robin, too, got down to stretch his legs, and walked apart, not anxious to betray his connexion with the other travellers.

As he loitered along waiting while the basket-makers stopped to hawk his wares at every open door, Robin came upon a bill-sticker pasting some notice upon a black wall.

He had the curiosity to stop and read one printed in large capitals—"Twenty Pounds Reward!"

It gave an accurate description of his own person and appearance, adding that whoever would give information to Mr. Thorpe, of Lanesbury, which would lead to the safe recovery of his missing nephew, should receive the above mentioned sum. Robin passed on hastily, determined to wait at a safe distance a-head for the slow conveyance which formed his present home. He could almost have fancied that curious glances were cast at him by one or two passers-by; but he stepped on, bold and defiant, till he reached the outskirts of the village.

A price upon his head!

Robin thought there was something delightfully romantic and outlaw-like in the idea. Nevertheless, he was not sorry when he found himself once more in the van, safe from observation beneath the shelter of the dangling baskets.

Their owner returned in high good-humor, after an unusually successful sale, and told Robin, who made himself useful in helping to picket the horse, that he was welcome to his supper and night's lodging if he chose to remain with them. The quarters were not exactly to Robin's taste, but for lack of better he accepted the offer, and settled himself as best he could at the back of the van, where two or three children were already sleeping.

Robin was tired, but the novelty and excitement of his position, to say nothing of its discomforts, quite chased sleep from his eyes. He lay awake an hour or more, listening to the murmur of talk between the basket-maker and his wife on the farther side of the partition dividing the van, but at last fell into a sort of doze, from which he was roused by the rustling of paper and the two voices growing eager.

"Twenty pounds reward, I tell you!" said the man's rough tones. "That's better than basket-selling. It's him, sure enough. "Gray suit, dark eyes, tall and slim." I thought all along as how he had a high-and-mighty look about him."

"Runaway, I 'spose," said the woman; "though it's strange that gentlefolk born should like our life better than their'n."

"Well, Betsy, first thing in the morning we'll just turn tail, and take him home again. It will be a bit of charity, and worth our while besides."

He chuckled so loudly that the woman hushed him with a reminder of the sleeping children; and after this the voices grew more subdued, ceased and finally loud snores told that both speakers slept.

But long ere this Robin had made up his mind. Liberty was too sweet to lose again so soon. Very quietly he drew on his boots and moving with the utmost care, that he might not disturb the sleepers, passed quietly through the van door, slipped down the steps, and vanished in the darkness.

(To be continued.)

HOW GUN BARRELS ARE MADE.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of gun barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals—iron and steel—are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars or ribbons of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing operation, is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings, weldings and hammerings the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

An ox, feeding, as is the manner of oxen, upon grass, and being therefore of a placid nature, was much shocked at the conduct of a serpent of its acquaintance, when it saw the serpent first stare at it with its baleful eyes, and then proceed to swallow a poor frog.

"How could you be so cruel?" said the mild-eyed ox.

"My dear friend," replied the subtle serpent, "if the frog had hopped one hop away from me, or made a single croak, I would not have eaten it for the world; but, as you saw, it had not the slightest objection, and there is no injury where there is consent."

The ox, though a thoughtful, is not a swiftly thinking, animal. It had browsed for some time, and the serpent had slipped away for its noontide sleep of digestion, before the ox bethought itself of the reply that it might have given to the serpent—

"Yes, fear is often mistaken, or pretended to be mistaken, for consent."

A horse who had heard the conversation between the serpent and the ox made a much shrewder remark; but with the shrewdness that is gained from suffering, he made it in soliloquy, as is the custom with that patient creature, the horse—

"That is the way with my master; because I am silent he thinks, or pretends to think, like that hypocrite of a serpent, that I do not suffer when he is cruel to me."—*Breria.*

ADVANTAGE OF LEARNING A TRADE.—The advice of Benjamin Franklin, to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living, if necessary, comes of a human experience older than his. In some countries this has been the law; in others a common custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law at the feet of Gamaliel, also acquired the important Oriental handicraft of a tentmaker, by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission. It is a good and wise thing to do. You may be able to leave your children fortunes; but "riches take to themselves wings." You may give them finished educations, and they may be gifted with extraordinary genius; but they may be placed in situations where no education and no talent may be so available as some humble, honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.—*Ex.*

PURITY, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender, are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ROBIN DEVEREUX.

(*Chatterbox*)

"'Tis only noble to be good."—*Tennyson.*

CHAPTER II.

It is not difficult to imagine the sensation which Robin's flight caused at Lanesbury. Poor Lily was heartbroken at his desertion, and, as the days went on and brought no tidings of him, pined so much that her kind aunt was quite concerned. Charles, too, though he said little, missed his constant companion.

Mr. Thorpe had laughed at first, prophesying that the runaway would be back in a day or two, ashamed and crestfallen, and he consented reluctantly to his wife's wish of taking steps for his recovery. But when the offered reward brought no result, and the truant did not return, he grew angry, declaring that Robin was an ungrateful rascal, whose name he never wished to hear again.

By degrees the children forgot their merry cousin, and ceased to miss him in their games: only Lily could not forget. The play-hours, which Robin had made so pleasant, were wearisome to her now. She did not speak much of him, but her heart was wearying for her brother, and all Charles's clumsy, though well-meant, efforts to fill his place could not console her. Night and morning she would steal out into the porch, and look round wistfully, half hoping to see Robin come whistling across the meadows, as he used to do. Alas! she was always disappointed.

The hay was carried and stacked; the corn sprang, and ripened, and fell beneath the reaper's sickle; but Robin never came. And Lily grew paler and paler, drooping day by day with the sickness of hope deferred, till she seemed more than ever like her lowly namesake, the lily of the valley.

Meantime Robin, the object of so much care, fared passably well through the pleasant summer weeks, enjoying the free out-door life, and feeling like some merry outlaw of the olden time. In hay and harvest season the farmers were often short of hands, and Robin managed in a pleasant way to earn enough to keep himself, though he must needs live hardly, with bare fare and poor lodging; from which it will be seen he had not as yet made much progress on his road to fortune.

Then there came a time when work, even of the humblest kind, was not always plentiful. But the dull days of November found him hopeful still. Expectant of better things, he was now working for a time with a florist and market-gardener named Strupp. Robin was active and industrious. He and his worthy master got on well together for two or three weeks, which were prosperous days with Robin. At the end of that time Mr. Strupp's son finished some work he had undertaken at a distance, and returned to help his father; and then Robin's services were no longer needed.

On the last day of his work with the old gardener, it happened that a lady with a little girl came to speak to Robin's master about some shrubs which she wished transplanted, and before leaving he walked through the hothouses, as was usual, with his customers. The little daughter, warmly wrapped in cosy fur, followed behind, and passed close to Robin as he was busy with his work. The child had dark eyes, and long fair curls strayed from under her pretty white hat. Something in the little maiden's kind glance of interest reminded Robin of Lily and he sighed.

When they returned, there stood Robin waiting at the hothouse door, with a handful of chrysanthemums arranged with dark evergreen leaves. These he offered to the little girl, raising his cap respectfully. The child look pleased, and the lady thanked graciously.

"A good-looking lad, and well-mannered," she said to herself.

THE LANDLADY DEMANDING HER RENT.

Then, as she lingered admiring this and that in the ordinary garden, a thought seemed to strike her. She turned, and spoke a few words to Mr. Strupp in a low voice.

Robin could not catch what she said, but he heard the answer in the old gardener's louder tones:

"Yes, my lady. He's a good lad. He leaves me to-night; and no doubt but he'd be thankful for such a chance."

The ladies had almost reached the garden-gate; but at this the elder turned back, and called Robin who came up wondering.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Robin," he answered simply

"Well then, Robin, I hear that your work with Mr Strupp is finished, and perhaps you may like a chance of bettering yourself? I am pleased with your manner and appearance." (Robin wondered what was coming. Would she offer to adopt him, as people did in books, and take him to a life of luxury again?) My present page is leaving me," the lady went on. "I will take you in his place, and with a little training you will do well. Your work would be easy—to run errands and wait on my daughter, to wash my poodles and take them out for exercise. How should you like to live with me, and wear a suit of livery like that?" with a wave of the hand towards the boy in buttons who stood at her carriage-door.

Poor Robin! What a climax after his ambitious hopes! All the blood of the Devereux welled up, and died his face crimson, and he stood there, speechless with shame. Buttons! A Devereux in bottons!

"Of course it would be a rise in life for you; but I hear you are a good boy, and would deserve it," continued the visitor, kindly.

But Robin could bear no more.

"Thanks, my lady; it wouldn't suit me," he managed to stammer out. And rushing away to the farthest corner of the garden, he gave way to his long pent-up feelings, and watered the asparagus beds with floods of tears.

Robin's misery had reached its crowning-point. Somehow this last experience damped his ardour more than all which had gone before. Weary and dispirited, he went about seeking work in vain. The remnants of his poor earnings dwindled away. His clothes had become ragged and threadbare: yet he could not replace them, for the few shillings he now and then earned by a chance job scarcely sufficed to buy him food and shelter. Often in these days Robin knew what it was to feel both cold and hungry, and at such times something familiar would come into his head about a home where was "bread enough and to spare;" and, like another poor prodigal long ago, he thought regretfully of his lost

blessings. Yet he could not bring himself to go back and humbly own his failure. He could never bear to meet his uncle's scorn, his aunt's reproaches.

So Robin went out again into the streets, and made one more attempt to find work, no matter how humble. He offered himself as errand-boy and baker's lad; he even looked enviously at a crossing-sweeper

But boys seemed plentiful and labor scarce. There was no place in all the bustling town for Robin.

He went back to his wretched lodging in a back-lane; but at the door his landlady waited to demand his week's rent before admitting him. She had the chance of a lodger willing to pay sixpence a-week more than Robin. Under these circumstances all his petitions for delay were of no use. He must pay or go. So he went.

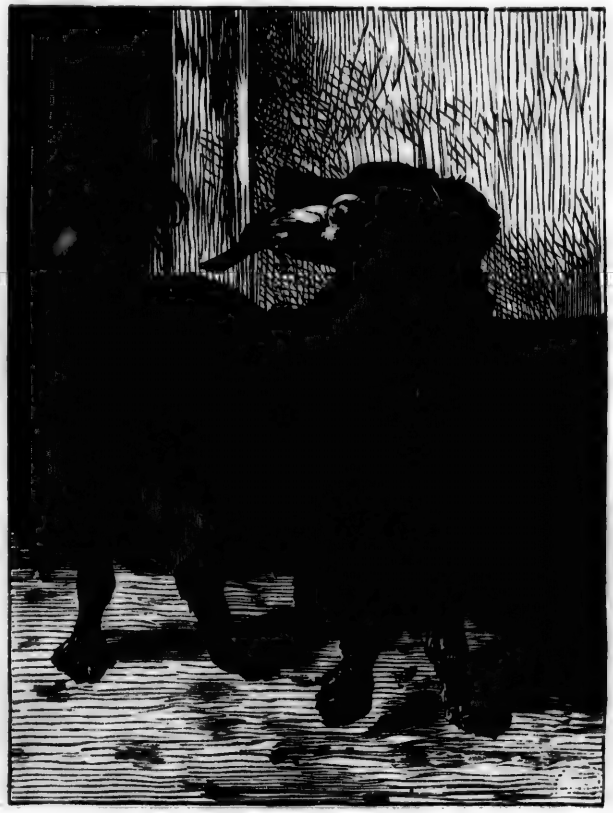
Whither?

Ah! that was the question. He was sick of the hard, cruel town, and the indifferent faces all turned coldly upon him. He felt in his pockets, and finding a few pence there, he resolved with a sudden impulse to spend them on a third-class ticket to Lanesbury Junction.

(*To be continued.*)

A NOBLE DOG AND CANARY.

A lady had a pet canary, while her brother was the owner of a retriever that was also much petted. One day the canary escaped from the house, and was seen flying about the grounds for a few days, and when it perched it was generally on high elm-trees. At last it vanished from view, and this dear little pet was mourned for as lost or dead. But after the interval of another day or so the retriever came in with the canary in his mouth, carrying it most delicately, and went up to the owner of the bird, delivering it into her hands without even the feathers being injured. Surely nothing could illustrate more beautifully faithful love and gentleness in a dog than this.



THE RETRIEVER SAVING THE CANARY.

THE THIMBLE.

The thimble is a Dutch invention that was first brought to England in 1695 by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they could be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved of pearl and bound with gold and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. A thimble owned by the queen consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people. In Naples very pretty thimbles, composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius, are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I hear also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Mass., under which General Washington stood when taking comand of the United States Army in July, 1775, but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing. In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles thin plates of the metal are introduced into the die and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are struck by means of a punch into a succession of holes of a gradually increasing depth, to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed, a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them. This completes the thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long lifetime, and the gold, if worn away, is easily replaced.—*Dorcas Magazine.*

WEALTH IN THE SEA.

Seldom or never has the enormous importance of the harvest of the sea been more forcibly represented than it was the other day by Prof. Huxley, in the address which he delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition. An acre of good fishing ground, he pointed out, will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. Still more vivid was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120 millions of fish, consuming every week, when on short rations, no fewer than 840 millions of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving. London might be victualled with herrings for a year on a day's consumption of the countless shoals of uncaught cod.

THE BIRDS, large and small, held a meeting when the autumn winds began to bluster; and this is the way the meeting ended:

The owl this question put,—"Say 'Ay'
Those who intend away to fly;"
All but the sparrows vote to go,
These chirp a most decided "No."

"'Tis carried," said the owl, "Adieu."
The birds cry, "Now for skies of blue."
"Go," chirped the sparrows, "why this fuss?
Our home is good enough for us."

IF YOU would create something, you must be something.—*Goethe.*

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ROBIN DEVEREUX.

(*Chatterbox*)

"'Tis only noble to be good."—Tennyson."

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

No one was at all likely to recognise Mr. Thorpe's nephew in the ragged, way-worn traveller emerged in the winter's dusk of that same afternoon from the crowded junction, which was the nearest station to Lanesbury.

There lay five miles still between Robin and home, if home he dared call it. Tired as he was he began mechanically to walk towards Lanesbury. He had no definite purpose except to see once more the familiar faces—his kind aunt, Charles, above all, Lily, poor Lily, who loved him, whom he had deserted

He had walked many miles since morning; his overwrought powers seemed failing him; and he was so hungry. But as he went the hunger passed off, leaving only a feeling of faintness and exhaustion. What if he were to drop by the roadside this bitter evening, and fall asleep, and be frozen to death? He could not get much further—so weary he was, so faint. so cold; but now the twinkling lights of Lanesbury piercing the dusk, seemed to bid him take courage. The Devereuxes of the other days had borne fargreater hardships. He would not give up yet. And so a half-hour later found him in Lanesbury High Street, within a quarter of a mile of his uncle's house.

He took the familiar turn he knew so well, over the bridge, along the lane, across the fields. The new-mown hay was making the June air fragrant when he last came that way; but now the ground was white with snow, and the old church bells were ringing their Christmas chimes.

It was Christmas-eve.

The fact dawned on Robin as a surprise; he had lost count of weeks and days, lately, when all were alike miserable. And this year there had been nothing to remind him of Christmas; but in the great ugly, comfortable house yonder, the lights were gleaming brightly, as became the season. Robin could imagine the happy group assembled around the fire. In the cold and darkness he crept safely and secretly through the dusky shrubbery up to the very house itself. Just then the click of the garden-gate startled him, and looking around he espied a troop of dark figures coming up the avenue. There were perhaps a dozen or more of them. Robin stole aside quietly, and hiding himself among a clump of laurels watched their proceedings.

The intruders—in whom he soon recognised the church choir—took up their position in front of the parlor-window, and in a moment more the simple strains of a Christmas carol were ringing through the frosty air. How peacefully the words fell on Robin's aching heart! Then came one or two other well-known airs, ending with the Christmas hymn, which touched Robin strangely.

At the end the parlor window was thrown open, the curtains undrawn, and Mr. Thorpe appeared, crying out in his hearty voice,—

"Well sung, lads! and thank you. If you will go round to the back door, the housekeeper shall give you tea and cake with a shilling a-piece to carry home with you. A merry Christmas to you all!"

"The same to you and yours, sir, and thank you kindly," came the ready response, as the party trooped off.

Warm tea and cake! How tantalising the words sounded to poor Robin, faint with his long fast! He would fain have followed, and shared the boys' meal: but pride forbade him to take his uncle's charity without his forgiveness. The window was closed now, but the curtains remained undrawn, for a streak of light streamed out upon the lawn. Cautiously and quietly Robin stole up like some midnight thief until he stood close under the window. Keeping well to one side he found a foothold upon the tough trunks of the ivy covering the house-front, and raised himself to a level with the sill.

Other Robins, he well knew, were made welcome at that window; fragments of their abundant morning-meal lay yet scattered upon its threshold; but not a robin of them all was more desolate, more famished, more utterly forlorn, than he. With a beating heart he peeped in at the window. There, on one side of the fireplace, sat his uncle; and round the table were gathered the little ones, laughing merrily over some round game. Charles, as usual, sat with his book near the fireside; and Lily—— Was Lily one of the players? No. She sat at her aunt's feet, at the other side of the chimney-piece, looking gravely into the fire. Now and then Mrs. Thorpe would bend down and lay a hand kindly on Lily's head. Perhaps she guessed something of her thoughts that evening.

ROBIN PEEPING IN AT THE WINDOW.

Robin, the poor outcast, looked on at all with hungry eyes, yearning for a crumb of love. He felt that he must get speech of Lily, have one kind word before he went forth again into the dreary, pitiless world; and looking more intently, he seemed to see some change in Lily as she turned her face now and again towards her merry cousins. She was thinner, surely, paler. Was she grieving for him? Ah, poor Lily! He must see Lily for one moment before he went. But the night was so cold—so cold; and Robin was getting numb and cramped, and his eyes were dim with sleep.

Just then he missed Lily from her place by the fireside: she had stolen softly from the room. His chief attraction was gone, and Robin slipped gently to the ground.

Ha! What was that noise?

He started nervously, and shrank back into the deep shadow of the porch, as the hall-door gently opened and let a small, muffled-up figure out into the starlit night. It descended to the lowest step, and there paused, looking round right and left with intent, wistful gaze; but not finding what it sought, it drew back sorrowfully, with a long-drawn sigh, "Oh, Robin! Robin!"

Robin in his hiding-place heard, and could bear it no longer. He stole out, and laid a hand upon his sister's arm.

"I am here, Lily," he said.

softly. "Hush! Don't tell any one."

But as though it were the most natural thing in the world to see him there, Lily uttered a joyful little cry, and clasped him close, and kissed him, and drew him in across the threshold, right into the warm hall, poor, cold little wanderer!

"He has come back!" she cried, joyfully "Robin has come back at last!"

The parlor-door flew open at the cry, and all came hurrying out. Robin penitent and ashamed, hid his head on Lily's shoulder, and could not face them.

But Lily interpreted his silence.

"Oh, uncle—aunt—forgive him! I know he is sorry, poor Robin!"

"What, Robin! You have not made your fortune then?" cried his uncle.

But the kind aunt came forward, and patted his head.

"Robin has been very wrong and foolish; but we must forget and forgive at Christmas-time," she said pleasantly; "He will be wiser in future."

And then she led him in to the cheerful fireside, and warmed his numbed hands, and brought him food and drink, until soothed by all her care and kindness, Robin at last forgot his troubles in a long and dreamless sleep.

* * * * * * * *

Robin's place in the family circle remained empty many weeks yet. Sometimes the anxious watchers by his bedside wondered sadly would it ever be filled up again. The weariness and exposure of that Christmas Eve, and the hard days which had gone before it, brought on an attack of low fever, which was slow in yielding to the good nursing he received.

One day when he was slowly recovering, being already promoted from bed to an easy-chair in his room, Lily, who was always devising something to give him pleasure, brought him a cardboard scroll, on which she had illuminated the words, "Noblesse oblige."

Great was her disappointment when Robin, usually so grateful, pushed it away from him, saying almost impatiently, "Oh, no, Lily! I never want to hear those words again. They are the cause of all my misfortunes."

Lily was humbly retreating with the despised present, when her uncle, who was just entering and had overheard Robin's speech, stopped her.

"Nay, Robin," he said, kindly, "the little maid meant well; and the words" (taking the scroll from Lily) "are good words, as I understand them. The inheritance of a noble name from good, and wise, and brave forefathers, does oblige a man to take care and keep it untarnished; but doing with might and main whatever work comes to your hand won't soil it. You despise trade, my boy; yet honest barter of one man's goods for another man's money is no shame. It's the mean tricks, and double-dealing, and grasping avarice of those who will be rich at any cost which degrade and debase. Deal honorably, Robin. Let your word be as good as your bond; and whatever your calling in life may be, never fear that you will disgrace the name of Devereux."

THE END.

LITTLE JAPANESE.

Here is something interesting I found about the habits and dress of the children in Japan. In the first place the character of the Japanese houses saves much trouble about children. There are no stairs to tumble down, no furniture for them to tumble over, no sticky food with which to bedaub themselves. So there is seldom need to reprove them. They are rarely heard to cry; but when they do break forth, they make a tremendous racket, yelling with great fierceness. In his travels through the country, Prof. Morse only once saw boys fighting; and then they were only slapping each other. The dress of the Japanese children is the same as that of an adult. The sleeves are open on the inner edge, with a pocket on the outer side. The dress is very simple, easy and free, with tucks to let down as the child grows, so that, as the fashions never change and the dress is made of strong silk brocade, or silk and cotton, it will last from ten to twenty years.

The children's shoes are made of blocks of wood, secured with cord. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owner's walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they would injure the soft straw mats with which the floor is covered. The Japanese shoe gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our children's toes are cramped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. The Japanese have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers.

The babies are taken care of on the backs of the older children, to which they are fastened by loose bands. You will see a dozen little girls with babies' asleep on their backs, engaged in playing battledore, the babies heads bobbing up and down. This is better than crying in the cradle. The baby sees everything, goes everywhere, gets plenty of pure air; and the sister who carries it gets her shoulders braced back and doubtless some lessons of patience. It is funny to see the little tots, when they begin to run alone, carrying their dolls on their back.

Where we have one toy the Japanese have a thousand. Everything in art and nature is imitated in miniature. Toys can be bought for half a cent, and elegant ones for eight or ten cents. There are stands on the streets kept by old women, where little girls can buy a spoonful of batter and bake their own top cakes. Then, along comes a man with a long bucketful of soap suds, of which he sells a cupful for the hundredth part of a cent (they have coins as small as that), to children who blow soap bubbles through bamboo reeds. The babies make mud pies and play at keeping house just as ours do. They are taught always to be polite, and say, "Thank you." If you give a child a penny, he will not only thank you at the time but whenever he meets you again.—*Ex.*

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.
(*By Harrison Weir.*)

BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows: that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman. If people were more careful of their character than they are of their reputation, they would soon be more pleasing to God and more useful to their fellow-men.—*S. S. Messenger.*

In private, watch your thoughts; in the family, watch your temper; in company, watch your tongue.

THE FORCEPS CRAB.

The strange looking creature represented in the accompanying engraving, says Wood's "Natural History," is a good swimmer. It roams the ocean as freely as a bird roams the air, shooting through the waves with arrowy swiftness in chase of prey, gliding easily along just below the surface, hanging suspended in the water while reposing, or occasionally lying across some floating seaweed.

The chief peculiarity of the forceps crab is the structure from which its name is derived, the wonderful length of the first pair of limbs, and the attenuated forceps with which they are armed. Though not possessing the formidable power with which some crabs are armed, the forceps crab is yet a terrible enemy to the inhabitants of the sea, for it can dart out its long claws with a rapidity that almost eludes the eye, and grasp its prey with unerring aim.

No one who has not watched the crabs in their full vigor while enjoying their freedom, can form any conception of the many uses to which the claws are put. Their bony armor, with its powerful joints appears to preclude all delicacy of touch or range of distinction, and yet the claws are to the crab what the proboscis is to the elephant. With these apparently inadequate members the crab can pick up the smallest object with perfection and precision, can tear in pieces the toughest animal substances, or crack the skull of other crustaceans as a parrot cracks a nut in his beak It can direct them to almost every part of his body, can snap with them like the quick sharp bite of a wolf, or can strike with their edges as a boxer strikes with his fists. As may be seen by reference to the engraving the paddle legs are broad and well developed, so as to insure speed, the front of the carapace is sharply and deeply serrated, and the sides are drawn out into long pointed spines. It is a native of the West Indian seas, and is represented about the size of an ordinary specimen.

FORCEPS SWIMMING CRAB.—(*Lupa forceps.*)

PRESENCE OF MIND.

This is a true story, about a real boy. The boy's name is Dick. This is not a very uncommon name, and his last name is not an uncommon one either. I am not going to tell you what it is though, for perhaps he would not like it.

Dick's father died when his son was just able to toddle. After a while Dick grew to be a pretty big boy. Then he began to be anxious to get something to do to help his mother. It was a good while before he found anything; but he came home one day, at last, and said:

"Mother, I've got a place."

"What sort of a place?" asked his mother.

"In the factory," said Dick cheerfully.

But the mother shook her head.

"I don't half like it my boy," she said. "They are dangerous places, these factories. Some day you'll be going to near the big wheels, or the bands, or something, and then—"

She stopped and shuddered; but Dick only laughed.

"Well, what then, mother?" he said. "What do you think is going to happen to a fellow with a cool head and a steady hand? Almost all the accidents that you hear of happen because the people are careless, or because they get frightened, and don't know what they are about? I'm not going to be careless and I'm not going to get frightened. And mother, even if anything very bad did happen to me, I should be doing my duty, shouldn't I? You wouldn't have a great fellow like me staying around here idle for fear of getting into danger, would you?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," said his mother, remembering what a bad thing idleness is for anybody, and how surely it leads boys, as well as men, into mischief

So the next day Dick was at his post in the factory. I cannot tell what sort of a factory it was, nor exactly what he had to do there. Nobody ever told me that part of it. All I know is that he spent the days among the great, whirring machinery, and that he did his work steadily and well, in spite of noise, and confusion, and dust, and fatigue, and danger

By the time he had been there for a month or two, he had forgotten all about the danger, and even his mother began to think that he was as safe there as in his own house.

That is always the way when you are used to things, you know. People who live under the shadow of a volcano forget that the burning lava ever streams down its sides and desolates the country around. Some day it does so, though, and sometimes accidents happen even to the most confident boy.

Was Dick careless that day? I don't know, and neither did he. He thought that he was doing his work as steadily and as carefully as usual; but suddenly he felt something—just a li[illegible]tch at his sleeve; nothing [illegible] to mind if you are playing with your school-mates, but then Dick was not playing with his school-mates. There was no one near enough to give him that twitch, and he knew in an instant what it meant—that the fingers that gripped him were iron fingers, and that the pulse that beat in them was the cruel, merciless pulse of steam.

Most boys would at least have looked around in sudden surprise—would have yielded for a moment to the twitch and then—the horror, and agony, and death. What did Dick do? Quick as a flash the thought came:

"I am caught in the machinery. I can't help that, but I won't be drawn in. I *won't!* I WON'T! I WON'T!"

It was hardly a thought, you know, only a swift, wordless instinct. Then he set his teeth, and clenched his fists, and braced every nerve and muscle to stand like a rock, while the machinery did its work.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his shirt, pulled off him like the husk of an ear of corn.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his merino shirt, and Dick stood rigid and motionless still, with not an atom of clothing from his waist up.

The men around him had not been so quiet as he, you may be sure. There had been shrieks and cries enough when they saw what had happened, but the machinery could not be stopped all in a minute let the engineer try as he would.

It seemed a century to the men though it was only three or four minutes before the great wheels shivered and stood still. Some of the men had covered their eyes, fearing to see—what? Splashes of blood on the floor and walls, and a horrible, mangled mass, tangled and broken in an iron grip.

What did those who dared to look see? Only a curly haired, bright-eyed boy, who looked around at them as quietly and boldly as if nothing at all had happened.

Why Smith," said Dick, looking at the man nearest him, "how pale you are! And Jones is trembling like a leaf, and Brown can hardly stand! Why I'm the best off of you all—if I haven't got many clothes left," he added, as he looked down at himself. "If somebody will lend me a coat, I think I'd better go home and get another shirt.

* * * * *

"So you see, mother," said Dick, "what I told you is true. If a fellow's head is cool, and his nerves steady, there isn't much fear for him. And the good Lord keeps watch in the factories as well as outside.

Now, what I want you to notice about this story is this: It was not Dick's good luck that saved him, but simply his courage and presence of mind. If he had yielded for one instant to the grip of the machinery—if he had hesitated for a moment what to do—that moment would have been his last.

Don't you think that there is a lesson in all this, if you take it the right way?—*Central Christian Advocate.*

IT IS the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts have which we harbor. —*J. W. Teal.*

CONDUCT is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells us what he is.—*F. G. Huntington.*

BUTTONS.

"Button, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons in fact."

"No," put in the closet door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I had a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl, grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"—*St. Nicholas.*

"DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"Jimmy, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle, I watered him; didn't I, Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behavior. Still there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavorably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavor had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you, Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion and rode on without further comment.

"This map of North America is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother he added, "didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy;" he began, "what does this mean? To every question that I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own word be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

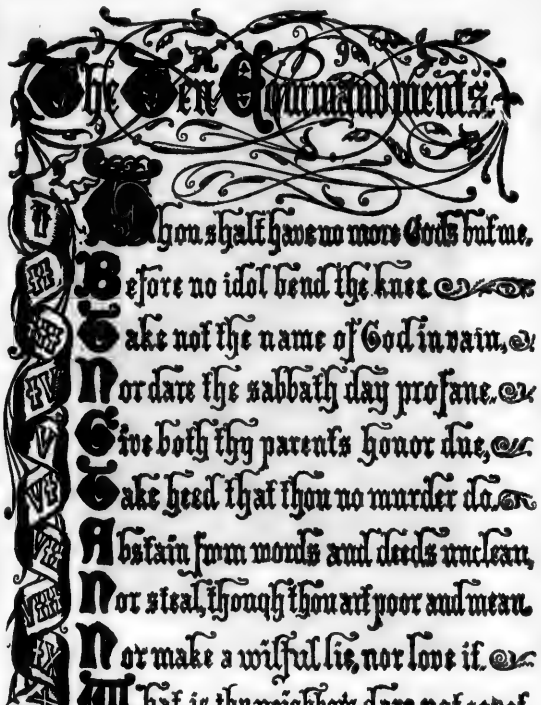
"Not always," he murmured, looking down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

"No, uncle; I'm going to try to speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the season with his nephews, and before he left he had the pleasure of hearing the people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says lately, 'didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children?—*Little Sower.*



MAKING A QUEEN.

Bees do not usually want more than one queen. In fact, they will not have more than one unless the swarm has grown so large as to crowd the hive and they are going to found a colony, or "swarm," as it is called; in which case each family will need a sovereign. As soon as it is clear to the wiseacres that it will be necessary to send off a swarm, the bees go to work to make a queen. A worker maggot, or if there happens to be none in the hive, a worker egg, is selected near the edge of the comb. Two cells next door to the one in which this maggot is are cleared out, and the dividing walls are cut down, so that three ordinary cells are turned into one. The food which the worker worm has been feeding on is removed, and the little creature is supplied with a new kind of food,—a royal jelly Change of food, a larger room, and a different position,—the queen's cell hangs down instead of being horizontal,—these three changes of treatment turn the bee that is developing from a worker into a queen. She is different in her outer shape, different in almost all her organs, and different in every single instinct. There is nothing else in all nature that seems to me more wonderful than this.

For fear that one queen may not come out all right the provident little creatures usually start two or three queen-cells at once. It is curious to watch the first queen as she comes out. She moves up and down the combs looking for other queen-cells, and if she finds one, she falls upon it in the greatest excitement, and stings her rival to death. Sometimes, by accident, two new queens come out at the same time; then it is wonderful to see the bees. They clear a space and bring the two rival queens together, and stand back to watch the fight. And it is a royal fight indeed; a fight to the death, for they never give up till one or the other is fatally stung. The victor is then accepted as sovereign.—*St. Nicholas.*

A CHARACTERISTIC OF SELF-MADE MEN.

What they do, they do thoroughly. Many people know everything, and yet know nothing; they read on all subjects, but master no subject.

Robert Hall was once asked whether he thought Dr. Rippis a clever man? He replied that "probably he was, naturally, but he had laid so many books on his brains that they could not move."

Self-made men have read but few books, but how thoroughly they have mastered those few! Better one rood of land you can hold for your own for ever than acres held in uncertain occupation. One thing at a time, and do it well—yea, as well as you can.

"Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? You are a rich man, it is true, but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?"

"Well," said Mr Gray, "didn't I drum well, eh? didn't I drum well?"

The men who have risen from the ranks have all done their drumming well.—*Smiles.*

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.

CHAPTER I.

DAVIE.

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus—
You can say He died for all."

The prison gates swung slowly back, and the constable who held the keys lifted up his lantern for a moment amid the fog.

"Thick, ain't it, little chap?" said he, as a child stepped forth from the gaol; "which way are you going—into the town?"

"No, sir," was the answer, half-frightened, half defiant, as Davie shrank back from the portly officer.

"You won't make much of the country roads in this here mist, my lad; you'll get dropping into some ditch, as sure as my name's John Gregson. Haven't you got nobody a-waiting for you outside? That's a pity! well, get back into Mereham, but take my advice and keep clear of the Jarvis lot, or you'll be lodging here again," and then the bull's-eye disappeared, the door was double-locked, and Dave found himself alone, outside the gates, in the midst of a dense December fog.

Very cold and hungry was little Dave, for his breakfast had been a spare one, and the rags he was wearing again after three weeks' prison uniform, were no protection against the damp, chilly mist; but it was almost a relief to him that the day of his release was not bright and fine. He slunk along close to the high, dark wall, feeling that the fog seemed somehow to agree with his own condition—which was truly about as miserable a one as a boy could know.

Three weeks ago, "Red Dave" (as they called him) was selling matches, sweeping crossings, holding horses, and fetching beer for the shoeblacks and stall-keepers in Mereham Market and High street; now the prison scissors have cropped the red tangled curls, and Dave feels that his shaven head must betray to all that he is a "gaol-bird" let loose—something worse than the street-boy who slept in arches and barrows, and even in unused sewer-pipes! He understood, as he crept along, that the fog was deeper than ever now—deeper even than on that night so long ago, when they carried him, a little frightened child, from his workhouse crib, to "kiss mother good-bye."

He was not a prison-boy then; he had not stood in the dock, nor slept in the cell!

How could he now return to town? All the people in the market knew he had been taken up. The shoeblacks in the High Street had seen him marched along, the policeman's hand above his elbow.

And Jarvis—Jarvis was free!

As Dave remembered him, he burst out in the darkness into oaths and curses; all the wild passion of his nature vented itself in the dreadful words he had heard from the lips of drunkards and profane men in the prison.

"If I had him here in the fog, by this wall, I'd kill him; whenever I get a chance, I'll kill him."

The strong brown fists were mercilessly clenched, the blue eyes flashed like a furious beast's; Jarvis, with his greater strength of six more years of Arab life, must have suffered sorely had he crossed the boy's path then.

It was only an everyday story, though a tragedy to "Red Dave."

"HALLOO, YOUNGSTER! LOST YOUR WAY, EH!

One evening, when Dave sat supperless in the market, within the warmth of a hot potato stall, Jarvis came sauntering in, and offered to treat him to the play, Now little Dave had never seen a play, and felt too cold and hungry to care to turn out in the street, so as Jarvis jingled the change in his pocket, the boy said eagerly he'd rather have "one of them there 'taters."

Jarvis treated him to a couple on the spot, ordering the man to "pepper 'em well," and then sat down beside Dave, whilst the supper was hastily devoured. All the time he was eating, Dave noticed with wonder and respect his companion's brilliant scarf-pin and spotted tie, and shining boots; likewise the fascinating picture on the first page of the paper he was carrying. How Jarvis must have prospered since the days when he, too, ran bare-footed in the market, helping the farm-men to unload in the chill of the early morning, for the sake of a copper or a bunch of raw turnips!

Very condescending was Ben Jarvis that night; he read Dave portions of the histories of celebrated robbers and highwaymen, and showed the excited child all the fascinating pictures that illustrated their wealth and daring, but omitted to show the end of their career, which was ruin and disgrace, and the death of a criminal.

A second invitation found Dave quite ready for the novel attractions of the "penny gaff"; there Jarvis mixed with a number of boys about fifteen and sixteen, who were indulging freely in beer. They offered some to Dave, but he had tasted it before, and it had made his head so bad that the very sight of it seemed to bring back the sick pain again, and he would not touch it. The lights and the singing seemed, however, half to intoxicate him; he began to roar out the choruses so loudly that the crowd turned to "chaff" him, and when Jarvis launched into a fight with another lad, Dave distributed blows on his behalf right and left. There was a call for order from the stage, and a policeman appeared on the scene. Jarvis and his foe became invisible, but Dave stood full in view, his angry face flushed and bleeding, his ragged sleeves turned up.

The constable bade him "be off out of this," and kept him in memory for any future occasion, as a patron of that "gaff," which was well known as a resort of young pick-pockets and burglars.

Jarvis continued to patronize Dave, who became exceedingly proud of the notice of such a young "swell."

One day Jarvis called for him in the market, saying that a great crowd was collecting in the High Street to see some of the Royal Family pass by. Dave had very exalted notions of the Royal Family, and with a vision of crowns and sceptres before his mind, he only waited to don an old pair of hobnailed boots in honor of such grandeur, and rushed out to join the throng.

The High Street was crowded; people pushed and jostled one another, and Davie found he could scarcely see anything at all, for the people's heads towered far above him. Impatiently he turned and twisted about to get a good place ere the carriages approached, till the surrounding spectators bade him angrily be still, and he turned to Jarvis with the exclamation, "'Tain't no good staying here! I mean to climb a lamp-post."

Just then a gentleman seized hold of his arm, shaking him indignantly.

"Where is my purse, you young thief? Stop him! Stop thief!"

For Davie, frightened and bewildered, made a movement to escape.

A dozen hands caught hold of him at once, and a woman's voice shrieked out, "Police! Police!" In another instant a member of the police force had Dave down on the pavement turning out his solitary pocket. Within they found a rotten apple, a dirty string, and—a leather purse!

"I didn't take it—I didn't, sir," protested Dave; but the gentleman said sternly, "It is useless for you to tell falsehoods now; the purse was found upon you;" then, as he opened it, he discovered that it was empty.

"Search him again, policeman," said he; "my money is gone; there were four sovereigns and some shillings."

The policeman shook out his jacket again.

"I know the boy," he said; "he belongs to a bad lot—he is in with young Jarvis, who gives us the slip like an eel. This chap must have collared the money, and passed it on to one of his pals."

"I saw him shifting and wheedling about, a-slipping from side to side just now," said the shrill female voice that had called for a constable. "He tried to make off just as the gentleman missed his purse," said another.

"I hain't done nothing," sai

Dave, looking half blindly from the one to the other, wondering why Jarvis was not there to help him, yet with a sudden sickening revulsion of certainty that Jarvis had used him as a tool for the theft.

"Will you charge him, sir?" asked the constable.

"Certainly; it will be a warning to him," answered the gentleman; and after a moment's violent resistance on the part of Dave, the three proceeded together to the police-station, followed by a small crowd of juveniles.

The magistrate was sitting in court, and the evidence was laid before him, added to which Davie was charged with severely assaulting the policeman, whom, in trying to escape, he had kicked with his hobnailed boots.

Sentence was passed upon him for the theft and assault—three weeks in all; and the red head disappeared from the dock, and Dave was a prison-boy.

He went down to the gaol in the van, feeling as though he "didn't care now what became of him—not he;" and he came out three weeks later a desolate child, into the shrouding fog.

Chapter II.

SUNNYSIDE.

Cold and hungry and friendless, Davie wandered on to a pretty village on the outskirts of Mereham; many an artist loved to linger at Bankside, on account of its beautiful river scenery, and others stayed there in fine weather for the sake of boating and fishing.

The fog was clearing now, and Davie could see the shining river spanned by an ornamental bridge, and the handsome villas with their spreading lawns and conservatories full of rare choice flowers.

"How fine it must be to be rich!" thought Davie, gazing at the gleam of the firelight upon crimson curtains and plate-glass windows; "there's food to be had in there—they don't know what it is to be all over cuts and chilblains, and not a bit of bread a-lying about anywhere to be picked up, that I can see."

Slowly and hesitatingly (for Davie was thoroughly frightened of all this grandeur) he entered the opened gate of one of the finest of the mansions, intending to make his way to the kitchen entrance, and beg for a little food. But the approach to "Sunnyside" was rather perplexing, and he found himself instead before the deep bay window of a large, comfortable room, into which he could look quite plainly from the gravel path outside.

Something like envy filled the heart of the little outcast as he gazed upon a boy, attired in warm black velvet, who lay upon a couch, comfortably wrapped in a handsome skin rug. This child of luxury seemed about his own age, but oh! what a difference there was between them!

"He's had dinner, I reckon," thought Davie, miserably; "maybe plum duff, and gravy 'taters. There ain't no shivering for him, neither. Ain't he just snug, and ain't he a-laughing jolly like with them there kittens, and don't that 'ere lady seem fond of him just?"

A gentle-faced lady, who had been sitting in the arm-chair by the fire reading aloud to the little boy, here rose and settled his sofa pillows for him more comfortably.

"Guess it's good to have a mother," thought poor Davie, turning gloomily away; he did not know that in one respect he and Wilfrid Joyce were alike, for they were both motherless; but Dr. Joyce's sister in Wilfred's case, tried hard to supply the place of a mother to her little nephew.

"Hallo, youngster! lost your way, eh? You mustn't come tramping about the front garden."

The speaker was a good-natured man in coachman's livery; in Davie's eyes he was very imposing, and the frightened boy faltered out, that he was very hungry.

"Well, you won't get food, staring at mistress and young Master Willie; come round here to the kitchen, and I'll warrant cook can find you some broth."

Davie opened eyes, ears, and mouth; it was good fortune enough to be addressed so kindly, but to be promised broth, and actually to detect a warm savory smell as he neared the cook's domains!

But, unfortunately, just at that moment a side gate opened, and in walked a gentleman, at sight of whom Davie would have taken to his heels and fled, but that fright seemed to chain him to the spot.

"How often shall I have to order tramps away from the stable-yard?" he asked sternly; and then, seeing Davie's face, he exclaimed, "Why, this is the young thief who stole my purse last month—the daring rascal to come prowling about my house! I'll take care you lay hands on nothing here, you good-for-nothing fellow! Be off, or I will send for a policeman."

"Please, sir," pleaded Griffiths, with the privilege of an old servant, "he's such a little chap, and mistress said as how the broth was to be given away at the door this bitter weather."

But Davie was already out of the front gate, and a long way down the road, and Dr. Joyce passed in to toast himself at the fire, and take an hour's rest before tea with his idolized child, Wilfred.

Mrs. Joyce had died when her little boy was born; she was a sweet Christian woman, and though she could scarcely get sufficient breath to speak, yet when they laid her little one beside her, she touched the tiny babe, saying faintly, "Thine own, dear Lord."

Her last words were thus a prayer that her little Wilfred might belong to God; as yet it seemed as though her dying prayer had been unheard, for though little Will heard plenty of fairy-tales, and wonderful adventures of heroes real and unreal, no one had ever told him the sweetest story of all—how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. And yet he was nine years old, and could read quite well.

You will wonder still more when I tell you that it was by his father's orders that the subject of religion was kept as an avoided one in Wilfred's presence; Dr. Joyce said that he himself did not believe in God, and he would not have a lot of nonsense put into the boy's head.

Miss Joyce, a kind, gentle lady, who prayed in secret that the Lord would move her brother's heart to let her teach little Will of the Saviour, took good care of the child, who was by nature sweet-tempered and obedient; but often and often when the poor little fellow was in pain with the croup and asthma that so sadly afflicted him, she longed to hear his little voice falter a prayer to the loving heart of Him who pities His little ones in their pain and trouble.

But her brother, to all save Wilfred, was a hard stern man, and Miss Joyce was frightened that if she disobeyed him, he would remove her from the care of her dearly-beloved nephew. How often she thought of the times when the doctor and his sweet wife went to the house of God together, and when morning and evening the doctor used to open the Bible, and read aloud from it, and then offer prayer to God.

But since his wife's death he had seemed completely changed. He had loved her passionately, and none but himself and the Lord knew how hard he had prayed that her life might be spared. But God, in His wisdom and mercy, saw it fit to call her to himself, and from that time the doctor seemed utterly turned against religion.

I wonder what you would think of a child who turned against his mother, and would have nothing to do with her, because she had denied him something he was determined to have? You would call such a child foolish and wicked; could he not trust his mother's love to choose and decide for him?

But Dr. Joyce was acting just in this way; first of all he said, "God is cruel," and then, like the fool mentioned in the Bible, "There is no God," and then, as if to revenge himself against the Lord of Hosts, he decided to turn religion out of his house entirely.

But the dear mother's prayer had gone up to heaven with her dying breath, and the Lord in whom she trusted had not forgotten little Will.

In envying the young master of those pretty white kittens, Davie had only judged from appearances; he did not hear the hacking cough, he did not know how many months little Will had lain upon that couch day by day, and how hard the father strove to persuade himself and others that the child was not growing weaker, and wearing away before their eyes.

He looked up gladly as his father came in, with the loving smile and dark blue eyes of his lost mother.

"Papa! we've got snow-cake for tea, and we had chicken for dinner, only I couldn't eat much because auntie gave me such a big cup of beef-tea at lunch."

Did some thought of the hungry face of the little tramp cross the doctor's mind? If it did he dismissed it with the remembrance of Davie's guilt as a thief.

"And have you been busy, papa dear? Have you been to any little boys who cough as bad as me?"

"Oh, what grammar!" cried his aunt, playfully; then she added, "But you have not coughed quite so much to-day, darling."

"Of course not," said Dr. Joyce, drawing the little golden head tenderly to his shoulder. "I believe that medicine will fatten him up out of all knowledge. This dull weather is against the strongest constitution; when the roses come you'll be quite well, my boy."

"But I have never been quite well, you know, papa; somehow I never seem to have played about like other boys."

"Oh, your chest has been a little weak," said the doctor, hastily, "but you will grow out of it; it is nothing at all. You've got that wool next to the skin?"

"Oh yes, papa; auntie takes care of that; but, papa dear, I've been thinking—suppose I don't get better, papa. Cook had a little nephew who had the croup, and he died."

"Cook is a gossiping idiot," said the doctor angrily; then he added, touching the little frail hand to his lips, "There's no fear for you, my boy; cook's nephew very likely had neither doctor nor nursing. I think we are able to insure your life for a good many years to come."

"Oh, I do hope so, papa; I don't want to die. Fancy going away from you and auntie, and everything nice and being put in the cold, dark ground."

"The flowers don't mind the cold dark ground," said his aunt, in a trembling voice.

"No, auntie; but they come up out of it, and look beautiful; I shall have to lie there for ever and ever and ever—shan't I papa? Oh, it does frighten me so."

(To be continued.)

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER II. — *Continued.*

For answer, his father lifted him gently on to his knee, and put his strong arms around him, as though to defy even the thought of Death to touch his precious boy; and when the tea-things came in, Willie woke up from a cosy nap, lively and smiling; but his smiles could not banish from his father's mind the thought that, for the first time in his life the child had appealed to him for help in vain. Willie had turned to him, hoping his clever father would relieve him from the fear of lying for ever underground; but what could his father tell him, since he had determined the child should never hear of Him who says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"?

CHAPTER III.

"OUR FATHER!"

Intense hunger often prevents sleep, and though Davie felt tired and faint, he was still wide awake that evening when he crept away from an approaching policeman to rest within one of the recesses made by the seats upon the bridge. Away in the distance he saw everywhere the lighted windows of homes, but he—like the King of earth and heaven—"had not where to lay his head." It was cold and damp, curled up on the stone seat above the river, and some might even have preferred the warm, safe prison cell; but to the street boy liberty was next to life. He was free—free to look up at the golden stars, and wonder vaguely concerning their calm, sacred beauty; free to look down at the flowing waters, and think of a boy he had seen drawn up out of the river drowned.

"Anyways he ain't hungry," thought Davie; "I mind he were often short of cash like me, before he got drownded; wonder what's come of him now!"

The next moment he was conscious of a faltering step beside him, and the starlight showed him dimly the bent figure of an aged woman, with a little basket on her arm. He saw she was poor and feeble, so he felt there was no need for him to make his escape.

"Why, my lad!" said a weak, quavering voice, "ain't this a blessing that we've got into this cosy place out of the rain? It's just beginning to come down, but we shan't feel it much if we creep under that there shelter."

"The bobby will be by," said Davie. "I 'spects I can give him the slip, but he'll see you, and he'll turn you out, sure enough."

"He's turned his light on here a while ago," said the woman.

"I don't think he'll look right in again, and if it rains hard, he'll turn into the cabmen's shelter at the top; I hope he'll let me alone just this one night."

"They'll take you in at the Union," suggested Davie, "if you hain't got no tin."

"Why ain't you there, child?" she asked.

"Oh, I couldn't—I wants to feel free."

"And so do I, lad; I've lived off the parish, and I hoped to die off the parish, but our Father—He knows better nor I do. Maybe I've got stuck-up of late, for I'm over seventy, and I've earned my living, and nursed my good man till he went to glory; and what with charing and needle-work and washing, I never wanted no parish relief; but I've got the rheumatiz this three month, and I couldn't do no work nor pay the rent, and I'm two month behind, so the landlord he sold me out to-day, and told me to go to the Union."

OLD BETTY AND DAVIE ON THE BRIDGE.

"What a shame!" cried Davie "I'd like to shoot the old fellow."

"Ye mustn't talk like that, child; I ought not to have been behind with my rent, but this poor hand got terrible bad a while ago."

"Won't it get worse if you stay here? the rain is getting in to us now."

"It don't feel over bad to-night; I feel somehow stiff and chilly, but I'm not in pain, thank the Lord!"

"Well, I'm glad you're come," said Davie. "I likes company, and I'm that hungry I can't sleep."

"Well now, that's queer. I've got half a loaf as a neighbor give me—poor dear! she wanted it bad enough herself—and I can't get no appetite to eat a morsel. So here it is, dearie, and do you eat every bit of it; dear now! where's your mother, to leave you alone, and you such a little wee boy?"

"Haven't got no mother," said Davie, snatching at the food, "and I ain't little; I'm bigger than I look in the dark. But I say, you'll be hungry maybe to-morrow, and then you'll want this."

"No, lad; it ain't no good keeping up my pride—the Lord knows better nor I do, and since He sends me there, I'll go there; He'll come along of me I know. I'm a-going to apply there in the morning, only I just wanted one night more to feel free like afore I goes to the —— Workhouse. I likes being out here better than being shut up there, so I says to myself, 'Betty, you shall say one more prayer out of the Union, and then you goes in to-morrow!' 'I'd a-hoped to have died out of the House, but sure and I ain't no call to be discontented and to grumble—it's nothing to what the Lord went through.'"

"Who's the Lord? do you mean the Lord Mayor?" asked Davie, with his mouth dangerously full.

"Why, laddie! our Lord—our Lord Jesus."

"He ain't our Lord," said Davie, "I ain't heard nothink on Him."

"Not heard of Jesus! why, there's nobody loves you like Jesus does, laddie."

"Nobody loves me at all," said Davie, "nor I don't want them to; Jarvis pretended to care a lot for me, and he got me in gaol. Reckon you wouldn't sit so close to me, if you'd a-known I'm out of gaol to-day."

"I don't know about Jarvis," said Betty; "but whether you've been in gaol or not, I know the Lord does love you. Why, He used to touch the lepers—poor creatures nobody wouldn't have about them, and who had to get out of the way of everybody."

"Just like me," said Davie, "Guess He wouldn't touch me though; I'm horrid dirty, but I means to wash in the morning."

"You don't know my Lord Jesus, you don't know nothing of Him if you think He wouldn't touch you; why, boy, we touch Him when we pray to him."

"Pray—what's that?"

"Talking to Jesus; He likes us to tell Him all we feels, and all we wants."

"All we wants? my eye!" cried Davie, "I wants something more to eat, and a new suit, and kittens, and lots. Where does He live? Guess if I go to Him, some one will drive me off."

"No, nobody can," said the old woman, "there ain't nobody can drive us off from God."

"God! is it Him as you means?—I can't get to Him."

"Yes you can, and He will hear you and help you."

"Tell me how." The boy crept close up to her, his face upturned to hers in the darkness

"I can't tell you much, laddie; I'm only old Betty, and don't know nothink. But God did teach us one prayer, and I knows that right enough. You say it after me—say it quick, 'cause something queer's come to my tongue, and I feels a bit sleepy. Our Father."

"Our Father," said Davie, in wondering, hushed tones

"Our Father," came again more feebly from old Betty, and again the boy spoke it after her But she did not speak again, only leant back against the wall, and her basket rolled from her hand.

"She's gone to sleep, sure enough," said Davie. "Guess I'd like to tell Him all I wants. But it don't matter about me; I'm used to sleeping out of doors; but she's too old for it;" and then his face looked up to the sky where the dark cloud hid the stars, and Davie uttered his first prayer—"Our Father, can't you find a place for old Betty to-night?"

He dropped fast asleep by her side, so sound asleep that he was not conscious when in the gray dawn of morning a policeman flashed his lantern into the recess, and found a little ragged boy asleep on the seat, wrapped round in Betty's shawl. But the old woman slept more deeply still, for though she had been turned from her earthly home, One whom she loved had drawn nigh unto her in the darkness, and lifted her away to our Father's house, "where the many mansions be"

(To be continued.)

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.

DR. MEADOWS.

"Davie, I want you to go up to Sunnyside this morning, with this new medicine for Master Wilfred. His father has consented to try it at last, but he ought to take it before dinner, so make hazte."

"Yes, sir; I've left all the medicine you put out in the surgery."

"That's a good boy; and I find you mixed those powders as well as I could have done them myself. I shall make a doctor of you yet."

"You'd make anything of anybody," said Davie, with something like a sob in his voice; "there ain't not a boy in the market-place would know me now."

"No, you don't look much like the little chap I found lying asleep under the glare of the policeman's bull's-eye."

"He were a-going to take me to the work'us, weren't he?"

"Yes, but I told him that I could get you into the Royal Home, so he gave you up to me, but the Home was full, and I could not turn you adrift, so I had to trust you as my errand-boy, and I shall trust you no longer unless you hurry now to Sunnyside."

Davie rushed off with the bottle; he loved going to Sunnyside, for little Wilfred was quite a hero to him, and the strong, healthy boy was no less a wonder in the eyes of poor Wilfred.

When Dr. Joyce's partner, Dr. Meadows, brought the outcast into the surgery at Mereham, and told how he had found him asleep beside a dead woman on the bridge, Dr. Joyce at once declared he was a gaol-bird, and said he should not be employed in that surgery.

But Dr. Meadows had taken a fancy to the little red-haired fellow, which was not at all surprising, since he always did take a fancy to anything or anybody helpless, and he declared he meant to befriend the lad.

"Since we share the surgery," said he, "let him do his work at my end, and you can get another lad to carry out your prescriptions."

Davie, however, had been at his post more than a year, and both partners knew him now as a sharp, trustworthy boy; Doctor Joyce had ceased to treat him slightingly, and though always stern, he sometimes praised his quickness and ability.

But Dr. and Mrs. Meadows—he said it was his wife, and his wife said it must be the baby—between them had done a Christ-like work towards the little outcast Who would have recognised in their smart, bright-faced "buttons" the little gaol-bird who looked to the darkened sky and said, "Our Father!"

Doctor Meadows believed in Davie's innocence of the theft, and Davie knew he believed it. This was the first source of the great influence he possessed with the child; in Davie's eyes, Doctor Meadows was nearly perfect. He it was who clothed, fed, and housed him when the managers of the Boys' Home found their rooms so crowded that they were compelled to refuse another inmate; he it was who conquered Davie's fear of Dr. Joyce, and who taught the lad to read, write, and work sums for an hour every evening; he it was above all who gave Davie a place in his Sunday-school class, and by word and example led him to the Saviour who had shown him the evil of he past, and taken all Davie's poor little heart for His own for ever and ever.

"AND NOW THE HYMN, DAVIE DEAR."

When the boy reached Sunnyside, he was told that Wilfred was so ill as to be in bed, and he was turning sadly away, when the doctor called him saying, "Willie likes to chat with you; go up and have dinner with him; I'll tel Meadows I kept you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the boy in great delight.

"But mind, not one word of church talk; I hear you've been putting all sorts of notions into my lad's head, about things that will frighten him to death."

"No, indeed, sir; I wouldn't frighten him for all the world. I only told him as how Jesus wouldn't never let us keep in the coffin if we trust in Him. Doctor Meadows says we go to heaven; and Master Willie was so feared of the coffin."

"No talk of coffins here, and no talk of Jesus," said the doctor, striking his fist on the table, and making Davie shake in his shoes. "I don't believe in Him, and I don't choose to have religion brought into my house. You must not go near my lad unless you promise to avoid the subject altogether."

"Not talk of Jesus, sir!" cried Davie, blankly.

"Not a word."

"But, please, sir, I must; I loves Him best of all."

"See here, Davie—the boy frets after you—it's only a little thing I ask. And if you please me in this, I'll give you half a crown."

Now Davie had tried long to purchase a pair of tiny blue shoes for Dr. Meadows' baby girl, but was yet some distance short of the price; the money therefore seemed a temptation at first, but only for a moment.

"Please, sir, — it's no good promising—I couldn't help talking about Jesus. And Master Wilfred—I does love him, too—suppose he was to get lost, and me know it was for the want of me telling him?"

"You telling him! you teach a gentleman's son!"

"I know he's a gentleman, sir, but nobody hain't told him about Jesus."

"You are an impudent fellow; get out of the house."

"Please, sir," said the frightened voice, "I didn't go for to be imp'dent, please, sir."

Away down the garden he went, but ere he reached the gate, the doctor's voice came after him. "Here, you young chatterbox, go and keep my lad company, while I see my patients, and don't let him push off the bed-clothes."

A happy boy was Davie when Wilfred's little white hands lay in his own after dinner, and the child learnt from him some of the texts that the doctor had taught him at the Sunday-school.

Willie never talked now of getting well; he understood better than any one else did that he would soon leave his dear home of Sunnyside; but now that he had heard of the Friend "beyond all others," his little voice framed many a secret prayer to the Lord who was able to take care of him all along the dark valley.

"And now the hymn, Davie dear," said he; "I showed father the hymn-book you gave me, and all he said was, 'Don't sing too much—it will hurt your chest!' But what do you think? Mother had a Bible, like yours, for auntie has been keeping it all this time; I heard her talking about it to papa, and he says I may have any book of hers I like, so I'll have a Bible of my own.

"And you can read so beautiful, Master Willie! I wish I could read like you."

"Oh, you can do lots more than I can, but I'll be strong when I go to Jesus, won't I Davie? Now do sing to me once before you go;" and the doctor, opening the door of his consulting-room, heard two boyish voices, one strong and clear, and the other, oh, how feeble! blended in the low sweet hymn—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

* * * * * *

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood."

CHAPTER V.

GOING HOME.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring; the river danced in the sunlight, the trees were budding into sweet, fresh green, and the sky was of a deep cloudless blue.

By the river-bank went Davie, whistling for gladness of heart; good Dr. Meadows sent him every day now, when his morning work was done, to the Board School at Bankside, and though at present in a very low class, the master said that if he continued to work as well as he was doing at present, he should soon be quite proud of him as a pupil. The Board School was not very far from Sunnyside; Willie could hear the boys shouting in the play-ground, and the voice of the master who drilled them He lay listening to the sounds of life and health very patiently on his bed; this mild, fair weather had made no change in little Willie's health.

Every one—save Dr. Joyce—could see that the darling of the house was "wearing away to the land of the leal"; but the doctor himself either could not or would not admit that Wilfred was worse. He sent for an eminent physician from London, besides getting Dr. Meadows every day to see the boy, for, skilled doctor though he was, he would not trust his own ability alone for his son. Dr. Meadows had long since told him very gently that lung disease had set in hopelessly, and all the physician said was, "While there is life, there is hope." But Dr. Joyce called them a pair of croakers, and bade his sister keep up Willie's strength with jelly and beef-tea and new-laid eggs; she noticed, however, that he hung about the boy with a very anxious face, and he would suffer none but himself to undertake the night-nursing of the little invalid.

As the school was so near, Davie often called to ask after Willie, who never failed to invite him to stay to tea; he liked to hear of the boys' classes and games, but oh! how much more eagerly did the dying boy drink in the sound of the "Name to sinners dear."

This afternoon Miss Joyce was watching at the garden gate for him. "Doctor Joyce is in Mereham," she said, speaking in an agitated voice; "do find him for us, Davie. He went to some patient who has had an operation in the workhouse infirmary, but he may have gone elsewhere now. Run, Davie—Willie is so ill."

The whistling stopped, and tears filled Davie's eyes, as he rushed forward as though possessed of wings; he loved Willie so dearly that he had often felt as though he would like to bear his weary pain so as to give him ease.

The infirmary was at the other end of Mereham, and to Davie's relief, the doctor's carriage was standing at the door.

"I must not frighten him," he thought, trying to frame his message gently; but just then the doctor came out, and seeing the breathless boy, his face went ghastly white.

"Willie!" was all he could say; and Davie nodded, for the doctor's agitation frightened him out of speech.

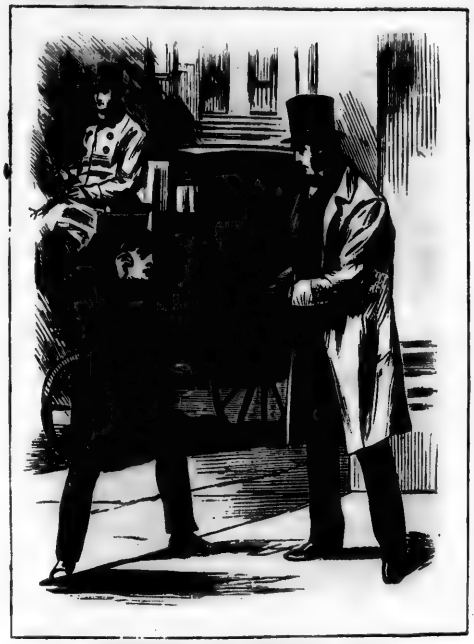
The doctor tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it.

"Dr. Meadows is in there," said he; "give this to him; when he is done with the young man, he must come at once."

The carriage rolled away, and Davie asking for Dr. Meadows was shown into a large ward, where the doctor stood beside the bed of a youth, whose leg was to have been removed, but the doctors had found to-day that there was hope of saving it.

"He ain't of much account," said one of the male nurses in a whisper to Davie, whom he knew well by this time: "hurt himself in breaking into a house; he ought to be in the prison infirmary by rights, but it was an old lady's house, and she wouldn't prosecute him 'cause of his leg being wounded."

Davie gave the note to Dr. Meadows, and turned towards the patient. Their eyes met. Jarvis did not recognize the doctor's page, but Davie knew him directly. Davie had prayed for this; ever since he had learnt to love Jesus, he had prayed for Jarvis, as the one who had "despitefully" used him, and he longed to do good to the evil associates of the life from which he had been rescued. Many a little wanderer had Davie brought within the influence of the ragged-school and Sunday-school, but he had never been able to see Ben Jarvis, though he had even sought for him once in the "penny gaff."



DAVIE ACCOSTING DR. JOYCE.

"Doctor," said he, "it's Jarvis."

"Eh, what? he gave his name as Jones."

"Well, it is Jarvis," whispered Davie, "and he don't know me."

"You can remain here with him awhile if you like; I don't want him to sleep just yet, for his wounds are to be dressed when Mr. Drew comes round. I must go up to Sunnyside; don't you come there, for Willie will want to see you, and he ought to keep quiet."

The doctor moved away, and Davie sat down quietly by the bed.

"I say, young buttons!" cried Jarvis, peevishly, "you're a nice nurse; I'd knock down ten of you, but for this leg."

"Does it hurt you very much, Jarvis?"

"Why! its 'Red Dave,' I declare; to think of seeing 'Carrots' in buttons; your master don't know as how you was in the lock-up, do he?"

"Yes, he does, Jarvis; I'm Dr. Meadows' boy, and he knows all about it!"

"Blessed if he does! you don't know all about it!"

"I think I do, Jarvis; but won't you have a drink of this milk?"

Jarvis drank it feverishly. "Something queer has come over you, Davie; I suppose you're too grand to go to the 'penny gaff' now?"

"Grand, Jarvis! Fancy calling me grand! No; but, Jarvis I never go there. I've signed a paper never to touch strong drink, and that's about all they does there. But I did go once—I wanted to find you out."

"Look here," said Jarvis, suddenly, "if it will make you squarer with your master, you can tell him as how I knows you never took that purse. I slipped it into your jacket, Dave; but I didn't feel like being locked up. They've caught me twice since then, though, and if that old girl hadn't begged me off, I'd have been in prison now. Ain't she a brick, Dave? Blessed if she didn't send me some sponge cakes and oranges yesterday. The folks say as how she comes and reads to them here once a week."

"Oh yes, I know her, it's Mrs. Bryant, a great friend of my mistress. I'm so glad, dear Jarvis, and oh! so glad you confessed about the purse. I knew you must have done it, and I have asked Jesus to forgive you."

"Don't you feel like punching my head, though?"

"No, Jarvis; but do ask Jesus to forgive you."

"What's the good? It ain't only that—I've done a sight of bad things; it's only one like you as could forgive me."

"But, Jarvis, Jarvis, I forgive you because I want to be like Jesus; oh, do try Him! There ain't nobody forgives like Jesus."

"They learnt me about Him when I was a little chap, and lived with grandfather; but when he died I was turned out in the streets, and I've forgot everything, I think. Oh dear! how this leg hurts——"

"Shall I ask Jesus to make it better, Jarvis? There ain't nobody minding us."

"Tain't no use, lad; Jesus'd think it served me well right; the bobbies said so when they picked me up."

"Jesus never says that," said Davie; "it ain't in the Bible nowhere; I believe He pities you all the time, and I'm a-going to tell Him all about it;" and putting his head down beside the pillow of the astonished Jarvis, Davie whispered—"Saviour, our Saviour, save Jarvis, and make Him sorry he has done wrong things, and take this pain away, and show him how Thou dost forgive him, much more than I do—and I forgive him with all my heart—for Thy Name's sake. Please Jarvis, say 'Amen.'"

"Amen," said Jarvis; but nobody didn't listen to you. How could God hear you a-whispering like that?"

"I don't know how He can, but He does," said Davie firmly; "I feels it inside my heart."

Here the dresser came up to attend to Jarvis, who looked at Davie eagerly, and said, "Come and see a chap sometimes won't you?"

"Indeed I will, whenever master can spare me. And I'll tell mistress what ward you are in; she brings the children here sometimes. I wish you could see our baby, little Miss Daisy. Good-bye, Jarvis; I hope your leg will leave off hurting you."

But ere he left the ward he returned, and laid silently on Jarvis' bed his chief treasure—a little Testament that had been found in the basket of the old woman who died on the bridge, and that Dr. Meadows had secured for him, writing the names of the two outcasts together, first "Betty" and then "Davie."

It was very hard to part from it but very sweet to give up something precious for Jesus Christ's sake

* * * *

(To be Continued.)

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER V.

The two doctors stood beside little Willie's bed, as the setting sun sent its last rays of glory into his room.

The child seemed fast asleep; his open Bible lay beside him—the one that had been his mother's; for he had been reading in it ere he broke the blood-vessel which was the fatal sign.

No sound was in the room; Miss Joyce was utterly worn out, and was lying down on the sofa at the foot of the bed, for Dr. Meadows said Willie might continue unconscious for hours. Dr Joyce had given no opinion, but the little hands were clasped tightly within his own.

At last there was a movement, and the father pressed a morsel of refreshing ice between Willie's lips.

He opened his eyes. "Father!" said he, "I can't see — is it night?"

A sob burst from the strong man's lips.

"Don't cry, papa," and the little hands felt for his face, "I'm so safe—Davie told me about Jesus—I'm so glad Jesus has got me tight."

"Don't talk, darling," said Dr. Meadows; "it will make you cough."

"I won't talk much; I want papa Kiss me, papa—kiss me good-night."

"Try to sleep again, Willie," said his aunt.

"Yes, auntie, when I've said my hymn." And then the little fellow turned his face towards the window, though he could see the sunset sky no longer, and said his evening hymn—

> Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
> Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
> Through the darkness be Thou near me,
> Keep me safe till morning light."

* * * *

When Dr. Meadows left the house, his partner had locked himself into that room alone, and Miss Joyce was in the deep sleep of sorrow.

Davie was standing at the gate, watching eagerly for news of Willie.

"I didn't let him hear my voice, sir, I've been waiting outside all the time; is Master Willie any better sir?"

And the doctor said gently, "Yes, Davie; Jesus has taken away all his pain."

CHAPTER VI.

"FATHER!"

Sterner and harder than ever seemed Dr. Joyce during the few days that a little flower-strewn coffin lay at Sunnyside; he scarcely spoke to any one; but his partner was most anxious about him, for he scarcely ate or slept, and Dr, Meadows knew that unless he gave way to his grief his life was in danger.

He did not attend the funeral service—a critical case at some distance demanded his attendance. The good clergyman, however, sought him that evening, where he knew he would surely find him, and pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

Dr. Joyce pointed to the new-made grave.

"For ten years, sir," said he "I have planned and schemed and saved for the future of my only child; and this is the end."

"Nay," said the clergyman, earnestly, "but rather the beginning. The strongest man living has powers less wonderful, the happiest heart on earth is less happy than little Willie now. For when we see our Lord, we shall be like Him, as He is."

Dr. Joyce made no reply; he turned slowly away and went up to his room where one little bed stood empty beside his own.

The next day he lay helpless with brain fever, and for a time hung between life and death; his kind sister nursed him ceaselessly, and even when he regained his senses, he was weak as a little child, and needed constant attendance. They were discussing one day the plan of getting an attendant to help Miss Joyce, when the doctor beckoned his partner to him, saying, "Let Davie look after me."

So Davie came to the sick-room; and trod softly and carefully, and ministered to the doctor's comfort as tenderly as his kind little heart prompted him; though when he saw Willie's bed his chest heaved and he could not speak, which Dr. Joyce noticed though he said nothing.

By this time Davie could spell out a text here and there, and often, when the doctor seemed asleep, he conned over his Sunday lesson, word by word, till it sank into his memory, and into the heart, too, of the listening man.

And one day, when the patient had been left alone, and Davie was bringing in some chicken broth as quietly as a mouse, the boy's heart gave a bound of joy—for he and Willie had prayed for this—the Bible, hers and his, was open in the doctor's hands, and Davie heard him murmur in a broken, faltering voice—

> "Black, I to the fountain fly;
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, Jarvis was steadily making progress towards recovery. Dr. Meadows promised, if he tried to live honestly, to set him up in a good station as shoeblack, for his leg would never be quite well, so he could do no active work.

Jarvis was so full of jokes that nobody could find out whether he really meant to do better or not; but every one could see that he was really fond of Davie, and when the boy could no longer visit him, because of living at Sunnyside, he became very despondent, and declared he was going to die, and should be lost for ever.

In this state of mind he continued a long time; nothing seemed to give him hope, till one day the good Christian lady, who revenged his burglary by visiting his sick-bed, knelt down in the ward, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon that poor dark soul, and, when she arose, Jarvis said, "He loves me, me—ain't it wonderful?"

His kind friends did not lose sight of him again; the doctor got him to attend a night-school, and at last succeeded in getting him to sign the pledge; and now, in all the shoeblack regiment, it would be difficult to find one more civil, honest, and obliging than Ben Jarvis; for he is "on the Lord's side," and the Lord has strengthened him to resist temptation in whatever form it may come to him.

One day when Dr. Joyce was getting better he called Davie to his side, and said, "Davie, I hear you want to become a doctor."

"Yes, sir, please, sir! and I'm a-learning how to make some sort of pills."

"But it will want plenty of money to make you a clever doctor."

"Will it, sir?" and Davie's face grew clouded; "then I can't get to be one, sir; I'd have liked to make folks' pains better, but it don't matter. Perhaps I'll drive a tram."

"But, Davie, do you know I owe you something? I don't mean for attending to me now, or for your work for my child—God bless you for all you did for him—but I hear you were put in prison unjustly, and I must try to make that up to you."

"You do know I'm not a thief now, sir?" said Davie, flushing red.

"Yes, my boy; poor little fellow! I suppose Dr. Meadows has not told you what I want to do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said Davie simply; "he told me you was a-going to get me my next pair of boots."

"Not your next only, but many more pairs, I hope. Since he did not tell you, listen to me. I am very lonely, Davie, and there is none to succeed me in my name or in my profession. Will you come to me as Davie Joyce, and be my son? I will do all for you that I hoped to have done for my angel boy."

Davie opened his eyes, turning redder still.

"I—I can't leave Doctor Meadows," said he; "I likes my room over the stable, and that'ere baby will be wanting me back again now."

"You are frightened I shall keep you by force, I see," said the doctor, with a sad smile; "but, hard as I seem, I will not adopt you against your own will. Remember, though, that instead of service you would get a first-class education, and instead of bread and cheese, plenty of good food, and your room over the stable would be changed for Sunnyside. I have learnt to love you, lad, and I know this is what my Willie would have liked.

"I'd like to please him," said Davie, hesitating; "but I does love Dr. Meadows; please mayn't I talk to him about it?"

Dr. Joyce nodded. "You may go now," said he; "and you may take a week to decide."

But Davie did not need a week to make up his mind. Dr. Meadows saw that money and comfort could not tempt Davie away from his service; but he appealed, and not in vain, to the boy's sense of self-sacrifice.

"I have a wife and children," said he; "Miss Joyce is going to live with her sister, and Dr. Joyce has nobody to love him, and take care of him. It makes me very sad sometimes to see that lonely, broken-hearted look in his eyes; I think this may be the call of Jesus to you, to bless and brighten that desolate life."

Davie had not thought of it in this manner before, and his eyes grew very radiant with a light caught from above.

"For Jesus' sake." This thought entirely altered the case; for a few minutes the little fellow knelt down in his garret above the stable, and asked that the Lord would lead him aright, and then he went to say "good-bye" to the baby.

'But I shall see you many a time," said he; "so don't fret after Davie;" which did not seem at all likely to be the case, since Miss Daisy was quietly intent on the contemplation of her wee pink toes, which had just been bared for Slumberland.

In the calm of the evening, Davie again left Mereham for Sunnyside; the moon glided quietly out from between the clouds, and as he looked up to the silver light, he thought of little Willie safe at home in the painless land.

The gas was not burning in Dr. Joyce's room; he lay in the dark, wondering whether Davie would return to him at the end of the week or no, and thinking, too, of his dear ones whom God had called above.

Just then, when the tears rose to his eyes, and his heart grew sad and heavy, a boy's step sounded up the stairs, a boy's hand touched his own, and a loving voice said earnestly, "I've come to stay with you, father!"

THE END

"THE daily use of beer shortens life from ten to fifteen years."—*Dr. Davis.*

FREDDIE WRAY'S ACCIDENT.

Poor Freddie Wray had no father or mother to care for him, and would have felt very dull and miserable in his little bed if Jack had not given up his play to sit by his side and read to him. Jack was not his brother; he was an orphan like himself, but ever since Fred—then a little half-starved fellow with tattered clothes and bare feet, used to sleeping under archways and getting money to buy food in all sorts of uncertain ways—had been brought to the Children's Home, Jack had helped and stood by him.

In the middle of the reading Mr. Hilton, the superintendant of the Home, came into the room.

"Freddie," he said, "I want you to tell me again, as simply and plainly as you can, how it all happened."

"I was going that errand to Captain Harper's," Fred answered, "and I caught sight of Jim, on the other side of the road, and I was so afraid he'd get away before I could catch him, I ran across directly.

Jim was the one friend Freddie had had all his life before he came to the Home, and he had cried for him many a time, though Jim was a big, rough lad, in whom no one else ever found any good.

"There wasn't a cart or anything near, sir; it must have come round the corner of Granville Street, and it came tremendously fast, and I just knew it was coming and couldn't get out of the way, and there seemed to be such a row all round, and I saw the horse's hoofs, looking more like elephants'; then something gave me a great knock, and there I was, and didn't know no more till I was here. I think he might have seen me, the man in the cart, if he'd looked out; I do, really, sir."

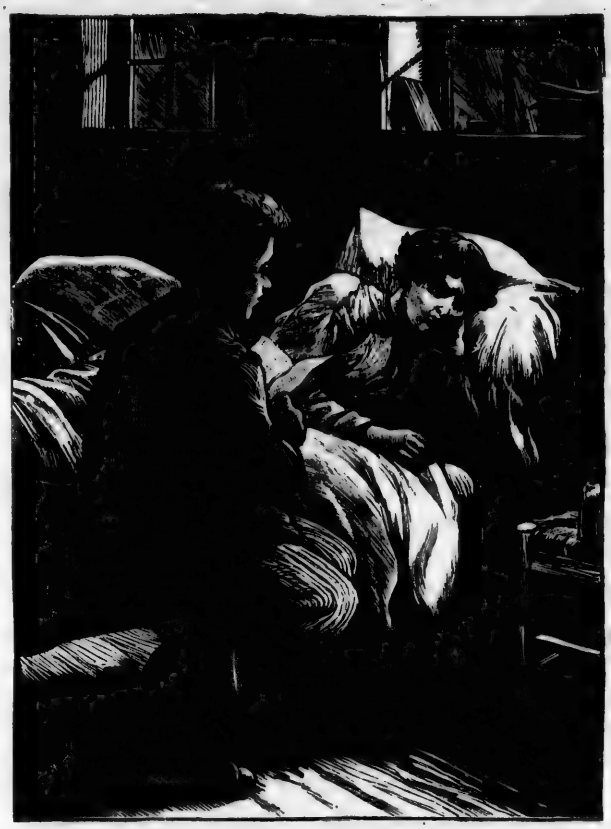
"So some other people say who saw it happen, Fred, but the man had too much to drink and didn't know what he was doing. He will be brought up at the police court to-morrow morning, and be punished, and perhaps lose his situation also. He is very sorry now, especially to have hurt you, because he has a little boy at home just your age, and it might have been that little boy instead of you."

"Jack," said Fred, when Mr. Hilton had gone, "Don't you think it would have been fairer if it had been his own little boy instead of me? He'd have been sorrier then."

"Perhaps his boy wouldn't have been so comfortable as you are here," Jack suggested. "He wouldn't have had Mr. Hilton to go and see him."

But don't you think," began Freddie again, speaking much more slowly this time, "it's very hard, Jack? I wanted to see Jim so much, you can't guess how much. People say he's bad, but he's not really, and if I could see him and talk to him, and tell him how much nicer it was to learn things, and try to be good and all that, I know he'd soon be very good. He was always good to me, Jack, and——"

Freddie was so near crying, he had to leave off talking.



JACK READING TO FREDDIE WRAY.

"I expect it will all come right," Jack said, soothingly. "You'll see Jim some other time. There's that text I was reading when Mr. Hilton came in tells you not to fret—'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.' You ask God to look after Jim and trust him to do it. Perhaps your accident is going to make the man that ran over you leave off drinking."

"But I've been asking for so long, and nothing has happened. I knew just exactly what to say, and he wouldn't mind anybody so much as me. I wouldn't have minded being run over another time if it's to do any good, but I can't think why God didn't let me speak to Jim."

"I suppose if you knew why, that wouldn't be trusting," said Jack. "Perhaps you haven't trusted enough; perhaps you've been—what does that text say?—leaning unto your own understanding."

"I don't know what that means," Fred answered.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it means thinking you knew best how to talk to Jim, when God had some better way."

There was a little silence. Then Jack went on with the reading.

It was a long time before Fred heard of Jim again, and his trust was a good deal tried, but he kept that text Jack had read to him, not only in his memory but in his heart.

One day, however, a young man came to the Home and asked for Freddie Wray, and after a long stare, Fred found that the neat, smiling lad who shook his hand so warmly was actually Jim.

"Rather a difference. Fred, my boy, isn't there?" he said, delighted to see Fred's amazement. I've got a place at Dr. Roberts,' to look after his horses, and perhaps I'll be his coachman some day; but if I am you'll never find me, please God, taking too much drink and running over anybody."

"Why, Jim what do you mean? Did you know?" cried Fred.

"I know you were nearly killed for me. I'd seen you, my lad, before you crossed, but I'd have dodged you rather than have spoke. I was kind of mad with you for staying in this place and leaving me, and I said I'd never forgive you till you ran away from them all. And I thought, too, you'd be proud and lord it over a fellow like me, when you had such swell clothes on."

"Oh, Jim!"

"Wait a bit. When that cart knocked you down, I turned round and was mad with the chap that drove it, and I hoped he'd lose his place and get into prison for ever so long. I went and hung about the court to find out what was done to him, and when I saw him come out free, I was fit to knock him down. I went up and asked him how he'd managed it, and he was thinking of it all so that he never noticed my way of asking. Well, he said it was all along of you; you'd sent a gentleman to speak up for him, to say you had crossed the street in a great hurry because there was a friend you wanted very much to see, that you were glad it wasn't his little boy, and hoped because of him that he wouldn't lose his place. "So," he said, 'my master agreed to pay the fine, and take me place if I'd sign the pledge, and I'm going straight away to sign now, so as it shan't be my boy next time.' Well, that came over me so, I didn't know what to think I began to see all at once that it wasn't the clothes only was different about us. And I kept on talking to the man, and thinking, and thinking, and—there, the long and short of it is I made up my mind there and then, that next time you saw me there shouldn't be such a difference; I'd just try the experiment. I went on with this chap and signed with him—they must have thought me a queer sort of fellow to put my hand to it, it took me such a time to write—and he did all he could for me just because it was me you'd been wanting to see. So I went back with him to his master, half as a joke, and asked if he wanted another hand in his stables I can't think what made him give me a job, but he did, and after a bit took me on regular; and the other fellow stood by me, and took me to see his missus and the boy that was your age, and then they got me to church with them. And I needn't go on any more now. You

ain't ashamed to talk to me though, are you, Freddie? I'm not quite the same Jim I was.

"And Jack was right," said Fred.

"Why, what did Jack say?"

"He read me what the Bible says—'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.'"—*Band of Hope Review.*

BOY INVENTORS.

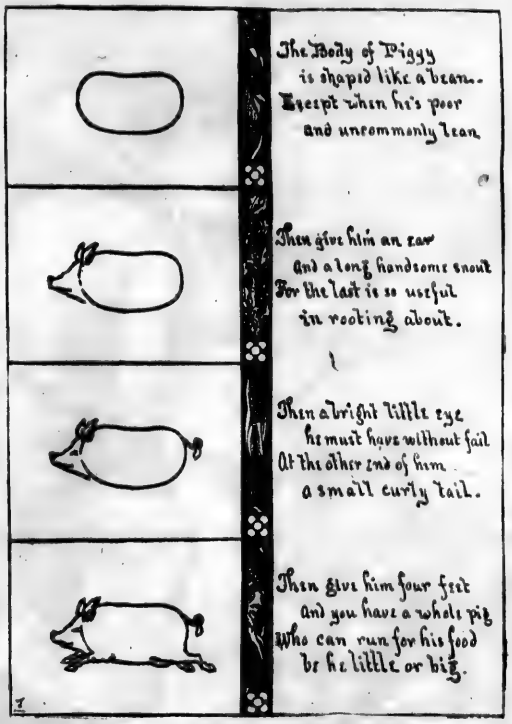
The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey, Potter, was hired to work these valve-leaders; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came round, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in practical form and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled out one with his pocket-knife, and after he had got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment of the old man when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.—*Selected.*

JESSIE'S GOOD DAY

BY MRS. M'CONAUGHY.

"I don't think it has been a 'good day' at all, Jessie Emery," said Cousin Pansy. "The sunshine has melted the snow, so we can have no fun on our sleds, and the streets are so bad mamma will not let us go out. The snow is so deep it will be wet and muddy for a week, most likely; and here we are all shut up in the house. I think it is just miserable."



DRAWING LESSON FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

Pansy had not been a bit of a "heart's-ease" to anybody that day.

"The day has not been long enough for me," said Jessie, brightly, as she threaded a needle to take a few more swift stitches before the light quite faded.

"I can't see what you have done so pleasant."

"In the first place, I assorted a pile of papers papa gave me to do with just as I pleased. I laid aside those I wished to send away, in a pile by themselves, and then cut wrappers for them and sealed them up. I directed all the parcels, and weighed each on papa's postage scales. Then I put stamps on each, as papa told me I might draw on his desk for all the postage I needed for such a good work."

"I saw you fussing with those old papers and I was most sorry I let you tease away two of my nice magazines to put with them."

"Oh, you wouldn't be, Pansy, if you could see the poor little fellow they went to. He has not walked for seven years, and is always in pain; sometimes very great. He is ten years old, and can read. The magazines will be such a feast to him. Now, I know you are glad I sent them."

"You must have had a dozen of those packages, Jessie. It would take a lot of money."

"No; I only had nine. I did wish I had a dozen. But then, it makes me happy to think of giving so much pleasure to nine people, for all of these are people who have but few papers. Likely the whole family will read them. Now I think, Pansy, it was a very good morning's work."

"What did you do with the others? I saw you put on your rubbers, and run out somewhere with as big a parcel as a newsboy."

"Those left over ones I assorted again, and took a large bundle across to Becky Maurice. She always wants a large paper to cut a pattern for somebody. She is so obliging; and she likes to keep her shelves as tidy as a pin. She puts on clean papers twice a week if she can get them. You should have seen how pleased she was with that bundle. She will read them all first, she says."

"Well, I must say it has been 'paper day' with you What were you doing so long up stairs when I wished you to play a game with me?"

"Just fixing up the closet for mother, putting new papers on the shelves, and arranging boxes. Miss Becky's fine order made me feel a little ashamed."

"Well, I think you have had a happy day of it, just mousing about among old rubbish the whole time. Reading this story book in this easy chair has been too much for me. Most of the time I looked out of the window at the miserable streets, and the miserable people wading through them."

"You may not believe it, Pansy, but the very surest way of being happy yourself is to do something for some one else. It makes you happy at the time, and when you think of it afterward. Now, if you really think it over, I believe you feel better pleased about those two magazines than about any thing else you have done to-day. Just try my way to-morrow, and see if it does not work well."

"I don't see what I could do."

"Only make your mind up in earnest and you will find ways enough. The trouble will more likely be you'll not know which to do first. It often puzzles me."

It was likely that Jessie saw more than Pansy about some things, because she had learned to see. There is a great difference in people about this, yet any child with a heart for the work can begin right away the blessedness of doing good to others.—*Exchange.*

WHICH IS WORSE.

Ill-natured deeds are very rare when compared with ill-natured words. . . . . It would be a shrewdly good bargain for the world to agree that ill-natured deeds should be multiplied by ten, if only the ill-natured words were to be diminished by one half; for though the deed may be a much larger and more potent thing than the word, it often does not give nearly as much pain. Dependents could gain very much by this bargain, for they seldom suffer much from deeds, but a great deal from words Many a man goes through life scattering ill-natured remarks in all directions, who has never to his knowledge done an ill-natured deed, and also probably considers himself a very good-natured fellow; but one, however, who takes a knowing view of all human beings, and of all human affairs, and is not to be imposed upon, as he takes care to say, by anything or anybody.—*Author of "Friends in Council."*

ONE BITE OF A CHERRY.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

Said Tommy Green to his little sister Eva. Eva was sitting on her grandma's knee. She had been very sick but was now getting quite well and brother Tommy was very good to her. He seldom came home from work without bringing her something. One day it would be a bunch of wild flowers that grew on the wayside, the next a fine bunch of sweet-smelling grasses or perhaps a branch of "palm." He had not much to bring her, poor boy, but he did all he could, and every day before he came home she would ask, "What time is it, grandmamma?"

Now one day Tommy planned a great surprise for her Everyday he used to pass a great orchard on his way to work, and saw in it one tree full of fine cherries. He said to himself "When these cherries are ripe, I will get some for sister." But he was a very poor boy and he had no money to buy them, and they soon began to look so nice that he thought they must cost a great deal Every day as he passed the tree they grew redder and redder, and riper and riper, but he had no more money to buy them than before. At last one day he heard the gardener say to the owner, "We must pick these cherries this afternoon." This frightened Tommy, and all the day at his work he thought of how he might get some for his sister. "Steal them!" That never entered his mind, Tom was always a very good boy. At last he made up his mind. At noon he went to the gardener and asked him if he could not do something to earn the cherries he wanted for his sister. The gardener looked at him and said, "You are the boy who passes here every day, are you not? and you never touch the fruit. I tell you what I'll do with you. Come and help us pick fruit all the spare time you can and we will try to spare you some for your sister."

Tom went back to his work whistling, and that night was late in getting home. His sister had asked her grandmamma where Tom was, nearly a hundred times before she heard him running as hard as he could. Before he got to the door he stopped and then walked quietly, a smile all over his face.

After his kiss, he said, "Now,

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

She knew something good was coming, and laughed and clapped her hands and opened her mouth and kept her eyes open too. But that would not suit Tommy, but she would keep her little eyes open until grandma at last put her hand over them and Tommy put a rich, red, ripe cherry into her wide-open mouth. O what a time they had then: After that there was no trouble in keeping her eyes shut as she took one after another, and then the gardener's boy came in with a nice basketful for Tommy and grandma too, and that evening they had a great time I can tell you, all because Tommy so loved his sister.

MAY-HAVES AND MUST-HAVES.

The things we decide that we must have, in distinction from those which we feel we may have if we can, are very significant. Eliza must have a new dress. The new dress must be of silk, thick and shining; and it will make necessary an elegant wrap, a tasteful bonnet, dainty laces, and fresh as well as costly gloves and shoes. If our young lady is to be dressed with attention to style, we cannot neglect any detail of her toilet. In fact the things which it is decided she must have come in a short time to an amount which would do a great many other good and delightful things, if a different idea of economy prevailed. Eliza's outfit would enable father and mother, if they would but think they could thus employ the money, to take a trip to the country and see the old homestead, the old friends, the familiar haunts of their youth and the little churchyard where their precious first-born was buried. Such a trip would smooth out some of mother's wrinkles, and impart a new elasticity to father's dragging step, but it would be wild extravagance to suggest such a thing to the dear unselfish pair. Eliza's outfit would put a cyclopædia on the bookshelves. That would wonderfully assist the boys in their studies, and amazingly broaden the horizon of the whole family. It would assist conversation by adding to the general fund of information, and would help the young folks to read the newspapers far more intelligently. But to spend so much money at once, for such a purpose, sends at the bare mention a thrill of terror to the maternal heart. We may have a cyclopædia by-and-by. We must array our daughter fashionably to-day. Eliza's outfit would support a Bible-reader for a whole year in India; but, dear me, what could one Bible-reader more do to stem the tide of heathenism? Besides, who ever heard of one family of moderate means, setting up a whole missionary, all by themselves! The notion is Quixotic and ridiculous. Away with it! O, the good things, the beautiful things that may be thought of among our may-haves. And alas, blind bats that we are, we let them all go, and choose for must-haves a new silk dress for Eliza, made in the latest style. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

A DOLL'S WORK.

A lady missionary writes from India:—"I cannot be too thankful for the dolls. They excited a great deal of admiration, especially among the Shindh women and girls. At their request I had a 'show day,' when numbers came to see the wonderful 'white woman'. Amongst them was an old blind woman who attends my Bible class. She fondled the dolls so tenderly, and said what a comfort one would be to her lonely life, that I felt sure you would have given her one, so I chose a small one with (as she called it) real hair, and gave it to her. It has been the means of bringing three new women to my Bible-class.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

CHANGING BABIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

On a bright, warm day, Su-sy car-ried her ba-by broth-er out to the great farm-yard. It was a ver-y plea-sant place. A large barn stood at one side of it, and near this was a poul-try-house. The chick-ens, ducks and geese used to come out of it to stray a-bout the large gras-sy lot. And in one cor-ner was a nice clear pond.

Su-sy knew she should find ma-ny pret-ty things out here, and that Ba-by would like to see them too. She walked a-round till the lit-tle pet got sleep-y, and laid his head on her shoul-der. Then she car-ried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cat-tle were fed in winter. There was some hay in a man-ger; she laid him on it, and, sit-ting be-side him, sang soft-ly. This is what she sang:

"What will you give,
What will you give,
For my lit-tle ba-by fair?
Nothing is bright as his bon-ny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curl-ing hair.

"What will you bring,
What will you bring,
To trade for my treas-ure here?
No one can show me a thing so sweet,
A-way where, far or near."

"Moo, moo-oo!" said some-thing not far from Su-sy. "You think that's so, do you?" and Mad-am Jer-sey Cow looked ver-y doubt-ful-ly at Ba-by. Said she: "Can he kick up his heels, and frol-ic all o-ver the yard?"

"Why, no," said Su-sy; "he can't walk yet."

"Ah; how old is he?"—"Near-ly a year old," said Su-sy.

"Near-ly a year! My child walked be-fore she was two days old!" The cow gave a scorn-ful sniff, and walked off with-out an-oth-er look.

"Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walk-ing up with a snow-white, down-y lamb. "Let me see. He is a nice lit-tle thing, sure e-nough. But has he only two legs?"—"That's all," said Su-sy.

"Then mine is worth twice as much of course. If you had two ba-bies, now, we might make a bar-gain. But he seems to have no wool?"

"No, ma'am," said Su-sy, "but see what pret-ty cur-ly hair he has."—"I don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," and she and her lamb trot-ted a-way and went to eat grass.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the man-ger.

"His feet don't look as if he'd make a good swim-mer," she said, looking at Ba-by's pink dim-pled toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Su-sy.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my dar-lings can swim."

"Chip! chip! chip!" was the next sound Su-sy heard. From its nest in an old elm tree which stood near, a rob-in flew down, and perched on the end of a pitch-fork. She turned her head from side to side, gaz-ing at Ba-by in a ver-y wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.

"Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Su-sy; "he's too lit-tle."

"Too lit-tle!" exclaimed Mrs. Red-breast. "Why, he's tre-men-dous! Can't he sing, 'Fee—fee—fil-ly—fil-ly—weet—weet?'"

"No, no," said Su-sy.

"All my chil-dren sang well at four months. Has he little red feath-ers on his breast?"

"No," said Su-sy.

"I shouldn't like to hurt your feel-ings, but you see how much I should lose on an ex-change, and I m sure you would not wish that."

"No, I shouldn't," said Su-sy. And Mrs. R. Red-breast flew a-way.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leg-horn Hen came a-long with her down-y chicks. No won-der she fussed and fumed and cack-led at such a rate, Su-sy thought, with twelve ba-bies to look af-ter!

"I haven't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hard-ly be will-ing to trade. Can your ba-by say 'peep—peep' when he's hungry?"

"When he's hungry he cries—but not 'peep—peep,'" said Su-sy.

"I see his legs are not yel-low, ei-ther, so I'll bid you a ver-y good af-ter-noon." Off she went, ruf-fling her feath-ers, and cluck-ing and scratch-ing till Su-sy laughed a-loud.

"I don't won-der you laugh," purred some-thing near her. Su-sy turned in great sur-prise. There, at the oth-er end of the man-ger, in a co-zy cor-ner, was her old gray cat. That wasn't all. There were three lit-tle kits; a white one, a black one, and a gray one. Su-sy had not seen them be-fore, and she fond-led them lov-ing-ly.

"She's so proud be-cause she has twelve! said Mrs. Puss, look-ing af-ter Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now I think a small fam-i-ly is much better—three, for in-stance. Don't you think three e-nough?"

"In-deed," said Su-sy, "I think one's e-nough, if it's teeth-ing."

"Mine nev-er have trou-ble with their teeth. And per-haps I can nev-er teach your ba-by to purr or to catch mice. Still, I be-lieve I'll take him, and let you have one kit-ten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't un-der-stand me," cried Su-sy. "I don't want to change at all. I'd rath-er have my lit-tle broth-er than a-ny-thing else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to car-ry him off. Ba-by gave a scream, and then Su-sy—a-woke! Then she looked a-round with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung her-self to sleep be-side the ba-by.

Mad-am Puss sat by a hole watch-ing for rats. There wasn't a kit-ten a-ny-where. Mrs. Hen was fum-ing and cack-ling and scratch-ing hard-er than ev-er, but Puss did not seem to care wheth-er she had twelve chick-ens or a hun-dred. The calf was feed-ing quiet-ly by its mam-ma, and the sheep and her lamb lay un-der the old elm. And up in the branch-es Su-sy could hear Mrs. Red-breast teach-ing her bird-ies to sing.

So then Su-sy ran up to the house and found sup-per wait-ing.

Ba-by held out his arms and was soon on his moth-er's lap, as hap-py as could be. Su-sy looked at him and said: God has made e-ver-y-bod-y and e-ver-y-thing love their own ba bies best, hasn't he, Mam-ma?"

"Yes. We would rath-er take care of our own ba-by than a-ny oth-er, wouldn't we?" "Yes, in-deed," said Su-sy. And as she rocked the ba-by's cra-dle that night, she fin-ished her lit-tle song in this way:

"Noth-ing will do,
Noth-ing will do;
You may trav-el the world a-round,
And nev-er, in earth, or sea, or air,
Will a ba-by like him be found.

—*St. Nicholas.*

CONCERNING PRAYER.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.—Psalm cxlv. 18.

He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee.—Is. xxx. 19.

Verily, Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name He will give it you.—John xvi. 23.

Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Luke xi. 10.

What things so-ever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.—Mark xi. 24.

If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it.—John xiv. 14.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.—Ps. xxxiv. 17.

If ye Continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed.—John viii. 31.

WATCH CRYSTALS.

Our illustration shows a hollow sphere of glass now in possession of L. Royer, in Paris. The diameter is not stated, but the size can be judged from the fact that three hundred watch crystals have been cut out of it. The cut is taken from Ackermann's *Gewerbr Zeitung*, and is from an actual photograph. The same paper gives the following interesting account of the manufacture of watch crystals.

The first pocket watches in use in Germany were oval in form, and hence called "Nuremberg eggs" (like our "bulls eyes") Only a few of them had a glass cover over the hands. These covers were flat or slightly convexed pieces of crystal cut out and polished on a primitive kind of grindstone. Of course they were very expensive.

These oval watches were succeeded by flattened spheres, and the glasses had the form of segments of a sphere, or spherical caps, made as follows: Small glass bulbs were blown on very small gas-blowers' pipes, and from each bulb two of these caps were cut with the aid of two red hot iron rings, the sudden expansion causing a circular crack. The edges of these glasses were polished either on a grindstone or with sand on a cast-iron plate.

This process was very expensive, owing to the necessity of blowing as many bulbs as they wanted crystals, for two could be rarely cut out of one sphere. Moreover, the glasses, owing to their spherical shape, were very high in the middle, while the ends of the hands near the edge of the dial had a very narrow space to move in.

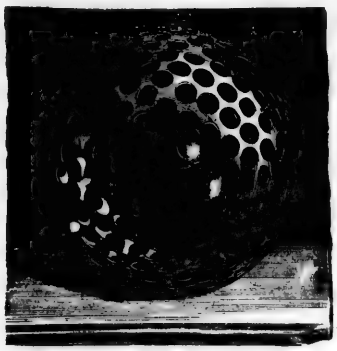
As the thick watches of the last century gave place to thinner ones, and the high convexed glasses became inconvenient and unhandsome, flat glasses were made which were but slightly curved near the edges. They were made from thick, flat glass hollowed out in the centre and rounded off around the edges. Owing to their high price, they were only used on fine watches.

The concave watch glasses of the present day are not hollowed out on a grindstone, but made by a method invented in 1791 by a skilful watch-glass maker in Paris named Pierre Royer. The Geneva manufacturers imitated his method, and succeeded in developing it into an important branch of industry.

Before Royer's process had been perfected and came into general use, various interesting experiments were made in the glasshouse in Goetzenbruch, in 1880. Little phials were blown, each with a slightly curved bottom, and this bottom when cut off formed a concave glass; but as it required a new phial for every watch crystal, this made them too expensive also.

One improvement followed another until finally they are made in wonderful perfection and with surprising rapidity, which is due principally to the skill of the glass-blower, so that now very thin glasses of enormous size can be made.

The glass-blower takes up several pounds of glass on the wide end of his pipe in that plastic state in which it can be worked like wax, and rounds it off by rolling it on a damp block of wood and first blowing into it gently. He then blows a little harder and swings it to and fro, which lengthens it out, and with proper tools he gives it a long pear-shape. Having acquired the approximate form required, it is re-heated in the furnace, and then blown out to a larger size, a steam blast being employed to finish the blowing. The finished ball, which resembles a balloon, is cut from the pipe and placed on a wooden work-bench upside down.



A GLASS GLOBE FROM WHICH THREE HUNDRED WATCH CRYSTALS WERE CUT

In some glasshouses they have succeeded in blowing balloons from 12 to 82 inches in diameter with ease. Sometimes they exceed 40 inches, and the walls of such colossal balls do not exceed 1-25 or at most 1-16 of an inch in thickness.

These enormous balls can be designated as truly industrial works of art. About 600 watch glasses can be cut from one such sphere, by a method which we will describe below. As these large balls, owing to their great size, are liable to break, and cannot be handled rapidly, it is customary to make smaller ones and cut them in two. First a metallic pattern of a watch is made, and either pressed on the sphere or on a strip cut out of it. While this is held in place with one hand, the other draws a little white hot tube around the edge of the pattern. This circle is immediately moistened with cold water, and the sudden contraction that follows the previous expansion causes the piece to crack off, forming a more or less hemispherical crystal.

This process has, however, been superseded by the so-called *tournette*, a tool that resembles a carpenter's compass (dividers), one leg being provided with a diamond.

First, ten circles are cut on the ball with the point of the diamond of this little instrument. As these little scratches do not go through the glass, the next and most tedious part of the operation is to break loose one of the separate crystals. This is accomplished by little strokes or taps all around the circle. After one has been taken out, the workman can put his thumb through the opening into the sphere; and then taking the next one between the thumb and fore-finger, he presses gently outward, and thus separates the second, after which the rest are taken out in the same way.

After they have been cut out, and before they are ground to the proper form, the glass must be subjected to another operation, the object of which is to improve and shape the rim so that it may fit accurately into the crease around the watch case.

The glasses are put into muffles of refractory clay heated with coke. When sufficiently heated, they are placed on a cast-iron plate in front of the muffle and pressed down on the moulds with a wooden lid of conical form. The projecting edge of the glass getting heated first is softer, so that it alone is pressed down by the lid This method is more rapid, and only the edges need polishing. This is done on grindstones of hard material, which produce the bevelled, slightly projecting edge that holds it in the case. It is finely polished with cork.

The last method has been still further simplified by grinding the disks as soon as they are cut out with the diamond. The bevelled edge is formed on sandstone wheels, and then the glass is put in a muffle without polishing to give it the arched or curved form. The ground edges are rounded by the heat, and rendered smooth and brilliant, and at the same time are harder and firmer, so that they can be set more easily.

At the watch crystal factory of Trois-Fontaines in Lothringen, there are 52 gross (74,880) manufactured daily, each glass passing through thirty-five distinct operations.

After the watch glasses have acquired the requisite shape by pressing the warm and softened glass on to or into moulds, they are taken to a large room fitted with grinding and polishing lathes. The grinding is of three kinds. The first consists in grinding away the convexed portion so that the outside is nearly all flat, and the glass is thin in the middle, but near the rim retains its original thickness. The second is similar to the first, but only the centre is ground, forming a small circular spot that is slightly concave.

The third is grinding the edge to a proper bevel, so that it will fit into the crease of the case accurately, which is absolutely necessary for holding it securely This operation is performed on lathes driven by steam, and one man can tend eight or ten of them, as it is only necessary to put them on and take them off.

After a final polishing with pumice, measuring, sorting and inspecting they are ready for packing and shipping.

A Boy of thirteen came to New York to seek his livelihood. The first opportunity that offered was a position in a drug store. For a few days everything seemed satisfactory, but after a few weeks' experience, he exclaimed earnestly: "I can't stay in that place. I am willing to work all day, to work nights, and to work hard; but to work Sundays, that's what I won't do. If people only came in to buy medicine, that would be one thing; but to stay there and sell perfumery, and soda water, and mineral water, things they don't need at all! I never felt so mean in all my life." It was only by a strong effort that the brave little fellow kept back the tears as he felt that his moral nature had received a shock and his sense of right had been outraged.—*Christian Intelligencer*

SHADOW-PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES.

Ever since there have been home walls for sunlight, fire-light, or lamp-light to fall upon, all of us children have been interested

"Big Injun."

in shadow-pictures, and shadow-pictures nearly always have seemed glad to oblige us in all sorts of pleasant ways. Sometimes they give us Grandma's head and cap, showing sharp and clear upon the wall; sometimes dear little Bobby's curly pate and rollicking movements; or perhaps a big shadow-puss, gracefully waving a blurred shadow-tail on the white surface opposite the glowing fire-place; or, possibly, a shadow looking wonderfully like something that isn't in the

The Skipping Injun.

room at all, just because somebody has flung a coat, or a hat, or a bundle, or what not, on table or arm chair. No matter what it may be, one thing is certain. If any substance, living or inanimate, comes between a strong light and a wall, it must cast a shadow, and we can make something out of it or not, just as we please. All of you have sometimes seen the grotesque likeness of a person in the shadow which

Shew, the Rooted Pig.

he or she unconsciously casts upon the wall, and have noticed how impossible it is to keep the original quiet while the rest are merrily enjoying the picture. He or she is sure to turn to see what it looks like, and so spoil it all.

Now, if you wish to obtain a shadow-picture buy sheets of paper, black on one side and white on the other, which may be found at any stationer's and pin one of these sheets of paper upon the wall, opposite a lamp, with the white surface outward; then, after providing yourself with a well pointed pencil, place your sitter in such a position that a clear, strong shadow of the profile is thrown upon the paper. If your sitter (or stander) can now remain absolutely still, you have only to trace the outline of the shadow carefully with your pencil, taking care to work as rapidly as practicable. When the outline is all thus traced, you

The Fair Duke

can go back and repair any part that seems incorrect. This done, release your sitter and take the paper from the wall. Now you have only to cut out the picture close to the pencil-mark, and as the other side of the paper is black, you turn over your picture and paste it upon a sheet of white paper, and you can show your silhouette portrait in triumph to your obliging sitter, the whole thing having been accomplished in about five minutes. Many boys and girls become very expert in making these pictures,

The Thoughtful Goat

and, by seizing every available opportunity for tracing shadow-pictures of their friends, in time become possessed of a valuable collection of silhouette portraits. The excellence of the picture must depend very much, of course, on the skill of the draughtsman who traces the shadow, on the power of the sitter to remain quiet, and on the proper position of the lamp for throwing a clear shadow.

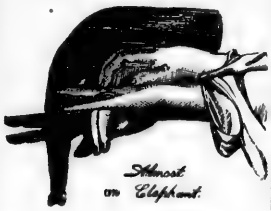
But long before these shadow-albums were thought of, people had found out a capital way of amusing little folks and themselves by making comical hand-shadows upon the wall. A very little practice enabled them to represent the heads and bodies of

A Bird in Flight.

various animals, and to set these one by one to snapping their jaws or taking little leaps upon the wall. In the accompanying pictures you will find designs, some new and some old, on which to practice your dexterous ingenuity.—*Ex.*

THE FATE OF A HERD OF BUFFALOES.

An army officer who about four years ago arrived in Chicago from the Yelllowstone Valley, tells a story of what happened to a herd of buffaloes as they were migrating southward. The herd numbered 2,500 head, and had been driven out of the Milk River country by the Indian hunters belonging to Sitting Bull's band.



Almost an Elephant.

When they reached the river they ventured upon the ice with their customary confidence, coming upon it with a solid front, and beginning the crossing with closed ranks. The stream at this point was very deep. When the front file, which was stretched out a quarter of a mile in length, had nearly gained the opposite shore, the ice suddenly gave way under them. Some trappers who were eye-witnesses of the scene said it seemed as if a trench had been opened in the ice the whole length of the column. Some four or five

Dancing Dangers.

hundred animals tumbled into the opening all in a heap. Others fell in on top of them and sank out of sight in a twinkling. By this time the rotten ice was breaking under the still advancing herd. The trappers say that in less than a minute the whole body of buffaloes had been precipitated into the river. They were wedged in so thickly that they could do nothing but struggle for a second and then disappear beneath the cakes of ice of the swift current. Not a beast in all that mighty herd tried to escape, but in a solid phalanx they marched to their fatal bath in the "Big Muddy." In a minute from the time the first ice broke not a buffalo's head or tail was to be seen.

Possibly occurrences of this sort, in ancient tertiary times, helped to form the remarkable deposits of bones found in the old

The Beach.

lake beds of the great West and elsewhere. In these deposits the earth is literally crowded with bones, sometimes chiefly of one type, sometimes comprising many distinct species. In the latter case the victims were probably swept away by sudden floods, their remains mingling confusedly in quiet basins.—*Scientific American.*

WE KNOW of nothing more fatal to the accomplishment of any thing in an intellectual way than the idea that many persons get,

The Cobbler.

that they must defer study till some period in life when they shall have no interruptions. They allow ten minutes here and half an hour there to run to waste, because it seems hardly worth while to attempt study for so short a time. We have known persons, by availing themselves of a few minutes' time each day, gain, during a year, an extensive acquantance with some particular branch of study; while others, who would not economize the minutes had scarcely a useful acquisition.—*The Household.*

ABOUT POISON-IVY.

At this season of the year, when so many of our young folks are gathering wild flowers, ferns, berries, leaves and mosses in the woods and along the hedges, I cannot think of a more useful lesson in wood and field botany than that which teaches how to know and distinguish two of the most poisonous vegetable substances to be met with in the woods. I mean the poison-ivy, poison-oak, and mercury-vine, which are the common names for one and the same vine found climbing up the trunks of trees, on rail, board and stone fences, over rocks and bushes, in waste lands and meadows. In fact everywhere and anywhere it can secure a foot of ground, no matter how poor, or how much exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, this wretched vine prospers, happy and contented to spread out its poisonous arms hidden beneath its glossy and graceful foliage. In Fig. 1 is shown a close study from nature of a specimen growing at the sea side. When the ivy has a chance to climb up a tree or bush, up it goes, throwing out its aerial rootlets in all directions. But when growing away from any support, in the sand which is being constantly displaced by the strong ocean winds, it then grows stout, erect and bush-like. Under these peculiar circumstances of growth it has received the name of poison-oak, and was supposed by many botanists to be a separate variety, though in fact the poison-ivy and oak are one and the same thing. When the stem of the poison-ivy is wounded, a milky juice issues from the wound. The leaves after being separated from the vine, turn black when exposed to the air.

FIG. 1.—POISON-IVY.

The stem of the vine is nearly smooth in texture; the aerial rootlets (Fig. 1, AAA), which start from all parts of the stem, are of a bright brown color when young. The masses of berries when unripe are of a light green color: when ripe, of an ashen gray. Below the mass of this year's berries are generally to be found those of last year The leaf has a smooth and somewhat shiny texture, and curves downward from the midrib. To many people the slightest contact with the leaves of the ivy will produce poisoning. I have known of instances where persons in passing masses of ivy-vine, particularly when the wind was blowing from the vine toward the passer-by, became severely poisoned. One of our most beautiful native vines, the so-called Virginia creeper, which frequently grows side by side with the ivy, is often mistaken for it, and blamed for the evil doings of its neighbor, and yet is so innocent and beautiful a vine that I have figured it in full fruit (Fig. 2). The Virginia creeper has a leaf consisting of five lobes, which are distinctly notched, and which curve upward from the midrib. Instead of aerial rootlets like the ivy, it has stout tendrils more or less twisted and curled, often assuming the form of a spiral spring. These tendrils are provided with a disk by means of which an attachment is made to any object within reach (see Fig 2. B B.)

FIG. 2.—VIRGINIA CREEPER.

The stem has the appearance of being jointed. The berries are large and grape-like in the form of the cluster, and when ripe are of a deep blue color, with heavy bloom. In the fall of the year the leaves turn to a deep red and brownish-red color.

The poison-sumac, swamp-sumac, or dogwood (Fig. 3) is ten times more severe in its poisoning qualities than the poison-ivy. It grows from six to ten feet in height, in low marshy grounds. The berries are smooth, white, or dun-colored, and in form and size closely resemble those of the ivy.

This sumac is terrible in its effects often causing temporary blindness. Some years ago it became the fashion to wear immense wreaths and bunches of artificial flowers inside and outside of ladies' bonnets. The flower-makers, being hard pressed for material, made use of dried grasses, seed-vessels, burrs, and catkins; these were painted, dyed, frosted and bronzed to make them attractive. I became greatly interested in the business and the ingenuity displayed, and spent much time examining the contents of milliners' windows. On one occasion when standing before a very fashionable milliner's window on Fourteenth Street, I was horror-stricken on discovering that an immense wreath of grayish berries which constituted the inside trimming of a bonnet, was composed entirely of the berries of the poison-sumac just as they had been gathered, not a particle of varnish, bronze, or other material coating them. The bonnet, when worn, would bring this entire mass of villanous berries on the top and sides of the head, and a few of the sprays about the ears and on the forehead. Stepping into the store, I addressed the proprietress, and asked her if she knew that the bonnet was trimmed with the berries of one of the most poisonous shrubs known in the country. After staring at me in a sort of puzzled way, she informed me that I was mistaken; that she had received those flowers from Paris only a week ago.

"Madam," I replied, "there must be a mistake somewhere, for those are the berries of the poison-sumac, which does not grow in Europe."

She gave me one angry look, asked me to please attend to my own business, and swept away from me to the other end of the store.

A few days after this I read in the daily papers an account of the poisoning of a number of small girls employed in a French artificial flower manufactory in Greene Street. I at once guessed the cause. I visited the factory mentioned, introduced myself to the proprietor, told him what I knew about the poison berries—and was rudely requested to make myself scarce. After these two adventures I made up my mind to keep my botanical knowledge (poisonous though it might be) to myself.

When poisoned with ivy or sumac (they are all sumacs), if time and cooling medicines are taken, the poison will slowly exhaust itself; but it is a tedious and slow operation.—*Harper's Young People.*

FIG. 3.—POISON-SUMAC.

THERE IS NO SOIL which, under proper tillage, may not be made a garden. So there is no heart or life, however barren, that may not, by cultivation under the inspiration of Christ, be made productive of every good word and work.

A TRUE HISTORY OF TWO BOYS.

BY THE REV. R. H. CRAIG,

They attended the same school, sat side by side on the same seats, vied with each other in the same classes, played the school-games together, and were to each other as brothers. They were ambitious, and often spoke of the future "when they would be men of distinction," and even in boyhood began to plan about the best way of obtaining a classical education, which they considered indispensable to success. Their fathers were men of limited means, having to work hard for the support of their children, and never dreamed of giving their boys an education higher than that furnished by the common schools. In the village school, however, these boys had an excellent teacher, who taught them more than how to read and write and do sums. He inspired them with the idea of working for themselves, and fostered their ambition to rise in the world without the help of others, by using for that purpose all honorable means with perseverance and a will.

Already each had got hold of a Latin grammar, and they were conning over "penna, pennæ, pennæ," to the utter astonishment of their fellow-pupils, while the still more puzzling mystery was declared that the angle A. B. C. is equal to the angle D. E. F. D. and that x is equal to anything in this world.

While quite young the boys left school, taking charge of schools of their own as teachers, but still pursuing the path which to each seemed to point out the way to the object of their ambition. John had the credit of being just a little brighter than his fellow, but James had the reputation of being a young man of excellent character; and it was a matter of some amusement to his rival to learn that when he became a teacher, wishing to mould the character of his scholars, he had openly espoused the cause of temperance and refused to touch, taste or handle that which could hurt the body or mind of others. John claimed to be as temperate as James, but said he would not run to such foolish extremes by taking pledges, joining Rechabites, and all that sort of nonsense.

And so these two young men struck out in different directions. John taught his school and read his Virgil and Homer, and, when fatigued with close study and late hours, sometimes he refreshed himself with a glass of wine.

"Pugh!" said he to the expostulations of his friend, James, when they happened to meet after two or three years' separation, "if I never do worse than to take a glass of wine, I do not think much harm can come to me."

"That may be," said James, "but so many do come to harm that I would not run the risk for all the good it does."

ARMED AT ALL POINTS.

"Nothing refreshes me so much after a hard night's study as a glass of sherry," responded John, with earnestness; "and I think if you but knew the value of it you would try it. Young men like us have so much study to do that we must have something to keep up our strength; and I hope we are not foolish enough to hurt ourselves."

"I think my strength will last as long as yours," said James; "besides, when I do not feel the need, I do not care to risk the danger. I can get along well enough without such helps."

Years passed away, and I sought the two young men. I knew where to find one of them, but was not certain about the other. After many enquiries I knocked at the door of an obscure house in an obscure street, and in response there came to the door a man, John, who had the reputation of being a fine scholar, knowing Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, French and German; but I noticed that he had hard work to stand steadily on his feet for the few moments I spoke to him, and his tongue was evidently too large for distinct communication. He seemed an utter wreck at thirty-five years of age, and I turned away in sorrow and in shame.

I sought the lodgings of James. He was a college graduate and was busy preparing to stand a special examination for a high academic degree. He showed me a "call" which he had recently received from an important church, urging him to become its pastor, and he told me that he probably would accept it. He was still a temperance man—a man of sterling principle and splendid mind; and he still lives to prove that, to become great, a man must rule his own spirit and shun the very appearance of evil.

"But what became of the other young man?" you ask. The question can be answered in a very few words. About six months after I last saw him he died suddenly in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and was laid in a drunkard's grave.

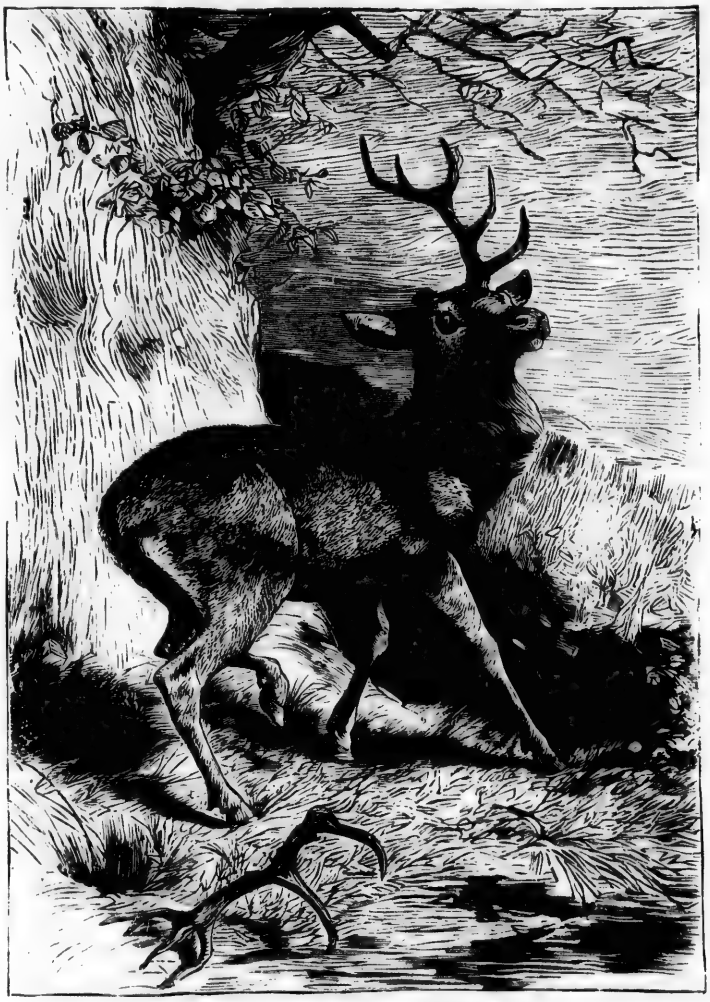
And so the history of these two boys comes out in perfect harmony with the principles of character which each planted for himself. There is little difficulty in predicting results; "For whatsoever a man sow eth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."—*New York Observer*

THE LION HEART.

King Richard I. of England was surnamed *Cœur de Lion* from his great bravery and great physical strength. In his youth he fought against his father and his brothers, and after coming to the English throne joined the crusade to fight for possession of the Holy Land. He delighted in war and bloodshed, and as a consequence always had plenty to fight against. His subjects who fought under his banner admired and loved him, but the rulers who fought with him against the Saracens could not stand his temper and assumptions of superiority. This, more than anything else, caused the want of success of the crusade. On Richard's return home he was shipwrecked in the Adriatic sea, and while seeking to continue his journey by land was captured by Leopold Duke of Austria, whom he had grossly insulted, and was surrendered by him to the Emperor Henry VI, who confined him in several castles. He was finally liberated by ransom, returned to England, which he found was being ruled by his brother John whom he forgave, and then began war with France. While attacking the city of Chalus in 1199 he was shot by an arrow and the wound was so unskillfully treated that he died. The picture we give of him may not be a very good likeness but it illustrates the manner in which the knights in those days dressed themselves for war, with chain-armor, shield and lance, a load in themselves.

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DEER'S ANTLERS.

Every year in March the deer loses it antlers, and fresh ones immediately begin to grow, which exceed in size those that have just been lost. Few persons probably have been able to watch and observe the habits of the animal after it has lost its antlers. It will, therefore, be of interest to examine the accompanying drawing, by Mr. L. Beckmann, showing a deer while shedding its antlers. In the illustration the animal has just lost one of its antlers, and fright and pain have caused it to throw its head upward and become disturbed and uneasy. The remaining antler becomes soon detached from its base, and the deer turns—as if ashamed of having lost its ornament and weapon—lowers its head, and sorrowfully moves to the adjoining thicket, where it hides. A friend once observed a deer losing its antlers, but the circumstances were somewhat different. The animal was jumping over a ditch, and as soon as it touched the further bank it jumped high in the air, arched its back, bent its head to one side in the manner of an animal that has been wounded, and then sadly approached the nearest thicket, in the same manner as the artist has represented in the accompanying picture. Both antlers dropped off and fell into the ditch. Strong antlers are generally found together, but weak ones are lost at intervals of two or three days.



METAMORPHOSIS OF DEER'S ANTLERS.

A few days after this loss the stumps upon which the antlers rested are covered with a skin, which grows upward very rapidly, and under which the fresh antlers are formed, so that by the end of July the bucks have new and strong antlers, from which they remove the fine hairy covering by rubbing them against young trees. It is peculiar that the huntsman, who knows everything in regard to deer, and has seventy-two signs by which he can tell whether a male or female deer passes through the woods, does not know at what age the deer gets its first antlers and how the antlers indicate the age of the animal. Prof. Altum, in Eberswalde, has given some valuable information in regard to the relation between the age of the deer and the forms of their antlers, but in some respects he has not expressed himself very clearly, and I think that my observations given in addition to his may be of importance. When the animal is a year old—that is, in June—the burs of the antlers begin to form, and in July the animal has two protuberances of the size of walnuts, from which the first branches of the antlers rise; these branches having the length of a finger only, or being even shorter, as shown at 1 in diagram. After the second year more branches are formed, which are considerably longer and much rougher at the lower ends than the first. The third pair of antlers is different from its predecessors inasmuch as it has "roses," that is, annular ridges around the bases of the horn, which latter are now bent in the shape of a crescent. Either the antler has a single branch (Fig. 3, *a*), or besides the point it has another short end, which is a most rare shape, and is known as a "fork" (Fig. 3, *b*), or it has two forks (Fig. 3, *c*). In the following year the antlers take the form shown in Fig. 4, and then follows the antler shown in Fig. 5, *a*, which generally has "forks" in place of points, and is known as forked antler in contradistinction to the point antler shown in Fig. 5, *b*, which retains the shape of the antler, Fig. 4, but has additional or intermediate prongs or branches. The huntsman designate the antlers by the number of ends or points on the two antlers. For instance, Fig. 5 *a* is a six ender; Fig. 5. *b* shows an eight ender, etc.; and antlers have been known to have as many as twenty-two ends. If the two antlers do not have the same number of ends, the number of ends on the larger antler is multiplied by two and the word "odd" is placed before the word designating the number of ends. For instance, if one antler has three ends and the other four, the antler would be termed "odd" eight ender. The sixth antler shown in Fig. 6 is a ten ender, and appears in two different forms, either with a fork at the upper end, as shown in Fig. 6, *a*, or with a crown, as shown in Fig. 6, *b*. In Fig. 7 an antler is shown which the animal carries from its seventh year until the month of March of its eighth year. From that time on the crowns only increase and change. The increase in the number of points is not always as regular as I have described it, for in years when food is scarce and poor the antlers are weak and small, and when food is plentiful and rich the antlers grow exceedingly large, and sometimes skip an entire year's growth.—*Karl Brandt.*

THE TIN SAVINGS'-BANK.

Charles Lynford was a clever journeyman fitter in one of our large iron works, in good work and earning good wages. At the age of twenty-six he married Caroline Eustice, the daughter of a neighbor, who, although she had no money dowry, yet brought him many personal qualifications, combined with habits of thrift, learned under a clever, God-fearing mother in an economical household under the stern teachings of necessity.

It was well perhaps that Charles Lynford obtained a wife of this character, since he himself found it very difficult to save anything from his weekly wages.

Caroline soon became acquainted with her husband's failings. She was uneasy on finding that they were living fully up to their income. She looked forward also to a time when their family expenses would grow larger, and possibly her husband's wages might become less.

After much thought, and praying for God's guidance, she purchased of a pedler who came to the door a little tin safe, such as children commonly use as the money-box. This she placed in the front of the mantelpiece, where Charles would be sure to see it.

On entering he called out, "Hello, Carrie, what's that?"

"Only a little purchase that I made to-day," said his wife.

"But whatever is it meant for?" he asked.

"Let me explain it to you, Charles," said his wife, playfully. "Have you sixpence in your pocket?"

Charles held out a sixpence. His wife took it from his hand and gently dropped it into the box through a slit in the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie. Has my little wife become a miser?"

"No, only a little prudent. But, seriously, Charles, that is just what I want you to do every week-day night."

"What! drop sixpence into this new-fangled invention of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well, that will be easy enough; sixpence is no great sum. But may I ask what you are going to do with this newly-commenced hoard?"

"Lay it by for a rainy day," answered Caroline.

Charles laughed heartily.

"And what will sixpence a day amount to?" he inquired.

"In a year it will amount——" commenced his wife, seriously.

"Oh, never mind—spare me the calculation!"

"But you don't object to my plan, Charles, do you?"

"Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very prudent and commendable; but you know, Carrie, I never was gifted with much foresight or prudence."

"Yes, Charles, I am well aware that what you say is true," said his wife, smiling.

This ended the conversation for the time.

* * * * *

The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. Caroline was not one of those who eagerly enter upon a new plan and soon tire of it. No; she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved by God's blessing to carry it through. Every morning she asked her husband for sixpence, which was forthwith added to the accumulation. Sometimes Charles had not sixpence in change, but he had shillings. One of these he would then toss to his wife instead! And she would assure him, laughingly, that this would answer her purpose equally as well!

More than once Charles would banter his wife on the subject of her tin savings'-bank, but this she always bore with significant smiles.

The sixpences and the shillings of the husband were not the only accessions that the tin box received. Charles had early arranged to make his wife an ample allowance for dress, but, like a wise better-half of a working man, she made her own dresses, and thus provided herself with a decent wardrobe at a much less cost than some women not so well versed in the science of household management could have done.

After considerable thought and calculation, Carrie came to the conclusion that out of her allowance for dress she could make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted from her husband! Of this, however, she thought it best at the present time not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able at some future time to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings. At the close of every month, Caroline opened her tin box, and carefully transferred the contents to a Savings'-Bank of higher pretensions, and where interest was allowed.

Of his wife's mode of management of the money, the husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to know where it went to. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present, and, like too many men, alas! not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which Charles Lynford had been favored with constant work and uninterrupted health, his account books showed that his expenses had not exceeded his income for he saw that there was half a crown on the credit side!

"That's running pretty close, isn't it, Carrie?" he said, laughingly. "I take credit to myself for keeping on the right side of the line. But then I suppose that you have saved up a good sum?"

"How much do you think?" asked his wife.

"Oh, perhaps twenty-five pounds," said Charles.

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture.

So things went on, until there came a panic in the iron trade—a panic so severe that tens of thousands of working men and their families were affected by it; and amongst them was Charles Lynford and his wife!

One evening Charles came home looking very sad—a rare thing with him. Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared for her husband's sad look. She had expected that the trade of the great iron works would be affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she asked cheerfully.

"The matter is, Carrie, that we shall have to economize greatly," he replied.

"Anything unfavorable at the works, Charles?"

"I should think there was. I shall be put on 'half-time' next week, and I am afraid that even that will fail before long. You have no idea, Carrie, how dull business of every kind has become, and especially in our trade.

"Pthink I have, Charles," said his wife quietly. "I have read a little in the paper lately, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we can reduce our expenses one half?" asked the husband doubtfully.

I do think we shall be able to do so," said Caroline.

"But, suppose my work should entirely fail, I imagine that, clever as you are, you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my power, Charles," said Carrie smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our tin savings'-bank, have you?"

"Well, now, I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep the wolf from the door for a few weeks?"

His wife smiled!

"And in those weeks," after a pause, she added, smilingly, "business might revive."

"To be sure," said Charles. "Let us hope that it will be all right. "I'll try to 'trust and not be afraid,' and I'll thank God more and more for my clever and thoughtful wife."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression, proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the day on which the above conversation took place, the large iron works were "CLOSED," and Charles, with two thousand other hands, was without work or wages.

Although Charles Lynford had anticipated this, yet it was a fearful blow when it came, and he again returned home in deep sorrow. He briefly explained to his wife the terrible calamity which had come upon him.

"And the worst of it is," he added, "there is no hope of better times until spring. However shall we get through the winter, Carrie?"

"Do you think, Charles, that business will revive in the spring?"

"Oh, yes, our masters said they had every hope that a change for the better in our trade would take place in the spring, but then there are from five to six months between now and then. I don't know how we are to live during the winter months."

"I do, Charles. Let us kneel down and thank God that it is possible for me to say, 'I do!'"

"You!" exclaimed her astonished husband.

"Yes, I do, Charles. We can live on fifty pounds for six months."

"Of course we can, but wherever is that large sum to come from? I don't want to run in debt, and if I did, I shouldn't know where to borrow such a sum as that."

"Fortunately there is no need of that, Charles. You seem to forget our little tin box!"

"But is it possible the contents can amount to fifty pounds?" exclaimed Charles, in surprise.

"Yes, and one hundred pounds more," replied the delighted wife to her astonished husband.

"Impossible, Carrie!"

"Wait a minute, Charles, and I will prove it."

Caroline withdrew with a light step for a few moments, and then reappeared with her Savings'-Bank book. She opened it, and pointed to a sum of over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS standing to her credit!

"Are you quite sure, Carrie, that you haven't had a legacy left you?" demanded Charles, in amazement. "Surely sixpence a day has never produced this?"

"No, but a shilling a day has, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, that we shall, if God be pleased to spare our lives, be able to ward off starvation for a time."

"All this I owe to your prudence, my dear Carrie," said Charles, gratefully. "How can I repay you?"

Charles Lynford remained out of employment until the spring, but then, as anticipated, trade revived, and he was again in receipt of his old wages. More than two-thirds of Carrie's fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his worthy wife in striving to increase its contents.

The little tin savings'-box still stands on the mantelpiece, and never fails to receive a deposit daily.—*British Workman.*

ANOTHER TALK WITH UNCLE PHILIP.

BY E. F MOSBY.

A little hurried knock was heard at the door, and Uncle Philip, on opening it, found a group of children, with eyes sparkling and cheeks rosy with excitement.

"O Uncle Philip!" cried Annie eagerly, "what do you think Charlie has?"

"A bird, I expect," said Uncle Philip, smiling.

"Oh, yes, a lovely little humming-bird," answered three or four voices in chorus. "He shot him with water from his pop-gun, and stunned him."

Uncle Philip took the tiny-

RUBY AND TOPAZ HUMMING-BIRD.

winged creature tenderly in his hand and laid it on a little cushion of down in a large empty cage covered with fine wire, which hung in the sunshiny window, among the honeysuckle flowers.

"There he said, "your little captive will soon get over his shower-bath and his fright, and you can look at him for a while—and then, Annie, what shall we do with him?"

"O Uncle Philip, we will set him free. Oh, I would not keep him in a cage!"

"But we could do it," said Johnnie, "and feed him on syrup or honey."

"No," said Uncle Philip, "he would not live on that. You would have to give him ants to eat as well as honey, or some meat and egg chopped very fine. The honey of flowers is not his only diet, if he does look so dainty and fairy-like. But we must not keep him in prison, for I think he has a little nest of his own."

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie in delight. "Did you ever see a humming-bird's nest?" Tell us how large it is, and of what it is made."

"Some are no larger inside than half a walnut-shell, and they are beautiful, cup-shaped little homes, often placed in the fork of a branch. The outside is exquisitely decorated with pieces of lichen, and the inside is lined with the finest silky fibres, a lovely bed for their one or two tiny white eggs; but all their nests are not alike, for you see there are no less than four hundred different species of humming-birds, and of course their homes are different too."

"Four hundred!" repeated Johnnie. "I am surprised that there should be so many! I would like to hear about some of the nests made by the others. What little house-builders they are!"

"Some of them hang their tiny nests to creepers and vines which grow over the water, or even over the sea; and a Pidunclea humming-bird is said, by Mr Wallace, to have fastened its nest to a straw-rope hanging from a roof. Others build theirs like miniature hammocks attached by spider's web to the face of the rocks; while the little creatures, that dart here and there through the green forest shade like living gems, fasten their nests on the under side of palm-leaves or tree branches."

"These humming-birds are so swift and brilliant, their throats and breasts glow with such rich, warm, shining colors, that I cannot fancy them as living anywhere but in a land of flowers, a tropical forest or a southern island," said Annie's older sister. "Do you ever find them in cold countries?"

"There is an Antartic humming-bird that has been seen in Terra del Fuego, haunting the fuschia flowers; and in the summer there are two kinds of humming-birds, the ruby-throat and the flame-bearer, that visit Canada and the Northern part of America, and build their little nests and bring up their young birds here, but at the approach of winter they are on the airy road to the sunshine and blooming fields of Mexico."

He walked to the cage where the bird sat uneasily turning its little head quickly from side to side, and fluttering against the fine wires. He opened the door with a smile at the children's eager faces, and soon the bright wings had flown past, and were flitting through the flowers outside, and swiftly speeding away far out of sight.

"That tiny wanderer and his companions have been known to travel three thousand miles toward the South. Think what visions of flowers must stir in the little birds' throbbing hearts in all that long journey! Not of flowers alone, perhaps, but of great forest trees, and the small insects on their leaves and stems, and the rapid dart and dive through the air by which they catch them!"

"They seem to be made for a life in the air, Uncle Philip," said Katie. "Did you notice the delicate little feet, so short that you could scarcely see them beyond the feathers? Its wings, too, are so long and narrow that they seem to go by you like a flash of colored light; and the long slender bill and fibrous tongue seem to be perfect for exploring flower-cups, and seizing their tiny prey while they are circling over and above in flight."

"Yes," said Uncle Philip, "I am glad, dear child, to see that you noticed it so closely. But there are some of this family so small—their bodies are hardly larger than a bumble-bee—that when they they are whirling by you, you can scarcely perceive their shape."

"Their colors are different, aren't they, Uncle Philip?"

"Oh, yes. See, here are some colored prints of them. Almost all have some green, shining like metals, but there are rich blues and purples, and glowing red hues. I cannot fancy anything so perfect as this ruby spot, or this glittering golden-green, or this melting sapphire-blue. And look at their crested heads—the frills and ruffs around their necks—and their tails, some pure white, and pointed like a star, some long or round and with the richest colors imaginable. These bright hues are on their breasts and tails and heads, so that as they dart down, they gleam and disappear, and then shine out again and change their color as they move, with the most startling and beautiful effect."

"What a funny little one this is," said Annie, holding up a print; "he has a crest and a beard. And here is one with a crown on his head, and a breast like a burnished shield; and there is a little bird with long feathers from his neck."

"Did you notice the sound, the humming of the wings, when the humming-bird was near you?" asked their uncle.

"Yes, I have often listened to it; but he whirls away so quickly he doesn't give one much time to make observations," said Johnnie with a laugh. "He shoots away like a skyrocket, then presently here he is again, pirouetting around the honeysuckle like a waltzer, and again he is whizzing and buzzing away over the farthest flower-beds."

"They do not move like other birds, and this swift, whirring flight secures them so well from attack that they are not usually timid, and will come nearer to you than any other bird, sometimes approaching within a yard or two of your face. I often have them come to these honeysuckle flowers while I am sitting beside the window reading or writing, and I have several times seen the passionate little creature tear the flower entirely open with his keen, sharp bill if he could not get the honey as quickly as he wished, and then with an impatient whirr shoot away in another direction."

"It seems as funny as if a fairy were in a rage," said Annie.

SLENDER SHEAR-TAIL HUMMING-BIRD.
SWORD-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

"Uncle, I should like to see them at home and quiet for a little while like other birds."

"I think we ought to go now," said Katie, hesitatingly; "but, Uncle Philip, we may come again some time, may we not?"

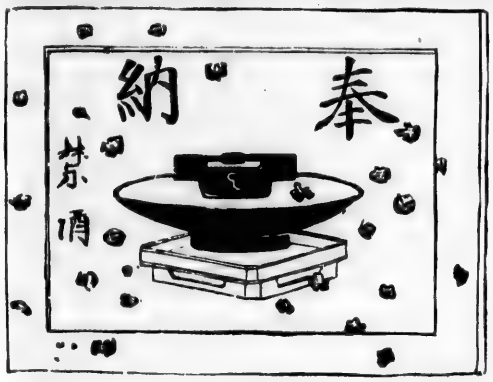
"Yes, indeed," he replied with a smile. "I shall be glad to see you."

"Oh, thank you. We have had such a happy time," added Annie, with a warm embrace and kiss as they departed.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

YEMA.

BY REV. J H DE FOREST, OSAKA, JAPAN.

Much has been written about the temples of Japan—their idols great and small; their sweet-toned bells; their jolly priests, and their ways of worship. But even the best books tell us very little about the Yema, or sacred pictures, that hang in the temple galleries. I have spent hours again and again in studying these paintings, and in learning the meanings of them from the chatty worshippers. And since they have given me so much pleasure, as well as insight into the Japanese character, I gladly turn showman for a few moments, and exhibit some pictures that were copied for me by Mr Yonedzu, a Christian.



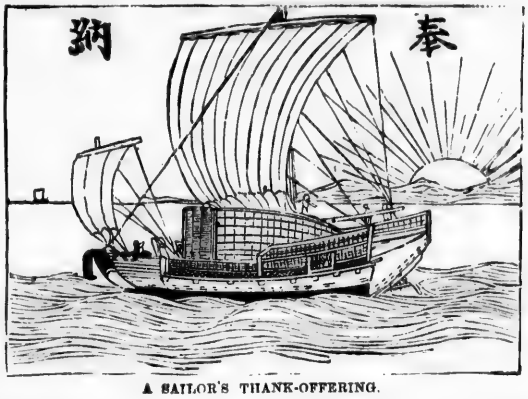
A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The first one is a saké-cup on a little tray. Right over the cup is a Japanese padlock, locked tight, and the key thrown away. The two large Chinese characters over the cup mean, Respectfully offered. You see these characters on all the temple pictures. At the left of the cup are two more characters meaning, "Sworn off from saké." Here then was a poor fellow whose love of strong drink was conquering him. He had tried and tried to be moderate, or to be a total abstainer; but he found himself weak, unable to break the habit. He knew, as every drunkard everywhere knows, that he must have help, or miserably perish. So he went to the temple of his god and publicly offered this temperance pledge. This is his prayer for Divine help.

Now foreigners who visit Japan, of course visit the temples. They see such pictures as this but they cannot interpret them. Then some of them write home that drunkenness is unseen, almost unknown, in Japan! Well, look at this picture again, and notice the spots all over it. You have heard that the Japanese have paper prayers that they chew and throw at their gods. Not only their gods, but these votive pictures also are often covered with these spit-ball prayers. Among the pilgrims to this temple are those who, seeing this locked sake-cup, have said, "Ah, this is just what I need." And so dozens of them have thrown their soft, moist prayers into it, and asked for like strength from above. A friend whom I took to the temple expressly to see this picture was so taken with the story that, though its original value is not over ten or fifteen cents, he tried to buy it of the priests with the generous offer of $25. But it hangs there yet.

THE GAMBLER'S REFORMATION.

The second is of a man on his knees breaking to pieces some dice. He is a gambler. He has been drawn gradually into the fascinating game, until at last, reckless in his plays, he has lost everything. He comes to himself and sees that he must give up at once this cursed habit, and, to make it sure, he offers this picture of himself to his god. In the original picture his wife and child stand behind him, adding their prayers to his that the god will hear his vow.

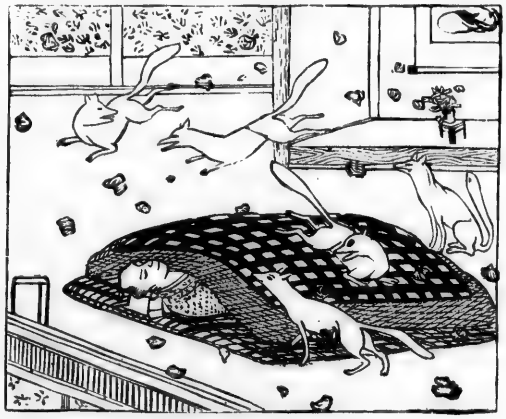


A SAILOR'S THANK-OFFERING.

Sometimes in these votive pictures of reformation there is a sly reservation written on one side, "good for five years." And I have been told that while the memory of former suffering is keen, and the superstitious fear remains, the vow will be kept. But as the old desire grows stronger with continual temptations, the reformed man will sometimes say, "I've kept my vow a year: four years are left. That will make eight years of days, and leave me the nights for drinking and gambling."

We come next to two pictures of thanksgiving. A sailor has had a prosperous voyage. The Rising Sun has daily greeted him, and favoring breezes have filled his sails. He thinks it a duty and privilege to acknowledge the favor of his god with this picture of his junk. There are thousands of these hung in the temples of Japan.

Last of all comes a picture of a dream This hard-working farmer lies sleeping under his heavy comfortable, with his head on his wooden pillow. In his dream he sees these frisky foxes jumping joyfully across his bed and through the air—their tails out straight and their mouths splitting with fox-laughter. When the farmer wakes up he too will laugh, for the fox is the messenger of the god of rice and to see a messenger of any of the gods is a sign of good luck. There are cart-loads of such pictures in these temples—dreamers with monstrous snakes crawling around them, dreamers with poisonous centipedes in their bosoms! Then instead of waking thankful that it wasn't true, as we should, they awake glad to have been honored with a dream of the messengers of the gods. And I think, too, that these dreamers of beasts and reptiles are waking up out of this nonsense of ages. They are already beginning to laugh at themselves. And when they once use the reason God has given them, their repentance, their gratitude, and their desires will find a truer and nobler expression than by Yema.—*Missionary Herald.*



THE FARMER'S DREAM.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ANIMAL.

BY MISS E. F. MOSBY.

In the forests of South America, ages and ages ago, there lived enormous animals which are now extinct, and are known only by their bones which have been discovered embedded in the soil. But although they lived so long ago, and were so different in size from the creatures that now possess their ancient haunts, there is a likeness and a kinship existing between them. When the little French visitors to the Jardin du Roi (the garden of the king), in Paris, crowd to see the foreign animals that are on exhibition there, they are filled with amusement and wonder at a strange quadruped which seems incapable of using its four long legs either to run or jump, or even to walk. It looks lazier than a grub or a beetle, and its name—the Sloth—seems a very appropriate title, for it only crawls along upon the earth in a weak and helpless fashion, its hands and feet, which are armed with sharp claws, stretched out aimlessly on the ground.

The trees in South America grow in the valleys of the great rivers in the greenest luxuriance, every branch rustling thick with leaves, and the trunk buried knee-deep in long grasses. In the air the vines, heavily laden with foliage and blossoms, form aerial and swaying bridges that throw their strong arms from bough to bough. Here the diminutive Sloth of to-day has its home, and it no longer looks inert or awkward when it has reached its true habitat. This is not on the earth's surface, nor on the water's, but in the forest that rises in "the aerial ocean." The creature can neither run nor swim nor fly; but it can climb, and it is indeed a climber *par excellence*. Each limb being terminated by two or three long and strong hooks, with these it could securely cling to the branches, along these it moved, often rapidly; there was nothing slothful in its arboreal mode of progression. Suspended always with its head and trunk downwards, it so traversed every branch and part of the tree yielding food by leaf or fruit. In that clinging attitude it rested, suspending itself to sleep. Amid the boughs it so lived and bred, the mother carrying her suckling young securely clinging to her neck.

In this same wild, sylvan country of South America there were dug up the fossil remains of some enormous animal, to which the naturalist Cuvier gave the name of the *Megatherium*, the giant Sloth of the early ages of the world. Its skeleton is not as large as that of an elephant, it is true, but it surpasses in bulk those of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, and therefore it is not probable that it lived such a simply arboreal life as its smaller successors, climbing from branch to branch, and rocked in their leafy cradle by the wind.

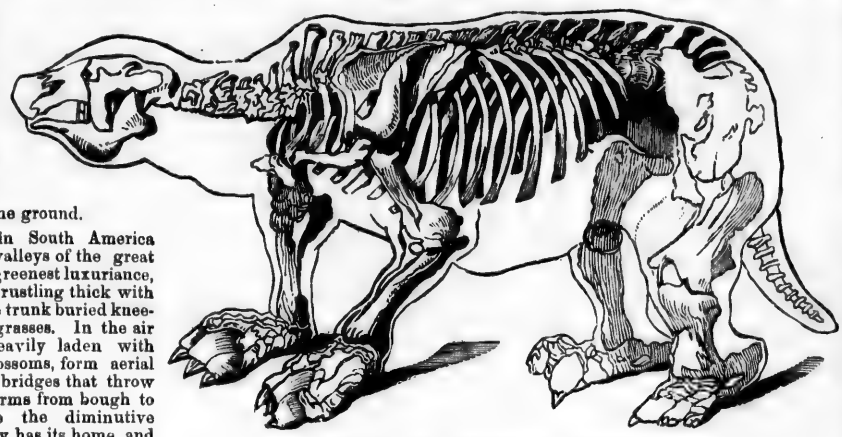
It was, however, so formed as to possess every means of self-support in its great forest world, and also of self-defence, though a monstrous tiger called the "sabre-tooth," on account of its long, sharp teeth, was often its assailant. But the tiger found its match even for these in the three long, large, curved, sharp-pointed claws which the great Megatherium used in its combats. The present ant-eater of South America has no other weapons than similar sharp claws, and yet these suffice to enable it to hold its own against the jaguar and the puma. When it has once seized a foe, no matter how desperate its own hurts or injuries may be, it will cling until death relaxes its fierce and tenacious hold.

The Megatherium used his claws on his hind feet for a different purpose than war. These were limited in number, being confined to one sub-compressed, but large and sharp-pointed claw on each hind foot, the other toes having no claws, but terminating in a sort of hoof, which gave the animal a heavy but firm tread. The two sharp claws served as pickaxes to dig away the soil from the roots of the trees, and so loosen their foundations; for, instead of climbing to obtain his food, this giant leaf-devourer uprooted and tore down the great trees on which he was accustomed to feed.

Of course, he needed a firm base for such a tug and strain, and consequently we find him possessed of two mighty hind legs, which were not so long as those of the elephant, but were twice as thick and massive, and a tail which was sufficiently firm-jointed, long, and heavy to form with the heavy hind legs a substantial tripod which could well assist the Megatherium in his work. The front limbs, which were used for seizing the tree, pulling it roughly to and fro until it gave way, and then hauling it down, were powerful and complex in development, being almost as perfect as the arms and hands of man for the purpose for which they were designed.

We can, in imagination, see this gigantic animal raised on its powerful hind legs, and tugging, riving, and swaying the root-loosened tree until it fell with a loud crash, its wide-spreading branches tearing into the soil beneath or rearing themselves still high in the air. Then the feast began, and this was enjoyed by means of the long muscular and flexible tongue, more like a rope than anything else, having the same shape as a giraffe's, but twice as big, which could be used to browse upon the leaves at will and bring them easily within reach. The lower jaw is formed like a spout, hollowed into a long, smooth canal, in which the tongue lay, and was thrust forward or drawn back, gliding to and fro in quest of its leafy repast. The Megatherium's teeth were equally as well adapted for the mastication of its vegetable food, grinding it up to a pulp on their cross-ridged surface.

Dr. Buckland, when he first heard the description which has been given already of the Megatherium's form and habits, urged an objection which afterwards was the means of furnishing additional proof of its accuracy. Doubting the possibility of such a mode of feeding, he asked how, if that were true, the Megatherium could escape being crushed to death or killed by a blow from some of the falling trees? It now appears that, although these animals became doubtless trained by experience to dexterity in dodging such collisions, they did not always escape unhurt. In a skeleton of the Megatherium discovered on the banks of the Rio Platta the skull had two distinct fractures, one completely healed, and the other, a more serious injury to the back of the skull, evidently the cause of the animal's death. Each of the scars indicated a stunning blow, which must for a time have completely prostrated the huge creature; and as the first was cured and the last had by no means caused instant death—since sufficient time had elapsed for the bone to begin a new growth—neither could have been inflicted by a tiger's paw or a hunter's club. Such enemies would have finished their work while their prey lay defenceless. The blow was without doubt from some passive or inanimate body, like the falling trunk or bough of some large tree.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



SKELETON AND OUTLINE OF A MEGATHERIUM.

NEAR the city of Washington little gray lizards are plenty. They grow four or five inches long, are clean to the touch, and make amusing pets. A writer for *Our Little Ones* says, "You will see them sitting on the walls and fences in the sun. You can catch them easily, if you know how. You must go up to them very slowly. If you make a quick motion, they are off. When you get near enough, grasp swiftly a little before the lizard's nose. If you grasp on the spot where he is you will only catch the end of his tail. Now a lizard drops his tail off as easily as a boy loses his jack-knife; so if you catch only the lizard's tail, you lose the rest of the lizard. . . . If you are kind to the lizard, and tickle him gently with the end of your finger, he will soon be tame. He will catch flies on the table, and will also come and take insects from your hand." The lizards in the tropics are green, and golden, and red, and purple, and indeed all colors. They are beautiful creatures, and may be tamed like their gray cousins in Virginia. But sometimes they are very large and fierce."

"GENIUS is eternal patience."

ABOUT SPIDERS.

The spiders belong to the great family of "Articulata," and in the group are called "Arachnida." I do not know how long ago this name was given to the spiders, but it seems to have come from Grecian mythology. *Arachne*, it is said, was a Grecian lady in the long ago marvellously skilled in spinning. So proud was she of her art that she aspired to compete with the goddess Minerva; but her presumption was punished by her being transformed into a spider. But though so humiliated, she yet retained her skill, and wove webs of wondrous beauty; and so it comes to pass that the spider family are known to naturalists as the Arachnida, or "children of Arachne."

Now if our young readers happen to be so far advanced in their studies in Natural History as to be interested in the classification of the Arachnida, we will briefly say that Linnæus and older naturalists used to call the spider an "insect." But since Lamarck they have been separated into a distinct class. They have articulated skeleton; usually eight legs, consisting of seven joints; they have from two to seven eyes—fixed, not movable, but placed in different parts of the head in the different species to accommodate their varied habits. They have "falces," or mandibles, to seize their prey, and maxillæ, or what might be called a mouth, to squeeze and eat them.

Now we have done the scientific. Let us study one or two species of the spider. But before we do that I would like to tell you about the "web."

Most of the Arachnida live by catching insects in nets which they weave in bushes, on fences, in outhouses, and not infrequently in our homes.

This web is a wonder of lightness, elasticity, and strength. It is the strongest material of its size known. It comes from the spinneret, located in the rear of the abdomen of the animal, and is composed of thousands of distinct threads blended into one. This blending accounts for its great strength. This apparatus and instinct were furnished the spider long ago, long before men thought of twisting together many strands of wire to make a strong and pliant rope. These webs are also elastic, and yield to the strain of the wind or the spider's weight. The strands are also covered with a viscid humor or paste, that not only keeps the intersections of the web glued fast, but, like birdlime, fastens the prey to the meshes.

These webs of the spider are not only used as nets and air-sieves to catch its prey, but sometimes his spinnerets afford him the means to escape from danger. Seth Green, the fish-raiser, tells us of an observation of his. He placed a pole in the middle of a little pond, and put a spider on it. It first spun a long thread, and let the wind blow it out length-wise, in hope it would find lodgment on the shore. After having tried this method of escape in vain, finding the wind not strong enough to aid him, he resorted to another ingenious experiment. Climbing to the top of the pole, he commenced to make a silken balloon; when made, he attached it to the pole with a strand, got into it, and finding it too small, constructed a larger one. Then seemingly satisfied he cut the guy-rope and sailed away to land. Is not that wonderful?

We sometimes call the nets the spiders weave in our houses cobwebs. This comes from the Dutch word for spider, "coppe." Good housekeepers don't like to acknowledge having seen them in the corners of their rooms, but as a spider can weave one in the night, it ought not always to be a sign of untidiness. Hogarth, in one of his pictures, represents neglected charity by sketching a spider-web over the aperture of the collection-box; and one of our modern poets, in describing the peace that has followed our fratricidal war, weaves a spider's web over the cannon's mouth; and among the Jewish legends I read that when David entered the cave of Adullam, a spider quickly wove a web across its entrance, that Saul passed it by, convinced that the fleeing David could not have entered it for refuge.

THE WEB AND ITS VICTIMS.

We have in the illustration the webs of the common spiders with some poor victims of their snares vainly endeavoring to extricate themselves. We would like to describe in brief three varieties of the Arachnida that have always seemed to us very interesting specimens of the family.

First, the Trap-Door Spider, "*Mygale nidulans*," found not only in the West Indies, but in California. This spider lives in the ground, does not spin a web for catching insects, but chases and captures them upon the ground. His home is a marvel of skill. He digs a perpendicular hole in the earth where there is a slope, so that water may not interfere with him. He then lines it with a silken web more beautiful than any regal tapestry. He constructs a door of earth on the upper side, made to look just like the ground about it, while on the inner side there is the same silken lining and hinges of the same material, so that its lid when raised will fall back to its place. From this door he emerges at night to search for his prey. The lid closes after him. Having secured his food, he lifts his portal with his strong feet, and passing in, the door closing after him, he enjoys his meal in security.

Another interesting species is the Water Spider, "*Argyroneta Aquatica*." He lives in the water, and yet is an air-breathing insect. Some amphibious animals, like the porpoise and seal, though they can remain under water for a good while, yet are forced to the surface every few minutes; but this little fellow can live for weeks beneath the water. The explanation is curious. He takes the air down with him. First, he builds a little gossamer home down at the bottom of the pond between some water-plants; he coats it with glue to make it water-tight, leaving an aperture at the bottom for a door. It is as yet filled with water. He now makes a little bag of his web, goes to the surface, fills it with air, and going down empties it into his house; it bubbles up to the roof and stays there, displaying the water. Again and again he does this, until he has an air-castle in which he can breathe and rear his family, the open door beneath keeping the air pure. This home of our veritable water nymph resembles a globule of quicksilver. As the little fellow gets his food from insects that live on or in the water, he is thus wonderfully provided.

Another species has always excited our admiration—the Raft Spider, "*Dolomedes fimbriatus*." This spider subsists upon the insects that skim upon the surface of ponds and streams; and while his feet are so constructed that he can run very swiftly for a short distance upon the water, he cannot entirely live upon it, so he constructs a raft of leaves, lashing them together with the silken cords that his spinneret affords, and pushing out from shore, is drifted by the winds or currents to where his prey is disporting itself. The dead leaves conceal the spider, the insects imagining no danger, when suddenly the fierce and hungry little fellow leaves his raft and gives chase; returning with his prey, he leisurely devours it. Oh, how wonderful is all this! It seems more like reason than instinct. It is as if, seeing that leaves fallen from the bushes and trees and floated out by the wind and currents do not frighten the insects that sport upon the water, he uses one, as the sportsmen do our sink-boats when we would approach a flock of ducks. But we must not fail to notice how the Creator makes every faculty and function of his creatures in harmonious adaptation to the end of their being. Unlike the web-weaving spider, his feet are formed so that he can run swiftly upon the surface of the water, and his eyes are so constructed that he can discern his prey at long distances, both of which are necessary that he may be able to provide for his sustenance.

There is another lesson. All these creatures use their knowledge, skill, and functions in doing just that, and that only, which their Creator intended them to do. I wonder if we are always found using our faculties and powers just in those directions in which they were wisely intended to be employed?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

As THE night follows the day, so surely and naturally does an irreligious and a corrupt manhood or womanhood follow an irreverent childhood.

HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO ONO.

The former character of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands is too well known to need any extended description. Cannibalism was a part of their religion, and to one of their gods

CANNIBAL FORKS.

every basket of roots offered was accompanied by a human body. The chiefs sometimes killed their inferior wives to supply this horrible demand.

On Ono, one of the smaller islands of this group, it is particularly interesting to note the first beginnings of the true religion. This island is 150 miles from that of Lakemba, to which it is tributary. In 1835 it was visited by an epidemic, which so diminished their numbers as greatly to alarm the people. They made large offerings of food and property to their gods, and practised their religious rites with the greatest zeal, but all their efforts to stay the ravages of disease were unavailing. Just at this time one of the chiefs, Wai, went to Lakemba to carry the customary tribute, and while there met a chief who had visited some of the Friendly Islands and had become a Christian. From this man Wai heard of the true God, though little more than that Jehovah was the only God, and that all ought to worship him.

Perceiving that there was no deliverance through their gods from the pestilence, the Ono chief and his companions resolved to forsake them and pray to the Being of whom they had recently heard, and a few others joined them. The late visitors, while at Lakemba, had heard something of the Sabbath, and so determined that they would set apart one day in seven for their worship. They accordingly prepared their food on the day previous, dressed in their best, and anointed themselves more profusely with oil. But when assembled they were at a loss how to proceed. They had always been accustomed to invoke their deities through the medium of a priest. In this dilemma they had no other resource than to send for a heathen priest. He came, and was induced to aid them, beginning his prayer somewhat after this style: "Lord Jehovah, here are thy people; they worship thee. I turn my back upon thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do thou bless these thy people; keep them from harm and do them good." Such was the first act of worship rendered to the Almighty on the far-off island of Ono.

In 1836 a canoe, having on board a number of Christians bound for the island of Tonga, missed her course, and drifted away to an island about fifty miles from Ono. Here they heard of the longing for light and help at the latter place, and a young man, baptized Josiah, who had conducted religious services during the voyage, hastened thither.

Great was the joy of the little company at Ono on the arrival of a teacher. The old priest was at once dismissed, and daily Josiah led their devotions, instructing them more fully on the Sabbath, while some learned to pray for themselves.

By this time their number had increased to forty, and they set about building a chapel which should hold a hundred people.

By 1839 three other teachers had been sent them, and the number of converts had increased to a hundred and sixty-eight men and a hundred and sixty women. All were most anxious for instruction, and greatly desirous that a missionary should visit them and administer sacraments and marry them with religious rites.

Among the directions received by the Wesleyan missionaries in reference to polygamy was that it must not be countenanced. No man or woman living in this state should be admitted to church membership or even be a candidate.

In the latter part of this year a missionary of Lakemba had an opportunity of visiting Ono, and found most wonderful and cheering progress; the people leading blameless lives, the Sabbath observed, schools well attended, and several young men offering themselves as teachers, to go, after due training, to preach the gospel in other parts of Fiji. Two hundred and twenty-three persons were baptized and sixty-six couples married.

Among the candidates for baptism was a young woman named Tovo, of the highest rank, who had been in infancy betrothed to the old king of Lakemba. She had now learned to read well—was most active in teaching, in visiting the sick, and in other good works.

The missionary could not baptize her unless she refused to be one of the thirty wives of Tui Nayan. On her part she declared her firm resolve to die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal. In this decision, the chief, her father, and all the Christians sustained her, and were ready to suffer anything rather than give her up. With this understanding she was baptized—taking the name of Jemima.

Upon the return of the missionary, Mr. Calvert, to Lakemba, he informed the king that Tovo could not now become one of his many wives, as she had been baptized. Encouraged, however, by his chiefs and the heathen party at Ono, he set about manning a fleet of canoes with fighting men to go and demand her. Hearing of this, Mr. Calvert went to expostulate with him, but the king replied that he was going to collect tribute—pearl shells, etc.

"Then why take warriors instead of sailors?"

"Oh, the warriors would make very good sailors."

"Ah," replied Mr. Calvert, "so say your lips—I know not what is in your heart. I love you, therefore I warn you. God's people are as the apple of his eye. On the sea and on all the islands between Lakemba and Ono the Lord Jehovah reigns supreme. Take care what you do."

For a time the voyage was quite prosperous. They stopped at various islands, but at the one nearest Ono all disguise was thrown off, and they wantonly destroyed food and property to punish the people for becoming Christians before their king.

Here, to make sure of a fair wind, they remained some days, sending on in advance several canoes of desperadoes to do the king's bidding in case of resistance, which, with about a hundred souls, were never more heard of.

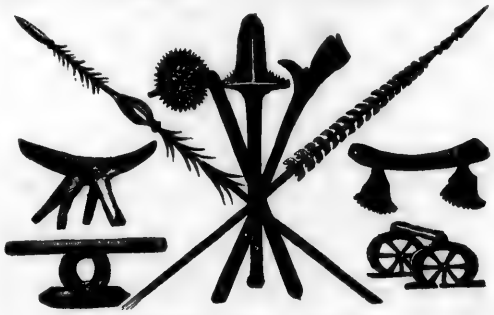
At length, a favorable breeze springing up, the expedition moved on; but ere long the wind shifted, and though they came within sight of Ono they could not reach her. Their endeavors were continually baffled. Soon all chance of making the island was gone. The canoes pitched and labored terribly in the violence of the waves. Thus they drifted about in great fear, well knowing that if they escaped the angry billows, they might be cast upon some shore where a miserable fate would await them.

As night came on the king gave up all hope. He thought of the warning words of the missionary and made up his mind to die; calling upon his gods, and promising great offerings if he should return home in safety. But they weathered the gale, and the dawn of the morning found one of the other canoes quite near. Great was the delight of the crews at meeting, and, the wind being now favorable for their homeward course, they set sail for Lakemba.

On arrival, the king begged that Mr. Calvert's warning words might never follow him again. He was henceforth very kind to him, thus acknowledging that he regarded his deliverance as a favor of the missionary's God. He even consented to give up the object of his desire and accept a gift instead. Accordingly suitable articles were sent him from Ono, but after having received them, the king returned an equivocal answer. The missionary then sent him fresh gifts, but like a king of old his heart was hardened. Evil counsels prevailed, and he intimated that Jemima must be brought. Nothing now remained for the poor girl but compliance or death. But her people refused to bring her to Lakemba. Then a chief was despatched for her, but such was the firmness of her Christian friends that he had to return without her; and the king, after his narrow escape, feared to imperil his life again upon the deep on such an errand.

Though there had been no missionary settled among them, by 1848, thirteen years from the introduction of Christianity into Ono, there were among the converts nearly fifty whose faith and ardent zeal fitted them to carry on the work at home, and to go forth to plant the gospel on distant shores. By the latest accounts we hear that no less than 900 churches may be seen, in which the true God is reverently and lovingly worshipped.

Thus truly in the Micronesian groups have the words of Holy Writ been verified, "Surely the isles shall wait for me. —*Illus. Christian Weekly.*



FIJI CLUBS, SPEARS, AND PILLOWS.

provided with immense webbed feet that serve the same purpose in sustaining it during flight as does the membrane of the draco (or flying-lizard). They launch themselves fearlessly from a branch, their feet held flat and toes stretched apart, and swoop down, then rise a few feet, finally alighting safely at their expected destination. Sometimes four or five are seen darting away, together, looking like a flock of winged frogs or toads.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name. Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its brilliant blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and returning to the water with a splash—perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These privateers of the seas are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, notwithstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fins, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden lustre. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagreeable fellows to come in contact with; at least so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India islands. Suddenly, he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gunard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gunards are also chased by the dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying-fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.*

FLYING TREE-TOAD.

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous arms dripping and glistening They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.—*St Nicholas.*

A FLYING FISH AND FLYING SQUIDS.

*A jigger is made by fastening a large number of fish-hooks together in a ball, points outward.

THE COACHMAN'S PRAYER.

I had taken, says a gentleman, the box-seat of a stage-coach. The driver soon began to swear in a most fearful manner. "Coachman, do you ever pray?" I quietly said.

He seemed displeased, and, whipping the horses, he sat as if he wished not to reply to me. I repeated the question. "If you want to know," said he "sometimes I go to church on a Sunday; I suppose I pray then, don't I?"

"Did you pray this morning that God would keep you from blaspheming His holy name?"

"No, I did not."

"Then I am afraid you never pray at all; for no man can swear as you do, and yet keep up the habit of praying to God."

As we now rode along he seemed thoughtful. "Coachman, I wish you would pray now," I said.

"Why, what a time to pray, sir, when a man is driving a coach."

"Yet my friend, God will hear you."

He was some what moved at the appeal. "What shall I pray for? he asked, in a subued tone.

"Pray these words; 'O Lord, grant me Thy Holy Spirit for Christ's sake, amen.'" He hesitated, but in a momen the repeated them: and then, at my request, a second and a third time. When I arrived at the end of my journey, I parted from him, never expecting to meet him again on earth.

Some months passed, and being in another part of the country, a man looked intently on me, and said, with a smile, "Don't you know me, sir?" I replied I did not. "Ah, sir, I have much reason to be thankful that ever I knew you."

He then recounted the particulars of our first meeting, and added, "I bless God I ever travelled with you. The prayer you taught me on that coach-box I believe was answered. I saw myself a lost and ruined sinner; but now I humbly hope, through the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, I am a converted man."

After some explanation, he went on to say, "Both my wife and daughter have also been brought to Jesus. Stop not in your good work, sir, of speaking to poor sinners as you spoke to me on that coach; but for your reproof and instruction I might still have been in th broad road which leads to destruction.

DOING THINGS WELL.

"There said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush; "there! that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, when his father continued:

"My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine when you have finished come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes his father said;

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the pr verb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went ou to service in a gentlema sfamily, and he took pains to d everything well, no matter h w unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands he went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became a clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man, and anxious that his son, Harry, should learn to practise the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son—so poor that I had to go out to service, and black boots, and wait at table, and do any menial service which was required of me. By doing little things well, I was soon trusted with more important ones.—*Young Reaper.*

"Humility, the loveliest, sweetest flower
That bloomed in Eden, and the first that died,
Hath rarely blossomed since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
It doth not bear to look upon itself,
And he who ventures to esteem it his
Proves by that single thought he hath it not."

God never promised us happiness here in any perfect form; and they who complain most of its absence are commonly those who have least deserved it, and have done least to secure it for themselves and to provide it for others. —*George Batchelor.*

EMPEROR AND PRISONER.

In the gray of an early morning, during the reign of good Joseph II. of Austria, a strange scene occurred in one of the streets of the old city of Presburg. We can forgive history much of its dry detail and stiff formality when it also records for us heart-touching incidents of real life like this that we have here to tell.

The nearly silent street flanked by its two rows of tall houses, most of the blinds and shutters still closing the windows at that early hour, was being swept by a gang of convicts brought each morning through the prison gates for the purpose. In the line of prisoners was an old man whose hair and beard were white as silver, and whose ugly uniform did not wholly hide a certain stateliness of bearing, which he, however, did not allow to hinder his work. But in spite of his prepossessing look and manner, it was to be noticed that only he of all his wretched companions dragged at his leg a chain, weighted by a heavy bullet. Yet it seemed impossible to believe that he excelled in crime the repulsive-looking wretches about him.

As the work of cleaning the street progressed, the thoroughfare, in spite of the early hour, came at last to have one passer-by. A tall, elderly man, very plainly dressed, but wearing a kind of uniform, advanced along one of the pavements, and as he looked at the gang of sweepers his eye quickly singled out the old prisoner. This observer seemed soon to notice that although the white-haired, aged man, in spite of having the chain and ball to drag, managed by sheer exertion to keep up with the others in his work, the overseer was nearly always shouting at him in anger and finding fault without cause. The spectator stepped into the road to the old man's side

"What," he asked, "is your crime, that you are treated in this way?"

The old prisoner, at the sound of a voice which had in it a tone of pity, looked up and stood still, resting his broom upon the stones. It was a terrible story of persecution and cruelty that he had to tell. He belonged to a distant province, and his position there answered to the class in England called "yeomen," he having been owner of a small property of his own. But, most unfortunately for him, the farm lay on the skirt of the great estate of Count ——, and this nobleman had fixed an envious eye upon its scanty fields, as King Ahab long before did on Naboth's vineyard. Their owner, prizing the spot as having been the home of his forefathers, refused to sell it to the count. From that hour began his persecution. One legal process was served upon him after another, costs being run up at every stage. In the end he was fairly ruined, and was forced to agree to sell the farm to the rapacious nobleman, but he bargained that he was to remain in the house for one year more. One day soon after this he was standing at his gate, deep in grief at the prospect. A wounded hare unexpectedly ran by, and, without thinking what he was doing, he instinctively raised his stick and put the poor creature out of its pain. At that moment the count's servants came up and arrested him on the spot, and although he had not laid a finger upon the hare he was taken to prison. There he lay for six months before he was tried, and when he was placed before the judge the influence of the wicked count secured his being sentenced to two years' imprisonment. In the meantime his wife and children were turned out of the house and plunged into utter poverty.

"That, sir," concluded the aged prisoner, "is my history."

"But how can this persecution be possible?" asked his sympathizing listener; "why is your emperor not informed of it?"

"Oh," sighed the old man, getting his broom again into motion, "the emperor is far away; and besides, in a quarrel with a nobleman a poor man like myself must be in the wrong."

"I will see the governor of your prison," was the next remark.

"Nay, nay, sir," the prisoner hastened to say in a trembling voice; "pray, do not try to interfere in my favor. A person once did so, and, as the result, I suffered fifty lashes, and have to drag this heavy chain. Do not speak for me, or I shall suffer for it."

Another voice now broke in, speaking in loud, harsh tones. "There you are again, you lazy fellow, chattering away your time instead of working. Have you found another soft-hearted fool to listen to your whining? Do you wish another fifty lashes, and a chain and bullet for your other leg?"

The brutal speaker was the overseer, and he raised his stick to strike the old man. But the gentleman parried the blow with his walking cane, sending the truncheon flying.

"Sirrah!" exclaimed the furious overseer, "I will arrest you for daring to interfere with an official. You are a prisoner, sirrah!"

Leisurely the stranger unbuttoned his surtout, disclosing to view a glittering star upon his breast. It was the Emperor Joseph himself. He was accustomed, when travelling, to walk out alone, early and late, seeing things with his own eyes.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the terror-stricken overseer, falling upon his knees.

"Away!" replied the emperor. "Lead me this moment to the governor."

The governor sank into a panic still worse than that of the overseer on hearing that the emperor had entered the gaol. He, however, stammered out that the blame rested with the judge, who was a friend of the count.

"O great God above, what villainy!" exclaimed the emperor. "But woe be to him who now injures a hair of that old man."

Hurrying back to his castle, the emperor ordered the judge to be summoned before him. The result was that the judge was put into prison, where he first of all received fifty lashes, answering to those he had, by his unjust sentence, inflicted on the old man; next, the chain and cannon-ball were transferred from the innocent prisoner's leg to his own, after which he was made to clean the streets of Presburg like other convicts. And among his companions in this task he soon found out the ex-governor of the prison and the ex-overseer; the latter of whom now found the stick he had so mercilessly ill-used often coming down upon his own back.

Nor did the good emperor stop here in doing justice; he sent for the liberated old man, and thus addressed him:

"I will make you the governor of the gaol, believing that you, who have suffered the barbarous cruelties of persecution, will show humanity to the prisoners under you. Farewell! Collect your family around you, and may God bless you!"

Before the amazed old man could thank the just, God-fearing emperor, the door of the apartment had closed upon him.—*Day of Rest.*

DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Harrison Weir, as a drawing lesson for the young.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

2 Cor. 9: 7.

FRANK'S SECURITY.

"BOY WANTED." That was what was written on a little slip of paper and pasted up in the window of Mr. Robinson's grocery and dry-goods store.

The little sign hung there undisturbed for several days; not because there were no applicants for the position, for half the boys in the place were anxious to get it, but because Mr. Robinson was such a hard man to suit.

He required the most unexceptionable references, as well as ample security for the boy's honesty, and so, though a great many boys went in his store to inquire about the situation, none of them were able to satisfy all the requirements.

Frank Birch saw the little slip of paper one bright Saturday morning when he had come into town to do some errands for his mother, and his heart gave a great bound of delight when he saw the words on it. Perhaps he could get the place, and what a grand thing that would be! Everybody knew that a boy was very fortunate who got a position in Mr. Robinson's store, for although there was plenty of hard work, yet the wages were very good and Mr. Robinson was not a hard master.

Frank had been wanting to earn some money so much. If he could only get this place, what a help it would be to his mother, He felt quite sure that she would let him give up school, for he could study in the evenings after his day's work was done, and then she need not work so hard day after day if he could earn some money.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Robinson, laying his paper down on his knee and looking over his spectacles at Frank as he entered the store.

"I saw in the window that you wanted a boy, and please sir, wouldn't I do?"

"I want an honest boy, one that can be trusted to do what he is told, whether any one is watching him or not, and, that will be as faithful to my interests as he would be to his own. Are you that sort of a boy?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"I hope I am," answered Frank modestly,

"Well, I hope you are too, for then we shall suit each other very well," answered Mr. Robinson.

Frank's heart was very light, for now he felt sure of a trial at least; but Mr. Robinson's next words dispelled his hopes.

"Now, what references and security can you give me?"

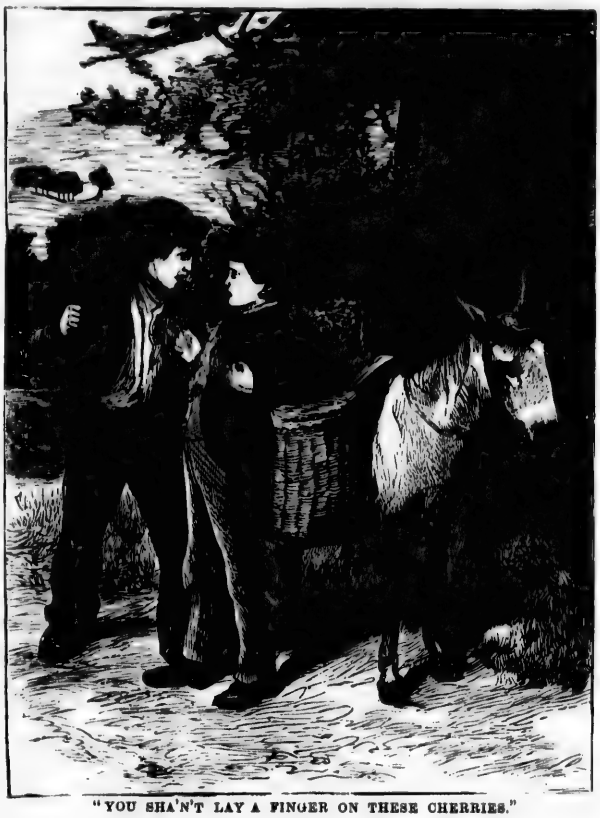
"Security?" said Frank, not quite understanding what Mr. Robinson meant.

"Yes; what friend have you who will place in my hands a certain sum of money as security for your honesty. I will return it at the end of a year, for by that time I shall know pretty well whether you are honest or not."

Frank's face clouded over with disappointment. "I am afraid I couldn't give any security," he said sadly. "How much would you want, sir?"

Mr. Robinson named the sum.

Frank shook his head. "Couldn't you take me without it, sir," he asked.



"YOU SHA'N'T LAY A FINGER ON THESE CHERRIES."

"No," answered Mr. Robinson decidedly, taking up his paper again. "I used to lose a good deal by taking boys just on references. People will often give a boy a good reference and say he is honest when they know very little about his character; but when they are willing to go security for him, then I feel pretty sure that the boy is honest and that I am safe in taking him."

Frank went slowly out of the store. He knew that there was no hope of getting the position now, for his mother had no money, and he had no friends that he could venture to ask such a favor from. So the little sign still hung in the window, and people noticed it and wondered how it was that Mr. Robinson couldn't get a boy when boys wanting work were so plenty and good places so few.

Mr. Robinson was in no hurry, however, "The right boy will come along after a while," he would say to himself cheerfully as he helped the clerk take down the shutters and open the store every morning.

The next Friday afternoon Frank was busily disentangling his fishing-lines and preparing for a grand fishing excursion on the next day, when his mother entered the room.

"Frank," she said, "would you mind giving up your excursion to-morrow?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" exclaimed Frank. "Why mother, what is there for me to do?"

"Old Mrs. Wilson's grandson is sick, and he promised to gather her cherries this afternoon for her and take them to market to-morrow. They are to ripe to put off picking them, and she is in great trouble about them. I told her I thought you would be willing to do it for her."

Frank hesitated for a moment; then he answered cheerfully.

"All right, mother, I suppose I'll have to pick them, as the old lady is in such a bad way about them. I may as well get about it at once or I wont be through before dark;" and he began to put away his fishing-lines.

"That's a good boy," said his mother approvingly, as Frank started off whistling as merrily as if he had not just given up a long anticipated pleasure. The poor old woman's joy and gratitude when she found that her cherries would go to market the next day nearly repaid him for his self-denial. The tree was a large one, and though he worked as fast as he could, he did not have time to strip it of its contents before dark. He finished picking the cherries early the next morning, and was soon on his way to town with the fruit, which was put in panniers or large baskets.

It was a beautiful morning, and Frank could not help thinking of his intended excursion. He wondered how far the boys had gone on their way, and what sport they would have.

He did not regret his kind act, however, but walked along whistling cheerily, and now and then giving Dick, the little donkey that a kind-hearted neighbor had loaned for the day, an encouraging pat or word.

"Halloa, Frank! Where are you bound for now?" asked a voice, and Frank, looking around for the speaker, saw a boy sitting under the hedge examining the contents of a bird's nest which he had just taken from the tree beside him.

"I'm going in to town," answered Frank, recognizing the boy as Bob Morris, one of the worst boys in the neighborhood, a boy whom the good shunned and even the ill-disposed feared.

"What have you got in those baskets?" asked Bob, tossing the bird's nest to one side and walking towards Frank. "Oh, you've got cherries," he exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of the fruit showing through the cover of the basket.

"I'm glad you came along this way, for I'm awfully dry, and some of those cherries will just fix me up," and he extended his hand towards the basket.

"You can't have any of those; they are not mine to give you," said Frank firmly, standing in front of his charge.

"Well, I don't care whether they're yours or not," answered Bob roughly. "I'm going to have some of them any way, so just stand aside."

SOMETHING ABOUT DUCKS.

Duck life is not one long dream of bliss, a time to waddle, quack and pipe; no, indeed, sorrows enter into their lowly nests among reeds and rushes as keenly as into more airy, elevated homes among our feathered friends. The red-tailed hawk stops not to admire the varied tints or graceful movement of the Pintail duck, neither is it of any moment in his eyes that *Anas Acuta* indicates a certain aristocracy of family, by carrying as erectly as possible the sharply-defined and delicately-painted tail. All these beauties are as nothing: hunger to be appeased is the great question, and to this the strong-winged brigand of the skies addresses himself with undisguised intent. The ducklings by the brook-side, tenderly sheltered in their sedge-crowned home, must breast the tide of life unhelped by mother-love, must ceaselessly quack on, uncomforted by motherly responses.

The world is full of duck cousins; the family is a well-known and favorite one, and stories of their beauty and faithfulness are not wanting.

In a great city of the Celestial Empire once dwelt a happy duck family. One night pater familias was stolen, and in her lonely home Madam Duck refused all comfort; an obsequious caller, offering tender attentions, was indignantly repulsed; most unexpectedly the lost one returned, and was received by his grieving mate with every demonstration of delight. It would seem as if the little duck-mother gave information concerning the intruding suitor, for her partner flew upon him with rage, tore out his eyes, and so wounded him that he soon lay dead.

These were Mandarin ducks, so called on account of their beauty and remarkable conjugal fidelity. They are often carried in wedding processions in China.

The Chinese are fond of lauding one of this family, now extinct—having passed away, it is said, in the halcyon days of Confucius; and wonderfully endowed the creature must have been, for the legend tells us that "it would not peck or injure living insects, nor tread on growing herbs; that it had the throat of a swallow, the bill of a fowl, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a Mandarin duck, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a tortoise; that the feathers had five colors, named for the five cardinal virtues: that it was five cubits high, having the tail graduated like Pandean pipes; and that its song had five modulations."

Among Indians, royalty itself disdains not the plumage of the "summer-duck" for its chiefest adornment, and "among other gaudy feathers with which our Western tribes ornament the calumet, or pipe of peace, the skin of the head and neck of this beautiful bird is often used to cover the stem;" and so gentle is the pretty creature in its woodland haunts that a few affectionate words can effectually tame it.

Another family of cousins, the *Tadorna Vulpanser* of the Orkney Islands, have fashions of their own touching the courtesies of society. They, it seems, wish never to be "at home" to disagreeable guests, and if by chance steps are heard near its nest where the baby-ducks lie sleeping, Madam makes pretence of suffering from a broken wing, waddling off with most distressing indications of pain, trailing the supposed injured member on the ground. After the intruder has followed for some time, she as suddenly takes to flight, leaving the outwitted follower gaping with wonder.

This extensive family of water-birds is represented in our country by more than thirty species.

To catch them is often a difficult matter; but in marshes where they congregate at low water, a tight hogshead is sunk, tufts of long, coarse grass, reeds, and sedge are arranged with care over the upper edge so as to appear like a natural growth; then a sportsman takes refuge within the huge barrel, and has a rare chance for collecting the unsuspecting creatures. In China the sportsman covers his head with a sort of grass-made hood, and from "eye-holes" is able to detect and, almost at leisure, to entrap many of these simple-hearted birds.

Decoy ducks, made of wood and painted are successfully used in our own country. Lead is nailed to the bottom, so that they will float easily; these gliding over the water, attract the living sailers, who, imagining themselves surrounded by attentive relatives, alight, and at once become a prey to cruel strategy!

The "Pintail duck" of our picture, is noted for its delicate, slender neck, is of a social turn, and has richly variegated plumage; it is a bird of rapid flight, and its tones are softer and sweeter than some others of its kin. They are fond of beech-nuts, but in the spring gladly feast upon tadpoles, while for autumn and winter fare they seek mice and insects.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

AN EPICURE HUNGRY FOR DUCK

"AFTER THE 'toil and trouble,
cometh the joy and rest;
After the 'weary conflict,' peace
on the Saviour's breast;
After the 'blight and sorrow,' the
glory of life and love;
After the 'perilous journey,' the
Father's home above,"

LINES ON GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deed, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not is not living.
The more we live,
The more we give.

ANON.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

Who has not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who could listen without tears to the tale of the sufferings of the poor negro slaves in the plantations of the south. One hundred years ago the slave trade was carried on not only by the United States, but by England and many of the other nations of Europe. William Wilberforce was born at Hull, England in 1759 and at a very early age became interested in the subject of slavery. While still at school he wrote a letter to a newspaper published in York strongly condemning "the odious traffic in human flesh." At the age of twenty-one he entered parliament and about seven years afterward a society was formed in London composed almost entirely of Quakers the object of which was to prevent any slaves being brought from Africa and sold in the British colonies. The sufferings of the negroes in the ships while crossing the Atlantic were horrible. They were crowded down in the dark hold of the vessel and did not receive half the care that would have been given to cattle. A bill was passed regulating the number that each ship should carry, but little attention was paid to it. Then a bill was passed forbidding any British subject to engage in the trade, but it was still carried on under cover of the Spanish or Portuguese flag. The slaves were treated more cruelly than ever. Often when a slave ship was being pursued, and in danger of being captured, the whole cargo of slaves would be thrown into the sea. In 1811 a law was passed by which any person found engaged in the slave trade would be imprisoned from three to five years with hard labor, or transported for fourteen years. Thirteen years afterward a bill was passed declaring the slave trade to be piracy and as such punishable by death, but in 1837 this was altered and the penalty became transportation for life.

But there was still more work to be done. Although no one was allowed to bring any more slaves from Africa, there were a vast number of them already in the colonies, and the next step was to set these free. About 1825 Mr. Wilberforce through failing health had to retire from Parliament, but the work still went on. In 1833 a bill was passed making the slaves free, but providing that they should be apprenticed for twelve years to their former masters, and out of their earnings to pay a sum for their release. But this was not approved and it was at last determined that they should be apprenticed for only six years, and that the Government should pay to the slave owners in return for the loss they sustained the sum of £20,000,000.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

The health of Mr. Wilberforce failed fast, and on the 29th of July 1833, just three days after the Emancipation Bill was passed he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

MILLY'S HARD PLACE.

"Mamma," said Milly, coming in from school with a flushed face, and eyes which bore the traces of tears, "I wish you'd let me leave Miss Mathew's school. I've been kept in again, and my diary is disgraceful. Miss Susie Mathews says she's ashamed of me."

Mamma put down the work she was busy with and gathered her little girl into her lap.

"What have you done that is naughty to-day?" she said tenderly.

"O," said Milly sobbing, "I whispered in my g'ography class, and I wrote Mary Haywood a note, and when I missed my grammar lesson I pouted, and said I didn't care."

"So my little girl deserved the bad marks, and the keeping in, and the teacher's reproof," said the mother very sorrowfully. "Milly, why are you so often troublesome at school, you are a good girl at home."

"I hate rules," said Milly, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"So do the convicts in the great stone prison, where papa goes on Sundays to teach the Bible, Milly. One of them said last Sunday afternoon, that if the law hadn't been so strict he wouldn't have broken it. It is hating rules which has brought most of those poor men to their gloomy cells."

Milly looked serious. She had never thought of comparing herself with the prisoners.

"Unless we keep rules, dear, and love to keep them, we are always unhappy. Only those people who learn to mind, ever become fit to command. By-and-by, if you overcome this opposition to law, you will find that the law and you are so friendly, that you will never think about it at all. In the meantime you have some hard places before you, and the best way is to try to overcome their difficulties."

"Will you help me, mamma?"

"Surely I will, my child; but there is One stronger than I, and you must seek his aid."

Together the mother and child knelt in the twilight, praying to Jesus for pardon and peace. Milly rose from her knees, feeling that though she had done wrong, the Lord would help her to do better.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DOGS IN GERMAN REGIMENTS.

Dogs are tolerated in German regiments, though they are usually the property of officers, who are naturally responsible for their good behavior. At least one German regiment, moreover, belonging to the First or East Prussian Army Corps, used during the war of 1870-71, to be preceded, whenever the band accompanied it, by a dog of solemn and shaggy appearance, who dragged the big drum after him. This strange animal, however, had not been recruited in the ordinary manner; and at that time he already seemed to have seen enough service to entitle him to honorable retirement. He had begun his military career in the service of Austria, where the big drum was in his time harnessed to a moderately-sized dog in every military band; and he was captured by the East Prussian regiment at the battle of Sadowa. Perhaps because dogs form no recognized part of the Prussian military forces he had never been exchanged, though it is difficult to understand on what principle he could have been compelled, after the cessation of hostilities, to remain in the ranks of the enemy. This dog in any case, marched with the troops of General Nanteuffel from the east of Prussia to the west coast of France; and if he is now dead he has in all probability had a monument erected to his memory.—*St. James Gazette.*

AURORA BOREALIS

Gassendi, a French philosopher, contemporary of Lord Bacon, first gave the classical name of Aurora Borealis. Others have called it Aurora Polaris, for there is also an Aurora Australis, similar phenomena being witnessed in the Antarctic regions. The Portuguese navigator, D'Ulloa, is the first who describes the Southern Lights, about 1743; and Captain Cook also beheld them in 1777. Sir James Ross, in his famous Antarctic exploring expedition, witnessed magnificent displays.

Many of the accounts in old chronicles and histories, describing armies in the sky meeting and contending with fiery spears and darts, sometimes attended with waves of blood, can only refer to unusual displays of the Aurora Borealis. Such references are frequent in the mediæval chronicles. But before those days, Aristotle, Pliny, and other classical writers, alluded to the same mysterious lights. They were usually regarded as portents of evil foreboding. But the Shetland people called them "The Merry Dancers." The North American Indians thought they were the spirits of their departed people roaming through the spirit-world.
—*New York Observer.*

ALL WHICH GOD ASKS of boys and girls is that they be boy and girl Christians, and that is all which we have any right to ask, and it also is something which we have a right to expect and labor for.—*Congregationalist.*

WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN but one thing that has been potential enough to bring all the railways of the country to terms—in fact to an unconditional surrender. This thing is—tobacco smoke.—*Methodist Protestant.*

THE CHIPMONK.

When Nell came home from school one day, she found her favorite kitten with a little chipmonk in her mouth. It was the chipmonk which had lived in the hollow tree in the garden. He had paid flying visits to the piazza all summer, and was almost as well known as the kitten herself. It was plain that puss had mistaken him for a mouse. Nell gave chase across the garden, in among the tangle of rose-bushes, where the kitten fled with her booty. She found it hard to follow, though she could see the bright eyes of the chipmonk. They were full of pain and pleading, as if he begged her to take his side.

At last Puss was caught and shaken till she dropped the chipmonk. He could only limp away and hide himself.

Nell hoped his friends would take care of him. But at night the poor, hurt fellow hobbled toward the piazza, and seemed to want comfort. He was too feeble to keep himself from the cat's paw, if she had come near.

Nell made a little house for him in the garden of a small box. She raised it upon four stones at the four corners, so as to give him air. She slipped water and chestnuts underneath for his supper.

A good doctor came to the house and looked at his wounds. He said the chipmonk could get well, with care.

I wish I could tell you that, thanks to Nell, he was able to leave his hospital at last, and be still a resident of the old hollow tree.

But somebody, passing through the garden after dark, overturned the box. When Nell went to feed her chipmonk in the morning, she found nothing but empty nutshells, and puss washing her face close by.—*Our Little Folks.*

FAITHFULNESS.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor. One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How far is it to the nearest village?" "Six miles, sir," answered the boy; "but the road is only a sheep track, and easily missed." The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road, and I will pay you well." "I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt; "they will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers" "Well, what of that?" queried the hunter, "they are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year." "I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly; "my master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them." "Well," said the hunter, "You will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village, and get me some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you." The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and——." He stopped speaking. "And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" said the hunter angrily. "Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master; how do I know that you would keep your word?" The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly answered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up; and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man; but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

What a beautiful sermon is this on the words of Christ, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."—*Advocate.*

A SHOCKING EEL.

"Captain John," said I, "didn't you tell me that you sometimes brought wild animals in your ship from South America?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I brought one of the first electric eels that was ever carried to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil, and I bought it of some Indians for twelve milreis—about six dollars of our money. We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for these eels live in fresh water, and, if we had not had plenty of rain on the voyage, we couldn't have kept him alive, for the water he was in had to be changed every day. We kept him on deck in a water-barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks, with a square hole cut through the staves on the upper side to give the creature light and air. When we changed the water, a couple of sailors took hold of the barrel and turned it partly over, while another held a straw broom against the hole to keep the eel from coming out. We would always know when the water was nearly run out, for then the eel lay against the lower staves, and even the wood of the barrel would be so charged with electricity that the sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of the barrel. They'd let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and then they'd let go with that and change again. At first, I didn't believe that the fellows felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when I took hold myself one day, I found they weren't shamming at all. Then we turned the barrel back and filled it up with fresh water, and started the eel off for another day.

"He got along first-rate, and kept well and hearty through the whole of the voyage. When we reached New York we anchored at Quarantine, and the health-officer came aboard. I knew him very well, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I've got something aboard that perhaps you never saw before.' 'What's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,' said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is something I've always wanted to see. I want to know just what kind of a shock they can give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily find out for yourself. He is in this water-barrel here, and the water has just been put in fresh, so you can see him. All you have got to do is just to wait till he swims up near the surface, and then you can scoop him out with your hand. You needn't be afraid of his biting you.' The doctor said he wasn't afraid of that. He rolled up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got a chance, he took the eel by the middle and lifted it out of the water. It wasn't a very large one, only about eighteen inches long, but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder with his left hand, and looked aloft. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I thought something fell on me from the rigging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was broken. I never had such a blow in my life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now you know what kind of a shock he can give.'"—*From "The Mysterious Barrel," by Paul Fort, in St. Nicholas for August.*

FATHER'S KNEELING-PLACE.

The children were playing "Hide the handherchief." I sat and watched them a long while, and heard no unkind word, and saw scarcely a rough movement; but after a while, little Jack, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, went to the opposite end of the room and tried to secrete it under the cushion of a big chair. Freddy immediately walked over to him, and said, in a low, gentle voice, "Please, Jack, don't hide the handkerchief there, that is father's kneeling-place."

"Father's kneeling-place!" It seemed like sacred ground to me as it did to little Freddy; and by-and-by, as the years roll on, and this place shall see the father no more forever, will not the memory of this hallowed spot leave an impression upon the young hearts that time and change can never efface, and remain as one of the most precious memories of the old home? Oh, if there were only a "father's kneeling-place" in every family! The mother kneels in her chamber and teaches the little ones the morning and evening prayer, but the father's presence is often wanting; business and the cares of life engross all his time, and though the mother longs for his assistance and co-operation in the religious education of the children, he thinks it is a woman's work and leaves all to her.—*Exchange.*

FLYING WITHOUT WINGS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

As I write, there is a curious little brown-eyed creature darting about the room, now perched upon my shoulder, anon nibbling at my pen, balancing upon the edge of the inkstand, or sitting on its hind-legs upon the table, where it sportively tosses about a huge walnut. Now, spread out like a parachute, it is clinging to the window-shade, and now like a flash it springs into the air, coming down lightly, only to dart to some other elevation, thence to repeat its antics again and again.

A SAILOR'S ADVENTURE WITH GUNARDS.

As you must by this time suspect, my pet is a flying-squirrel; one of the familiar examples of a large number of animals that can move through the air without wings. If we closely examine this pretty little creature, we find that between the fore and hind legs there is an expansion of the skin, which, when the legs are spread out, offers a decided resistance to the air and buoys the animal up exactly as though it carried a parachute. When our tiny playmate is in mid-air, notice how careful it is to hold its feet and hands (for it certainly uses its fore-feet as hands) out as far as possible, to catch all the air it can. If we look closely, we shall find attached to each of the hands a delicate bone, which, when the squirrel is in flight, act as booms for the curious sail in front.

But it is in the woods, in their native haunts, that these beautiful animals make their most wonderful leaps. From the tops of the tallest trees they launch themselves fearlessly into the air, coming down with a graceful swoop for a hundred feet or more; then, by a movement of the head, changing their course to an upward one, they rise ten or twelve feet, and finally alight upon the tree of their choice. They immediately scramble to the top to again soar away into the air, thus travelling through the woods from tree to tree much faster than you can follow them. How like they are to birds, building nests for their young, and moving through the air with almost equal freedom!

One of the most curious of this family is the sugar-squirrel—a beautiful creature, with large, curling ears of a delicate ash-color above and white beneath. Like many squirrels, it is a nocturnal or night animal, lying concealed in its nest in some hollow tree until the sun disappears, when it comes out, and spends the night in wonderful leaps from tree to tree, in search of food and perhaps amusement. When descending from a great height, it seems as though they must inevitably dash headlong against the ground, so precipitate is their flight; but this never happens. That they are able to change the direction of their flight while in mid-air seems a very natural and reasonable supposition, though only on one occasion has this feat been observed. The incident is related of a squirrel, which was being brought to England from its home in New Holland. The sailors had made quite a pet of the little creature, which was a source of great amusement to them on account of its astonishing leaps from mast to mast. One day the squirrel climbed clear to the top of the mainmast of the vessel, and seemed to be afraid to come down again, so one of the men started after it. But just as he was about to grasp the truant, it expanded its broad, wing-like membrane, and shot off into the air. At the same moment the ship gave a heavy lurch to port. It seemed to all that their favorite must inevitably fall overboard; but, evidently seeing its danger, it suddenly changed its course, and with a broad and graceful curve sank lightly and safely upon the deck.

In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time, hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward: but as evening comes on, they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit-trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to them or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palm, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying-lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.

In many old natural histories,—especially those of Aldrovandus and Gesner,—strange pictures are shown of dragons, with terrible heads, breath like steam, the feet and legs of a bird, and serpent-like skins. In the days of chivalry these dragons were very common, if we may believe the tales of the time, and every knight or gentleman with any pretensions to valor, seems to have followed in the footsteps of St. George, according to the old romancers. But, in these days, the world has been so well travelled over that the dragons have been finally sifted down to one or two beautiful little creatures that live in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Save for their harmless aspect they have very much the appearance of the dragons of the olden time, and we suspect they were the originals of the tales that were certainly believed by the natural-history writers of past centuries. The dragons are small lizards that live among the trees, and though they have no wings, they move about through the air in graceful curves, with almost the freedom of birds. When they are upon a branch, you would hardly notice anything peculiar about them; but, let an insect pass by that they are particularly fond of, and, with a rush, several of them fly into the air. Between their legs is a curious membrane, encircling them like a parachute, banded and crossed with gorgeous tints of red and yellow, which glisten in the sun like molten gold. They seem to float in the air a second while snapping at the object of their pursuit; then they sink gracefully, alighting upon the trees or branches. The seeming wings are membranes—really an expansion of the skin of the flank, held in place by slender, bony processes connected with the false ribs, which shut up, as it were, when the "dragon" is resting, the wings appearing to be folded at the sides. They live upon insects, and dart after them from tree to tree with amazing rapidity, their long tails lashing the air like knives.

THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

FLYING LIZARDS.

According to the naturalist Brontius, the common flying-lizard inflates a curious yellow goitre, or membrane, when it flies, thus rendering it lighter, and reminding us again of the birds, with their hollow bones. Thus assisted, they cross intervals of space as much as seven hundred feet in length faster than the eye can follow them. In darting across small streams, sometimes they fall short and come down in the water, when of course, they are obliged to swim the remainder of the distance. Sometimes they are found in large streams, so it is not improbable that they go in swimming for the pleasure of it.

Equally curious as a flyer without wings is the *Rhacophorus*—a tree-toad found in New Holland. It also lives in the trees, and, to enable it to move from one to another with safety and speed, is

THE GREAT R. K. R. R.

There was a wonderful stir on the big play-ground of Dr. Thwackem's school during the noon recess. Nobody was playing base-ball or foot-ball, but the running and rushing, the whooping and general racket and riot, were something uncommon.

"Who ever heard such a noise!" exclaimed Dr. Thwackem himself, putting his head out of an upper window. "What in the name of common-sense have those boys found to play at now?"

Dr. Thwackem soon discovered. It was Erasmus Jackson's new game. Erasmus Jackson was the pride of the whole Institute for the invention of new games, and this was his latest effort. Erasmus had organized the one hundred and twenty-three other boys into the Great Royal Kamtschatka Railway. Erasmus was its President, of course.

The play-ground of the Institute happened to be a pretty good-sized plot of unoccupied town ground adjoining the school. It ran clear through from street to street. Across this from corner to corner ran a double track marked out with sawdust. Along it could be seen rushing, with an appalling whooping and signaling, strings of boys, ten at a time. These were the passenger trains. Freight trains, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, alternated with these; they moved more slowly, but with a wonderful puffing and letting off of steam.

Every few minutes a loud hurrahing and the blasts of a certain cracked tin horn warned everything ahead upon wheels (legs) to clear the track for the Royal Moscow Lightning Express. Moscow is not in Kamtschatka, but Erasmus Jackson said that that didn't make any difference. The "general office" of the company was at Moscow.

As the Doctor looked on, amused, the brakes were applied to the express with a suddenness that nearly threw it heels over head. That, however, was to avoid a collision with a freight train, and a purse of marbles was immediately made up and presented to the express engineer by the passengers, who owed their lives to his presence of mind.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Dr. Thwackem, chuckling, "it's truly quite shocking to think of so narrow an escape."

All at once a new idea entered the good Doctor's white head. He looked down to the southeast corner of the play-ground; there was located Timbuctoo, the other terminus of the railway. Timbuctoo isn't in Kamtschatka any more that Moscow, but Erasmus Jackson said that it sounded just as well as if it was.

The Doctor looked to see if close to its imaginary towers lay a great pile of cut cord-wood. Yes, there it was; just as somebody had thrown it from a waggon.

"I've a good piece of mind to suggest it," said the Doctor to the sparrows chattering on a bough close by. "It won't hurt their fun. It'll do them good, and her good."

He pulled his head inside the window, and left the sparrows to chatter. Taking his hat, he walked down stairs, and out upon the steps.

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

"Boys! boys!" he called in his kind, clear old voice.

The Royal Kamtschatka Railway rolling stock resolved itself quickly into a circling group of one hundred and twenty-four boys, closing around the Doctor on the steps.

The Doctor's eye twinkled. He made a low bow.

"I should perhaps have said Mr. President, Stockholders, and Officers of the what—what is it?"

"Great Royal Kamtschatka Railway," came the deafening answer.

"Thank you," responded the Doctor, slipping politely out of the necessity of repeating the rather long name of the company. He continued: "On observing your splendid system of road management, a thought has occurred to me. I wish to respectfully submit it to you. Do you see that red cottage, which nobody lives in, down by your flourishing city of Timbuctoo? Good. And now will you kindly turn and perceive that other red cottage, rather larger, not many yards from your noble railway depot of Moscow? You will notice that they are just diagonally across from each other. Very well. Our old acquaintance Widow Pitcher, who sweeps our school-room so thoroughly for us, bought two cords of hickory from Farmer Mee yesterday, and told his boy to dump them at her red cottage on the left side of the school play-ground upon Spring Street. What did Farmer Mee's boy do but come to town early this morning, and dump every stick of the hickory alongside the red cottage to the right side—Summer Street. Poor Mrs. Pitcher woke up, and looked across to the other sidewalk, and there it was. She told me before school-time that she didn't know how in the world she was going to get all that wood over to her yard, where it ought to be. Don't you think that the freight trains of the—Royal Kamtschatka Railway could solve her difficulty for her, especially if I should give them half an hour's extra recess to accomplish it?"

Instantly the whole throng of Institute boys might have been discovered rushing across the broad play-ground to Timbuctoo, which became at once the great freight centre of the G.R. K. R. R. Erasmus Jackson, Guy Merrill, and Lee Holmes laid aside loftier dignities, and became hard-worked freight dispatchers.

"Three cheers for the Royal Road!" shouted out some one, as the first freight train, each boy carrying half a dozen thick hickory billets, set out for Moscow. All passenger trains went off for the day. Line after line laden with the mis-delivered wood steamed off hot and fast for the distant back fence, where their burden was tumbled over into Mrs. Pitcher's yard. The hooting, switching, whistling, and calling grew so loud that the passing towns-people halted before the boundaries of the Institute play-ground, and asked each other "if Dr. Thwackem was deaf."

As he was leaning composedly out of the upper window, laughing to himself at the quick work the railway was making with their job, and commenting upon it to the sparrows, it is to be supposed he countenanced the racket.

The last stick was finally tossed over into Mrs. Pitcher's domain. The last Great Royal freight train disjointed itself in the middle of the play-ground. The boys came thronging up the narrow staircases, laughing and chaffing, and not without secret pleasure at having accomplished a kindly act even in play.

The Doctor stood up as they resumed their seats. He looked around and down upon them with an eye whose moisture gave a hint at his pride in them.

"Mr President, Stockholders, Directors, Engines, and Cars of the Great Royal Tim—Kamtschatka Railway, I thank you. You have turned sport into a generous deed, and are only twenty minutes over the usual recess hour. Again I thank you—Now, boys, to books." And to books they went.

When the Franklin Institute came together the next morning there, printed in huge uneven letters upon the blackboard, in front of which stood Mr. Thwackem, the boys read

"MRS PiTcheRS tHanKS and GoD BleSS the- —Rale RoDe."

Its name had evidently been too much for Mrs. Pitcher's educational resources. — *Harpers' Young People.*

THE BOY THAT DREW THE BABY'S PICTURE.

There was once a little American boy named Benjamin West; when he was only seven years old he was watching the beautiful baby, daughter of his eldest sister, in her cradle, when she seemed to him to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he ran and got some paper and drew the picture in red and black ink. The likeness was said to be an excellent one and from that time forth his mind ran on nothing else than being an artist. His father was a Quaker farmer and had not the money, even if he had the wish to give his son the education necessary for an artist; but still Benjamin West worked on making his first paint brushes out of the hairs of a cat's tail, and painted away from his seventh year of age to the time of his death. His birthplace was in Springfield, Pennsylvania, and he went from there to Philadelphia where he received some instruction in his art and there and in the neighboring towns and New York, practised it chiefly as a portrait painter. In 1760 when twenty-two years old he went to Italy where he remained for three years, gaining very remarkable success, and then went to dwell for the rest of his lifetime in London, England. Here he received the highest honors that can be given an artist, being made president of the Royal Academy, and for nearly forty years he was the friend of King George the Third who was proud of being his patron. But still Benjamin West made one great mistake as an artist, which Samuel Smiles in *Self Help*, a book that everybody should read, refers to in those words; "West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success; his fame though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring."

THE PARROT'S MEMORY.

A parrot was once the pet of a beautiful Spanish lady, who caressed him daily, and taught him her musical tongue. At last she sold him to an English naval officer, who took him home as a present to his wife.

For some time the parrot seemed to be melancholy beneath the gray skies of England, where men and birds spoke a tongue unknown to him. By degrees, however, he learned some English sentences, forgot apparently all the Spanish he ever knew, and regained health and spirits.

Years passed away, and the parrot still lived as the pet of the whole family; he grew to be very old, could only eat pap, and could scarcely climb his pole, but nobody had the heart to destroy him, and so he grew weaker and weaker. One day a Spanish gentleman called, and was shown to the room where the parrot lived.

A lively discussion arose in Spanish between the visitor and his host. It was the first time since his arrival in England that the bird had heard his native language, and it must have reminded him of his sojourn on the Peninsula. With wild delight the parrot spread out his wings, repeated hurriedly some of the Spanish phrases learned in his youth, and fell down dead. The joy of hearing the sweet accents he had learned when he was the senorita's companion was more than he could bear.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE BOY THAT DREW THE BABY'S PICTURE.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful New England village a young man lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. His heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines. One day I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave to me. I said to him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large, hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheeks flushed as he slowly said, "Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall begin to love Him. This is the way to love God, to put your trust in Him first of all." Then spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might believe in Him, and how, all through his life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and every one who believed came to love without trying at all. He drank in all the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to.—*Word and Work.*

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

Many there are who stand hesitating on the threshold of a Christian life, unwilling to commit themselves by taking a first step lest they should not prove able to hold out in the new way. To such the following narrative from *Early Dew* may prove a helpful suggestion. We give it as we find it, commending it to their earnest attention:

"George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian, one doubt held him back. 'How can I know,' he said to himself, 'that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?' He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor—for he was a college student at the time— and they talked for several hours upon the all absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

"When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and, observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and, handing it to his young friend, said,

"'George, this little light will not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step and you will reach your home in safety.'

"It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened by the little lantern the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

"'Why can I not trust my heavenly Father,' he said to himself, 'even if I cannot see my way clear to the end, if he gives me the light to take one step? I will trust him; I do trust him.'

"He could hardly wait till he reached his room to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul. Early next morning the professor was summoned to the door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern said significantly;

"'Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way home last night.'"

A CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE.

A Christian man, working hard for God, was told by the doctor that he must give up all work if he would save his life.

His answer was, "I would rather spend two or three years in doing good than exist for six in idleness."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

One summer, some years ago, a large river in the south of France, overflowed its banks, carrying destruction far and wide, washing away whole villages, and large portions of towns, and sending numbers of souls into eternity, with scarcely one moment's warning. Parents saw their children, and children their parents, drowned before their eyes; husbands had no power to save their wives, nor wives their husbands, and whole families, who when the sun went down, thought only of peace and safety, were, before morning engulfed in the pitiless flood.

Among the inhabitants of this part of the country, was a mother with her twin babes, whom she loved very dearly; and when the dreadful waters came dashing round her house, rising higher and higher every minute, you may be sure that she tried her best to think of some way of saving them. First she put them into a tub of the kind in which French people wash their clothes, but this soon began to leak, and she saw that there would be no safety for them there.

There was a tall tree growing near the house, and into this she climbed with her two baby-boys. But the upper branches, to which the water was driving her, were too slight to bear the weight which was on them, and she felt them cracking beneath her. As quickly as possible, she tied her children as high in the tree as she could, and then, being obliged to let go her hold, she dropped into the water, which closed over her head, and she was drowned.

And now, of what is this mother's love a faint, but only a faint, picture? You all know, I am sure, who has said: "A mother may forget, yet will I not forget thee." O, have you trusted in that love, or are you still careless about it, going on as if it were nothing to you, whatever it might be to others? The story of His love has been often, often told, but it will keep its freshness to all eternity; and those who are saved will never be weary of singing: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

It is pleasant to have to tell you that the babes were soon saved by a passing boat; and it is to be hoped that the lives thus spared may not be wasted, but may be devoted, through the knowledge of the love of Christ, to the service of God.—*Labor of Love.*

NEVER give up your enthusiasms.

BAD BARGAINS.

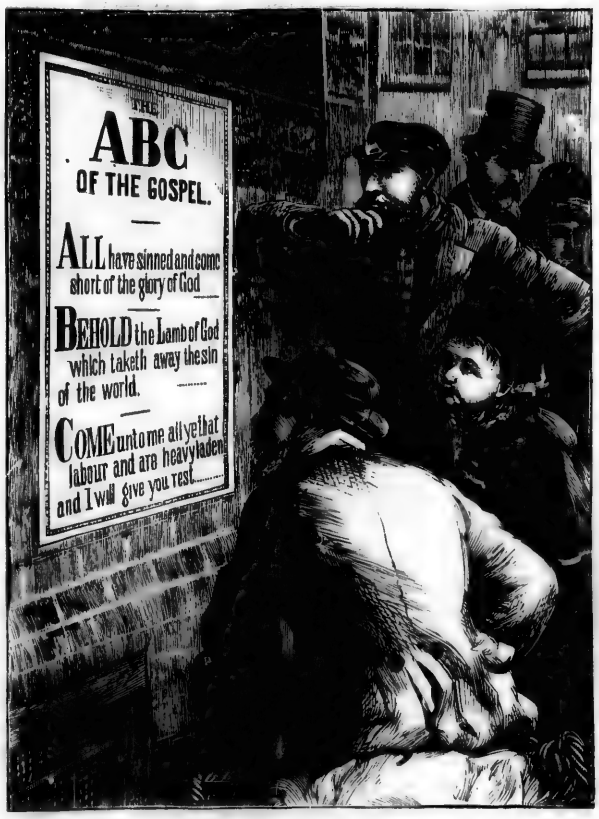
Once a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the the whole world, loses his own soul."

"Boy, what will you take to tell a lie for me?" asked a mate of one of the little cabin-boys on board of a fine English ship. "Not all the gold of California, sir," was the prompt answer of the lad.



JUDGE PAYNE'S SHORT SERMON.

JUDGE PAYNE'S SHORT SERMON.

The pithy sayings of the late Judge Payne will never be forgotten by the thousands who were privileged to hear him. His brief Gospel Sermon was perhaps one of his happiest utterances.

It was with great pleasure that we heard him say one evening, as with beaming face, he turned to his friend Lord Shaftesbury, who occupied the chair—"Why, my lord, some people complain that they cannot understand the glorious Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not understand it! Why, it is as plain as A B C:—

A—"'ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;'

B—"'BEHOLD the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;'

C—"'COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'"

—*Friendly Visitor.*

A DOG STOPS A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A horse attached to a cart, becoming unmanageable on upper Church street Wednesday, started off on a run, leaving the owner sitting in the road where he had fallen when the animal started. The horse was heading the street named, and putting on more steam with every bound he made, until the corner of George street was reached. Here a large Newfoundland dog suddenly appeared in the road and rushed toward the horse's head. The dog made repeated efforts to grasp the bridle in his mouth, each time falling heavily to the road, and narrowly escaping injury from the horse's feet. But he at last made an extraordinary spring in the air, and, grasping the bridle firmly in his teeth, pulled the horse's head down and put a stop to the runaway. We could not learn the name of the owner of the horse. The dog having done a remarkable service disappeared in the direction of George street. Eye-witnesses state that it was one of the most intelligent acts of a dumb beast which they had ever seen. — *New Brunswick (N.J.) Fredonian.*

A KIND HORSE.

A gentleman owned a fine horse which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice and follow him about like a dog. At one time, the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks. During this time, an old cat made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and placed there her little family of five kittens. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl. she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast, but when she came back, she was entirely unable to get to her kittens; and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times till, at last, pony seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who, I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This was repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.—The *Rescue* well says:—"All temperance work that takes no measure to disseminate temperance literature in the community neglects the use of the most important arm of the temperance reform. It is like oyster soup got up without using any oysters. That is where to look for the dead lodges and suspensions and expulsions:

THE GYMNAST OF THE SEA.

BY F P CHAPLIN.

Octopus vulgaris is his name, and in and out among the sheltered bays of islands dotting the great Northern Pacific, he moves with solemn purpose, mercilessly entrapping "myriads of lesser voyagers," that in shoals glide with sinuous sweep on toward the highways of the mighty deep.

With the greatest diligence the monster travels over lovely sea forests wavering in calm beauty beneath the swell of the Indian ocean, or the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In these dim-lighted thoroughfares he delights, inlets and rounded curves afford the hiding-places that he loves; in them, resting quietly on beds of sea-weed, he finds countless companies of scaly beauties utterly powerless to resist his electric touch!

Very curiously endowed is our mammoth traveller; no shell, no skeleton has he, but in the back are two conical pieces of horn-like substance, well-embedded. His body resembles a jelly-bag, round and sometimes as large as a barrel; over this, the creature has a sort of leather sac, thick and strong. But wonder of wonders, now appear *eight* huge arms! and upon them are ranged in order nearly two thousand sucking-cups! One hundred and twenty pairs to each arm. How can he ever get tired with so many busy servants! And think, if you can, how terribly he would hold on to any-thing he caught! Sometimes, when sailors have been attacked by this horrible sea-pirate, they have willingly cut off a hand or a foot to free themselves from the fearful embrace. If it so happens that Octopus himself has fallen into hands stronger than his own he will gladly lose some of his powerful pincers in the tussle rather than give up and be beaten; and really it does not matter much, since in a little time they grow again, and the sea-giant girded with new strength sets forth more determined than ever to conquer his enemies.

Can you guess where the mouth is? within the space surrounded by these eight lively arms, there you find it, with a thick round lip, and just under the lip a sort of parrot-like beak, with the short mandible upper-most. There is no bone under these mandibles, but their interior is filled with a fibrous substance of marvellous strength and solidity. The muscles of the jaws are very powerful, and the tongue is delicate and capable of performing various offices in the disposition of food.

When this big traveller sallies forth in quest of adventure by sea, the huge disc of a body becomes a boat; and for merry rowers, Captain Cephalapod calls for the lively exercise of the eight strong arms, and a right jolly time they have, never getting weary, since they follow the "ride and tie" fashion of accomplishing the labor. While four are playing oarsmen, the resting four may be getting something ready for supper—and it's "supper-time" about all the time with them, so report saith.

Sometimes the wily Captain finds a foe not agreeable to his mind—what then—what happens when the grampus or the cachalot offer fight? Well it is droll enough, for in this dire emergency the old sea-pirate resorts to a dark and most confusing bit of strategy; he always carries about him, in a big inside pocket, a great supply of ink, and now, to baffle his antagonist, out comes this ink-bag to the rescue, and so much is thrown out that, all about, the water is so blackened that nobody can see straight, and Octopus is safe, for every other creature roaming round is utterly mystified and confounded. It is then that the owner of the ink-bag slips off with a stealthy movement to a covert he has aforetime made note of against a season of sudden surprise. This dark-hued substance is helpful in other ways; it is the *sepia* used by painters, and is much valued by artists for the delicate brown tints it affords.

When this mammoth dweller of the seas changes his mood, and decides to take a trip on land,—though on land beneath the waves,—he at once issues orders to his sturdy oarsmen, and, instanter, they become the most nimble of legs! bearing about with swiftness and ease the now plump body. In a trice the independent traveller strides up and down the sandy highway, tramping on like an enormous spider and passing over slippery ledges as easily as a fly dances over a window-pane. Now see extended the countless suckers, holding firmly to rocks or sea-wrack, and, as if tossed gently in a hammock, the portly body is presently lulled to softest slumbers.

On awakening, the alert trapezist exercises the long arms in other ways, twisting and twirling them here and there, furtively grasping at hidden tit-bits, or stretching forth in search of larger game, until marching orders are again issued.

Octopus we have introduced to you with his eight arms and big ink-bag. No wonder, if the out spread arms, with all those ugly sucking-cups, were in duty, that it was called "a hundred limb'd creature!"

Octopus, ugly as he is in appearance and character, is, by sailors of East Indian seas, regarded as a most delicious morsel, and if a sudden stroke of good fortune should secure the huge body for a grand roast, great is the rejoicing! But the courageous mariner often loses his own life, and is hopelessly sucked in, piece-meal, within the horrid lips.—*Wide Awake.*

GOD LOVETH a cheerful giver. 2 COR. 9:7

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

In the year 1846, on St Kilda, one of the Islands of Western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She trained him in the fear of the Lord, and well did he repay her care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age. They were very poor, and to help their scanty meals, Ronald, her son, used to collect sea-birds' eggs upon the neighboring cliffs. This feat was accompanied with considerable danger, for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs, having supplied himself with a strong rope, by which to get down, and a knife to strike the bird, should he be attacked. How magnificent was that scene! The cliff rose several hundred feet above the sea, whose wild waves lashed madly against it, dashing the glittering spray far and near.

Ronald fastened one end of the rope firmly upon the top of the cliff, and the other round his waist, and was then lowered until he got opposite one of the fissures in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any farther. He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand his knife, and with the other tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him and attacked him. He made a blow with the knife; but, oh! horrible to narrate, in place of striking the bird, he struck the rope, and, having severed some of the strands, he hung suspended over that wild abyss of raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. He uttered a piercing exclamation, which was heard by his companions above, who saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew in each coil, Ronald felt thread after thread giving way. "O Lord! save me," was his first agonizing cry; and then, "O Lord! comfort my dear mother." He closed his eyes on the awful scene as he felt the rope gradually breaking. He nears the top; but, oh! the rope is breaking. Another and another pull; then a snap, and now there is but one strand supporting him. He nears the top; his friends reach over to grasp him; he is not yet within their reach. One more haul of the rope. It strains; it unravels under his weight. He looks below at the dark waste of boiling, fathomless water, and then above to the glorious heavens. He feels he is going He hears the wild cry of his companions, the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try to rescue her child from destruction. He knows no more; reason yields; he becomes insensible. But just as the rope is giving way, a friend stretches forward at the risk of being dragged over the cliff. A strong hand grasps him and Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I want you, in this true and simple narrative, to see your own condition. If living for this world, you are frittering away your precious moments in pursuing perishing trifles. By the cord of life you are suspended over the awful abyss of eternal perdition.

As year after year passes away, the rope of life becomes smaller and smaller. Strand after strand snaps as the knell of each departing year tolls its mournful notes. How many threads are now left, can you tell? Do you realize your awful position? It cannot be worse. How vividly Ronald realized his position in that fearful moment when the last strand was giving way, thread by thread—when, overcome by the sense of his danger, and when that danger was most imminent, a strong hand was stretched out to save him, which brought him safely beyond the reach of further danger, and placed him in the loving arms of his parent! May the Lord reveal to you, dear unsaved one, your danger, that you may flee at once to the Saviour of sinners.—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

I've been fourteen years a sailor, Miss Weston, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest, the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason, Miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of thing. Brandy is nearly half alcohol, you know. Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Toward midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, Miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone, but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died. "Won't you go in and look at him?" said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?" "Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it!" said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.—*British Workman*

HONESTY IN A CHILD.

In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least, I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "O, I didn't say it so, Miss W——; I said e instead of i," and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Two Gardeners who were neighbors had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate. Do you know, neighbor, that I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up. What are these?" Why, these are what I sowed immediately after the frost." "What! coming up already?" said the neighbor. "Yes," replied the other, "while you were fretting I was working."

A STRANGE LIBRARY.

The most magnificent of the many temples erected to the honor and worship of Confucius is the one at Peking, which is frequented by the Emperor, and the high officers of the Government. Near to this temple is an immense pavilion in which is a throne from which the Emperor is accustomed to confer honors upon certain competitors who have successfully striven for the highest literary rank.

On two sides of this imperial pavilion, under two long corridors, are arranged about two hundred immense granite tablets each seven or eight feet high, and of proportionate width and thickness. On these are engraved the entire contents of the thirteen books which constitute the Chinese Classics. The characters are neatly cut on the two sides of the tablets.

It was found that, from changes in the spoken language and in the mode of writing, alterations were taking place in the written copies of the classics; the meaning of sentences was becoming uncertain, and at the same time there was a danger of some usurper, invader, or tyrant attempting to destroy the original laws which he had broken. This actually happened to the Chinese Classics so early as B. C, 221, when a prince of Tsin ordered every book to be burned. It was then thought it would give greater safety to these writings to have them engraved on stone: and this was done with the whole of the thirteen books.

This is without a parallel in any country, and is illustrative of the exceeding veneration of the Chinese for the writings of Confucius, Mencius and the other sages, and their anxiety to have them handed down unimpaired.

But many of the people are now accepting the teachings of Christ instead of those of Confucius, and He must increase while the latter must decrease; and the excessive regard of the Chinese for their ancient classics must give place to veneration and love for the revealed Word of God.

THE CHINESE CLASSICS ENGRAVED ON TWO HUNDRED TABLES OF STONE.

CIRCUMVENTING THE WOLVES.

BY AUNT FANNY.

"Well, children," said Uncle Phil, "your big brother Charley never dreamed when he was showing his skilful, swanlike manœuvres in skating at the rink, that his beloved pastime would be the means of saving his life."

"Oh, tell us all about it!" cried Charley's small sister and brothers, Dora, Arthur, and Dick.

"He did not mean us to know, because he does not want to alarm us, but he wrote the account to a friend, who told it to me this morning; and I shall repeat it to you, to show you how much depends upon coolness, courage, and quickness of wit in times of danger."

Little Dora climbed upon her uncle's knee, and the boys got as close to him as they could, and with three pairs of eager eyes fastened on his face, Uncle Phil began:

"You know that Charley was sent to the Northwest on business, and you know what a big fellow he is—twenty-two years old, and full of activity and courage. One bitter cold day he and three others were driving round the borders of an overflowed forest when Charley found that by skating through it he could reach a point twenty miles distant and catch up with his party again. No sooner thought of than done. He took his gun, fastened on his skates, and with a cheery Hurra! he was off at top speed.

"Racing away, and enjoying it immensely, he reached the midst of the forest, when all of a sudden he came upon a hungry, howling, pack of wolves! With a simultaneous clash of their sharp teeth, which sounded like the snapping of a hundred steel traps, they were upon him. Charles threw away his gun, tore off his heavy overcoat, and whizzed away for dear life.

"It soon became apparent to him that his swiftest speed would never leave the raging wolves behind. They were almost flying, the long black hair on their spines standing up stiff and savage; but Charley was a practised and splendid skater, and he also flew at a desperate speed, and he never lost hope or courage.

"On came the wolves full tilt, furious and ravenous. Now they are nearer, their hot breath reaching him, when—whish! he darted around in a beautiful circle, and the shaggy wretches, carried irresistibly onward by their own tremendous impetus, dashed ahead in a straight line, while Charley glided off at a sharp right angle. With a united howl and that awful snap of their teeth, the next minute they found him out, crowded furiously on each other, turned, and were tearing after him again in their long, slouching, tireless gallop.

"Over and over again did Charley baffle them with his skating feat of the circle, and then away at right angles. Over and over, till the bold brutal creatures in their rage began to bite and snap at each other, and with howls of disappointment to waver and to wonder if this were not a ghost, a shadow of a man, a hungry dream of human flesh, which they were finding at all points of the compass and losing again; while round and round went the skater, with a cool head, a keen eye, and clenched fists, working nearer and nearer the edge of the forest, till at last the clearing and the road became visible, and his blood-thirsty pursuers with furious howls of disappointment fell back into the thick of the wood."

"O———h!" sighed the little ones, whose eyes had been growing big and bigger with interest and fear. "We're so glad brother Charley got off safe!"

"Yes," said Uncle Phil; "and you boys had better practise all the fashionable figures in skating so as to be ready for the wolves, too."

"Oh, yes, yes!" shouted the boys, and straightway turned a summersault each on the carpet, in their delight at the prospect of fighting wolves.

"Me want to 'kate, and fwite wooves, too," said little Dora.

"Ah, rosebud!" cried her uncle, holding her tight to his breast, "we must all take care that no wolves, two-legged or four, ever come near you. We must keep our little lamb safe at home."—*Christian Union.*

CONVERTED BY A TELEGRAM.

A young telegraph-operator in an English provincial town was anxious about his soul. But he could not have guessed that a message would reach him as it did. He had been sleepless all night, thinking of his need of a Saviour, and in the morning he went to his work with his heart uttering the publican's prayer. The sunny weather and beauty of Summer scenery did not engage him now, for he was longing after that peace of God which the Christian feels.

Absorbed with his desire, he continued to pray—"God be merciful to me a sinner," and was constantly repeating the words, when the click of the signal told him his office was called. He took his place at the instrument, and quickly and with unusual emotion spelled his message from "Herbert," at Windermere, to J. B., at Warkworth:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace."

Such a telegram as that the young man had never known to pass the wires before. It was sent to a servant-girl, who, in her distress of mind, had written a letter to her brother "Herbert," at the Lakes, but it proved a double benediction, for it came to the operator as a direct reply from Heaven to his prayer. He accepted it as such, and his faith saw and rested in the Lamb of God.

Meanwhile the golden telegram went to its destination, and brought peace to the anxious soul of the poor servant-girl. It saved two instead of one. And those words are living words still, and as potent to bless and save—not only two, but ten thousand times ten thousand.—*Christian Herald.*

IN ANSWERING the question, "How to have a revival in your school," William Reynolds once wrote; Pray for it; expect it; work for it; make it the one thing from this time till it comes. According to your faith be it unto you. Get every teacher in your school to pray daily for an outpouring of the Spirit on each class. Have a prayer-meeting of all teachers and scholars.

PARADISE FLYCATCHER.

These birds are very beautiful creatures found in different parts of Asia, particularly in India. The body of the bird is some six inches long, while the tail is thirteen or fourteen inches. The bird's head and crest are bright steely green; the upper part of the body is white, curiously streaked with a narrow black line down the centre of each feather. The quill-feathers are white, edged with black. The tail-feathers are white, with black shafts.

These birds, sometimes from their shape called Rocket Birds, are very restless, flitting from branch to branch, or darting rapidly after their prey. One of these birds will perch upon some lofty branch, and when it sees an insect passing within easy reach, will make a sudden swoop upon it, catch it with a hard snap of the beak, which can be heard at some distance, and return to its post, ready for another object of prey.

These flycatchers are rather solitary in their habits. Generally there is no more than a single family of them together at a time, and sometimes they will be found alone.

The study of these different birds is very interesting. It shows us the wisdom and power of God, the wondrous skill with which he fits these little creatures, to find their living and take care of themselves.—*Child's Paper.*

PARADISE FLYCATCHER.

JOHN WELCH AND THE FRIAR.

The celebrated John Welch, the minister of Ayr, was compelled, in the year 1606, to fly to France to escape the anger of the Scottish king, James VI. While he was minister in one of the French villages, a friar came to his house asking to be lodged for the night. He was kindly entertained and had a bedroom assigned to him adjoining that of the minister.

Happening to awake during the night, he heard a continuous whispering, which troubled him not a little, ascribing it to evil spirits haunting the Protestant house.

Walking abroad next day, a peasant saluted him, and asked him how he did.

"Where lodged you last night?"

"With the Huguenot minister," said the friar.

"What sort of entertainment had you?" asked the peasant.

"Very bad; I always believed that these Huguenot houses were haunted; but I never proved it till last night. There was a continual whisper in the room next mine, and I am sure it was the devil and the minister talking together."

"You are mistaken," said the peasant, "it was the minister at his night prayers."

"What! does the minister pray?"

"Yes; more than any man in France; and if you will stay another night, you may make sure."

The friar returned to the Huguenot house, and begged lodging for another night, which was at once granted.

"Before dinner," says the old narrative, "Mr. Welch came down from his chamber and made his family exercise according to his wont. He sang a psalm; he read a portion of Scripture, commenting on it; and then prayed."

The friar looked and listened with astonishment. Dinner was then served, and the friar was kindly entertained; the good Huguenot minister asking no questions and entering on no disputes.

The evening came, and with it the "evening exercise," quite like that of the morning, to the friar's yet greater wonder.

They supped and went to bed. But the friar was resolved to keep awake and hear the strange sounds which he had heard the night before. He went and put his ear to the door to satisfy himself as to what the sound really was.

"Then," writes the old biographer, "he heard not only the sound but the very words; and in these words communications between man and God, such as he had never believed to be in this world."

The day broke, and Mr. Welch came out of his room. The friar went to him, bewailed his ignorance, and asked instruction. Kindly did the minister receive him, bidding him welcome in the name of God, and showing him the true light which had been so long hidden from him. That light entered his soul, and in it he walked till his dying hour.—*Sel.*

"THE MASTER SAID SO."

About 600 years before Christ, there arose in Greece one of its earliest and greatest philosophers, Pythagoras by name, whose authority with his followers was so supreme that they seldom, if ever, allowed themselves to question his positions; and the expression "The Master said so," settled every disputed point, and silenced all objections. This was the legitimate power of a great mind.

But a far greater than Pythagoras once visited our earth, who propounded principles, authorized sentiments, issued commands, and laid down laws for his people and followers which should be to them the end of all controversy; and are so, in fact, when they are right-minded; as, at a certain time, when the fisherman disciples had toiled all night and caught nothing, yet, upon the direction of their Master to let down their nets, they answered, by the mouth of Simon, "Nevertheless, at thy word, we will let down the net." "And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes." No one ever lost anything by embracing a sentiment or performing an act "at Christ's word."

When a cavilling world asks, "Why send abroad your choice young men and maidens among the heathen?" the all-sufficient answer is, "The Master said so." "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." To every creature? At home, as well as abroad? Yes: for so saith the Master. "For I must go into the next town, and preach the gospel there also."

Shall I confess Christ before men? Shall I join the church, and frequent the Lord's table? Shall I be for him, and not against him, in the world? Shall I take his yoke fully upon me, and follow him all my life long, in the regeneration of this world? Yes, yes; for so he advises, exhorts, and commands me.—*American Messenger.*

The Rev. E. E. Hale once said: I am tired of hearing people say that they prefer to worship God in the fields in summer, by the side of some babbling brook. What if they do! We are not permitted to live for our own pleasures but for the glory of God and the good of the world. United worship in the sanctuary makes the world better. Therefore we have no choice in the matter. It is our duty to attend the house of God regularly.

THE MANTIS.

There are plenty of hypocritical men and women, and some hypocritical children, I am afraid, but I never heard of more than one member of the unthinking creation who had that worst of faults, and he, poor wretch, was probably falsely accused, the victim of appearances and the superstitious fancies of narrow-minded people.

In most warm countries there is found a little insect called the mantis. I should think, from the engravings I have seen, that some varieties look something like grasshoppers, and one kind I have read about has the color and appearance of withered leaves when lying motionless upon the ground.

I read of him first in a poem, in which, it is said, "The mantis clasps his hands in prayer," and never before having heard of so pious an insect, I was interested to discover something more of his character. It seems that in the middle ages he was believed to be really a very wise and knowing creature. If lost children encountered a mantis they had only to inquire the road and the little insect would stretch out one of its long feelers, or forepaws, and point in the right direction. Or if a mantis came across a child playing truant, and taking a walk in the country instead of going to school, it would point out warningly the way the naughty scholar ought to take to return to his duty.

This was all very well. But the mantis had a horrible appetite. The appetite of a real cannibal, and the sight of another mantis so overcame both parties that they attacked each other violently for the sake of a dinner; and after a terrific combat if one was left alive he revived his drooping strength by a hearty meal on the mangled remains of his foe. Then, when all was over, and one insect had found a grave within the other, it is said the victor raised himself as if about to walk on his hind legs, and folding his long forepaws, appeared to give thanks for his pleasant repast; so that passers-by, seeing this attitude of devotion might believe him to be an insect-saint, until in course of time they discovered his dreadful habits. A mantis could never get enough to eat; probably because he was obliged to fight so hard for every mouthful.

But sometimes they need not absolutely kill their friends or enemies in order to obtain a meal of mantis meat, for if in the duel they should both lose a limb, and then depart in peace to enjoy the delicate bone, by the they met again new limb have grown to take the place the old, such is their easy nature.

An old traveller in China says that in summer the little Chinese boys keep these insects in cages for the purpose of seeing them fight, which is quite as exciting to them and on the same principle as a cock-fight. I do not know whether they allow them to feast after the battle, as their natural feeling would dictate.—*Ex.*

AN ASPHALT LAKE.

The editor of the *Missionary Record* of the United Presbyterian church, in writing of his visit to the missions in the island of Trinidad, thus describes his visit to the remarkable Pitch Lake.

On the following day we took the grand excursion of the neighborhood, and in company with several friends belonging to the congregation visited the famous Pitch Lake. We went by the coasting steamer—a sail of about two hours, and landed by small boats at La Brea, where the asphalt is melted, put into barrels, and shipped. As our readers can imagine, the industry carried on does not render the place attractive, but we had come to see a marvel of nature, and not its beauties. We gladly accepted an invitation from the manager of the works to drive to the lake, though the conveyance provided for us was an asphalt-cart, in which our party managed to dispose themselves on such chairs and stools as the office could furnish. The black and dusty incline up which we drove under the blistering heat, is bordered by a luxuriant tropical growth, amid which we could see the richest pine-apples, the volcanic heat of the soil being especially adapted for the production of this fruit. When we reached the lake, the aspect which it presented was that of a loch at home during a black frost, with patches of water here and there that have oozed up through cracks in the ice, the expanse being broken by islands covered with a scrubby vegetation. Being assured that the lake was 'bearing,' we set ourselves to cross it, and found that we were walking on an asphalt pavement slightly softened on the surface by the great heat—just as the pavement of this material in our home cities is on a hot summer day. Here and there the surface was rent by fissures which were filled with clear water, and seemed to go down to great depths. Some of these we could step over, others had to be crossed by means of planks which our guides carried for the purpose. As we neared the centre, it was necessary to proceed with caution; the softness on the surface increased, and at last we came to places where the pitch oozed up in liquid form, and sent forth as from some witch's caldron, an evil odor. The source from which the pitch comes seems inexhaustible. We were told that hundreds of tons can be dug out, and in the course of a few hours the hole from which they have been dug will be filled up, and the surface as level as before. Our excursion on the lake was interesting; it could not be said to be exhilarating. The vertical rays of the sun were reflected on us from every side, the odor which filled the air produced a sickly sensation, and the glare hurt the eyes. We had read in our Kingsley that the traveller crossing the lake into the woods on the further shore passed 'in a single step out of an Inferno into Paradiso.' We accordingly resolved to eat our lunch in paradise, but when we reached the wood we searched in vain for the 'cool fragrant shade, among the pillars of a temple to which the Parthenon is mean and small,' by his description of which the great word-painter has lured us on. We found instead interminable bush through which we had to force our toilsome way, with frequent scratchings of the skin, and uncomfortable thoughts of venomous snakes, that might be preparing to spring upon us from beneath the leafy covert. We were fain to recross the lake, remount our cart, and get ourselves driven back to the shore, where, under the safer shelter of a wooden shanty, we partook of our provisions, and awaited the return of the steamer.

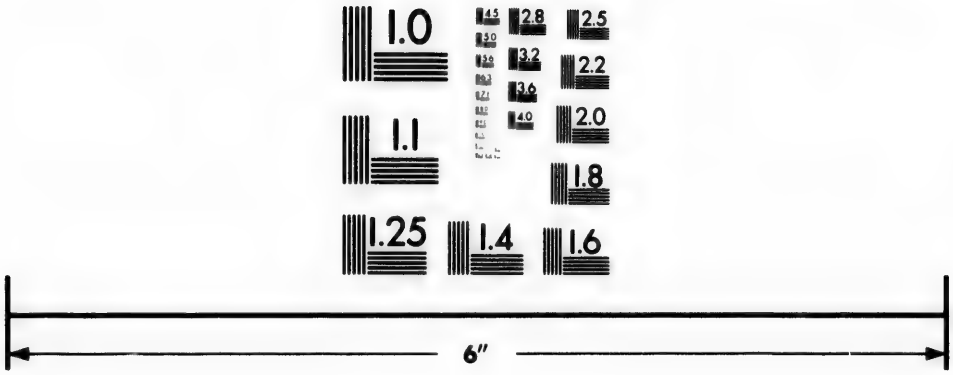
THE CAROLINA MANTIS. ITS EGG CLUSTER.

A LITTLE BEHIND.

"Forty years ago I knew two smart boys, helpers in a grocery-store. They were brothers. They seemed to be made of steel springs, so quick, prompt and decisive were they in filling every order, They were poor boys, apprentices then. But they worked as if the concern was their own, and success depended on their energy, push and faithfulness, Now they live on one of the fashionable avenues of New York in their own large mansions, retired from the grocery business in which they made their fortunes. Holding important trusts, they are useful and respected citizens and Christians. They owe their success solely, under God, to their own promptness in performing every promise, in being always ahead rather than behind time. And there are mechanics and tradesmen with whom I once had dealings and now have deserted, because they never would fulfil an order in season, would not send a thing home when they promised, and invariably kept me waiting whatever might be my distress to be served. This vice runs in the blood sometimes, and whole families are distinguished by taking it easy, 'time enough yet,' being their motto and rule. They drop behind in the race of life. They would be run over if some one did not pick them up and help them on. Half the world has this work to do, besides doing its own. In the absence of positive crime, this habit of taking it easy causes the poverty and failure of the greater part of the human family. With the same chances, with equal health and wits, in the same field, one man succeeds and another makes a dead failure. And why? Because one took time by the forelock, was ever prompt, and therefore prosperous. The other was always a little behindhand, and by-and-by so far behind as to be counted out as of no account.—*Irenæus.*

YOU ARE disappointed. Do you remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost; that the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on forever; and all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing; which, perhaps, might have been better done, but, better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts, for which God will surely repay you in his own way and time.—*Charles Kingsley.*

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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CARNARVON CASTLE.

BY NETTIE B. WILCOX.

When England became a settled kingdom, with a number of divisions whose princes were under the English king, and whose people paid dues to him, Wales was one of these divisions, and at times the Welsh were very troublesome, refusing to pay dues, or submit to the will of the king. Castles were built and given to English nobles, to whom was allowed all the land they could seize from the Welsh, and the people were oppressed in various ways, till Llewellyn became Prince of North Wales. When Henry III., a boy only nine years old, was crowned, Llewellyn acknowledged him as king, and for fifty-six years rendered obedience to him as superior sovereign; but when Edward I. became king, Llewellyn at last threw off the yoke, and resisted sturdily. He was finally forced to submit; but falling in an encounter with an English knight, his brother David, claiming to be legal sovereign of North Wales, summoned a council of Welsh chieftains at Denbigh, a little town in the north of Wales. They determined to commence hostilities against the English, but were not successful. David was imprisoned, and this was the end of Welsh independence.

Wales was united to England, and Edward I. determined to secure the submission and willing obedience of its people. It is said he promised them a prince who could not speak a work of English. Now, he had a baby-boy who was afterward Edward II.; he presented him as the promised prince, and, ever since, the oldest son of the English king is called the Prince of Wales.

This little prince lived in Carnarvon, the largest of the one hundred and forty-three castles in North Wales, and it is of the beautiful ruin of this castle that I will first tell you.

It is on a high hill in the western part of Wales; climbing the hill you come upon a huge mass of gray stone, with immense towers; on two sides surrounded by a river, while a moat or ditch protects the other two. Originally there were thirteen towers; five have fallen, and the stones have been carried away by the inhabitants of the town to build their quaint little houses.

The castle has only narrow openings for windows on the outside; these are not more than four inches wide, but the walls are ten feet thick and the windows are five or six feet wide on the inside, the sides slanting close together through the thickness of the wall as they get near the outside, thus forming a kind of room in each window.

In those days, battles were fought and castles defended principally with cross-bows and arrows, and these window-niches furnished standing room for six or eight men, who in turn discharged their arrows at the enemy.

It was very easy for them, close to the narrow openings, to aim carefully at the enemy, but almost impossible for the outsiders to send their arrows where they would take effect.

The towers are full of crooked passages and narrow, stone staircases, with rooms of all sizes and shapes. Entering the door at the end of the path and passing up the worn and broken stone steps, I almost lost my way in dark galleries, where the chattering of the birds which have appropriated the deep windows for their nests, and the sound of my own footsteps re-echoed till I had hardly courage to complete the ascent. At last it grew lighter, and I found myself in the open space between the two smaller towers.

CARNARVON CASTLE.

In the centre of the main tower, in the good old times, there were five rooms, one above another. The floors have fallen, and, looking over the inner wall, I could see only the holes where floor-beams had rested, and a heap of ruins at the bottom. Around these central halls, which must have been lighted by artificial means, were smaller rooms, and staircases only wide enough for one person to pass. At the end of each staircase is a door, so that, granting the enemy succeeded in forcing passage to the court,—a large oblong square in the centre of the castle,—a single soldier could defend such a narrow staircase and yet be safe himself.

I suppose boys would climb to the top of the small tower where flag-staff stands. I did not care to do so, so I went down and began a search for Prince Edward's room. The old histories say he was born in the tower, but there are always people who like to spoil a good story, and these say he was three years old when brought there. I like the old story, so I asked a guide to show me where the prince was born. Entering the same door, we climbed the steps till we reached the room in the second story, lighted by the narrow window to the left of the door. The little square window just above it lighted the "confessional," a little niche in the wall still holding the receptacle for holy water. This room passed, we went clear around the tower, till we came through the narrowest of all passages to a room only ten feet by twelve. This was certainly the room of Queen Eleanor and the first Prince of Wales, whether he was born there, or brought when a very small boy. Back of the window is a narrow door which opens upon a walk upon the walls, called Queen Eleanor's walk. She could go outside the castle walls, and it would not be pleasant for her in the court with soldiers passing to and fro, and her only exercise out-of-doors had to be taken on this narrow path. When the walls were in repair she could walk from this tower to the next, through that to another wall, and so on around the castle, entering back of the confessional. I followed the walk a little way, and was glad enough that I was not compelled, like the poor queen, to take all my fresh air on a path two feet wide on castle walls. This tower, called Eagle Tower, was the strongest of the thirteen, and for this reason the queen was placed in it; the next, to the left, was the Royal Tower, and the enemy would naturally go there to look for the baby prince. The banqueting hall occupied the space between the Eagle and Royal towers, indicated now only by a line of stones left for the purpose. The kitchens were directly opposite, and the places which years ago held the boilers are still to be seen, as is also the end of the leaden water pipe away back in the walls: trophy hunters have carried away as much of it as their arms could reach. The castle was entered by two gates; the king's gate, or general entrance, and one smaller, but more beautiful, through which Queen Eleanor first entered Carnarvon. This gate is the most picturesque part of the castle, being partially in ruins and covered with ivy and wall-flowers.

Around the whole were high walls with towers at intervals, a part of the town of Carnarvon being now built within them.

But I think boys care less for the history of these old ruins than for the pleasure of climbing around them. It is possible that the account of Carnarvon at least may lead some of you to study enough of English history so that, when you cross the Atlantic and have the opportunity to see what now you read of, you will not have to depend upon poor guides, or spend half your time in hunting up why and by whom the grand old castles were built.—*St. Nicholas.*

TRUE POLITENESS.

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a present to the caliph. So he fill the leathern bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his gift at his sovereign's feet.

The monarch with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup and drank freely, and then with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the caliph forbade them touch a drop. Then after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition.

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man would be wounded."

HOW A BIRD OUTWITTED THE MONKEYS.

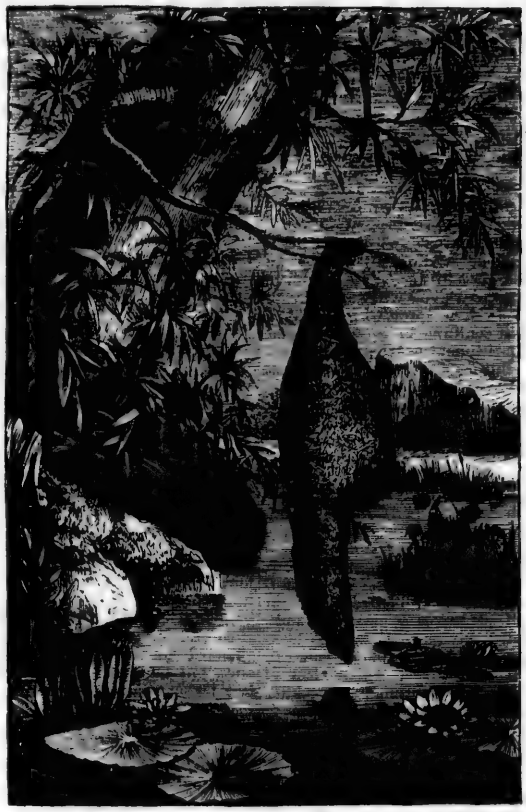
BY ERNEST INGERSOLL IN ST. NICHOLAS.

"Of all the hanging nests, commend me to that made of grass by the baya sparrow of India. It is one of the most perfect bird-houses I know of, and seems only to need a fire-place to make it a real house. Its shape and mode of attachment at the top to the end of the limb are shown in the picture. It is entered through the long neck at the lower end. The bed for the eggs rests in the bulb or expansion at the middle of the nest, where there are actually two rooms, for the male has a perch divided off from the female by a little partition, where he may sit and sing to her in rainy weather, or when the sun shines very hot, and where he may rest at night. The walls are a firm lattice-work of grass, neatly woven together, which permits the air to pass through, but does not allow the birds to be seen. The whole nest is from fourteen to eighteen inches long, and six inches wide at the thickest part. It is hung low over the water,—why, we shall presently see,—and its only entrance is through the hanging neck.

"Why do birds build hanging nests?

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Bird's eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them. Snakes, for instance, live almost entirely upon them, during the month of June; squirrels eat them, raccoons also, and opossums, cats, rats, and mice. But none of these animals could creep out to the pliant, wavy ends of the willow branches or elm twigs, and cling there long enough to get at the contents of a Baltimore oriole's nest.

"In the country where the baya sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of the egg-eaters; and in addition there are troops of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert climbers, from whom the eggs in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's, would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The baya sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber would dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o' that.' They would go to a higher limb which was strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on to the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up, too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.



THE NEST OF THE BAYA SPARROW.

"Now the cunning baya sparrow saw a way to avoid even this dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain long enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"

HOW A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally; and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope,

Nearly three hundred years ago, there was living in the town of Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half-startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other at arm's length; and, calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye-lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed out on the other), while the one held at a distance was plano convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other). Then taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in this accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "instruments by means of which to see at a distance,"

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or Metius, of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit, and his little daughter's lucky meddling, one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.—*St. Nicholas.*

BANANAS.—Few people who see bananas hanging in the shops of fruit dealers think of them as more than a tropical luxury. The fact is, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to obtain a living without work that no effort will ever be made, and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a sucker into the ground, and it will at once sprout and grow, and ripen its fruit in twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from 75 to 125 bananas; and, when that dies down after fruiting, new suckers spring up to take its place

HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

BY ANNIE J. MACKINTOSH.

We are going to assist you in finding out yourselves some of the wonderful things connected with the life and growth of plants; and if you will try the simple experiment here mentioned, you will surely be interested, and, besides, will learn a great deal that you ought to know.

Let us begin at the beginning, then; and as most plants grow from seeds, we shall talk first about seeds.

We will suppose that you have collected a few seeds, such as may be easily obtained—peas, beans, grains of wheat, corn, &c. Of course you have a penknife in your pocket; and if, in addition to the knife, you can have a small magnifying glass, many of your lessons will be much more interesting.

FIG. 1.—A SPLIT BEAN.

Take a bean first (Fig. 1), and with your knife remove the skin, which is called the seed-coat. You will find that the bean separates into halves as soon as the covering is removed. Now, each part is called a lobe, and seeds which naturally split in two are called two-lobed.

Take a grain of corn, and treat it in the same way. It does not split; if you want to part it, you must cut it. Seeds which do not split in two are called undivided; and you will find that all seeds belong to one or other of these classes.

Now examine those from which you have removed the seed-coats, and you will find at the end of each a small worm-like object (Fig. 1, *a*, and Fig. 2, *a*), which may easily be removed with the point of the knife. If you look carefully at the specimen removed from the bean, you will be able to see that it bears somewhat the appearance of a little plant. Such in truth it is—the germ, or baby plant. But put your germs aside for a while, and let us look at the rest of the seed. You will find in the corn that it resembles dry flour or starch, while in the bean it looks more like a mixture of flour and water which has become dry. This is the food of the baby plant, and consists mostly of sugar and starch. Upon this the germ lives till old enough to obtain nourishment from the earth and air.

FIG. 2. — A SPLIT GRAIN OF CORN.

Perhaps you think it strange, if the plant and its food are both contained in the seed, that it is necessary to sow seeds in order to have them grow. But the plant cannot appropriate the food until it has been moistened. But if moisture can be obtained in any other way than from the ground, the seed will begin to grow just as if part in the earth; and you may prove this for yourselves.

FIG. 3—A GRAIN OF CORN BEGINNING TO GROW.

Fill a tumbler with water, and cover the top with cotton-wool, on which you may place a few beans or some seed of the kind. Place the glass in the window, and in a few days you will find that your seeds have sprouted; and they will continue to grow until the nourishment is exhausted.

But let us return to the germs. Place them under the magnifying-glass, and you will find that some have a root, stem, and two leaves, while others have a root, stem, and but one leaf. You will also notice that all those having two leaves have been taken from two-lobed seeds, while those having only one leaf have come from the undivided seeds; and you will find, when they begin to grow, that they present the same differences. The two-lobed seeds put out two leaves at first, the undivided only one. So, that, by looking at a young plant, you can tell at once from which class of seeds it has sprung; or, looking at a seed, you will be able to foretell the appearance of the plant.

Now we shall require the plants in the tumbler, and such leaves as you may be able to collect.

Observe first, that although you may have placed the seeds in various positions upon the cotton, still in every case the leaves have shot upward into the air, while the roots have passed downward through the cotton into the water. Some of them have had to do a good deal of twisting in order to accomplish it. It has been hard work, but they have succeeded. It is one of Nature's laws that leaves must go up, roots down. But how or why the plants should know what this law requires of them, we cannot tell. Experiments made upon this point prove that, rather than break the law, plants will sometimes slowly transform their parts; that is, the branches of trees which have been planted upside down, will in time become roots, while the roots will turn into branches.

Now take the leaves which you have before you, and examine the veining of each, by holding it between your eye and the light. In some of them—maple, oak, and beech leaves, for instance—you will find the veins, or fine lines of the leaf running in every direction; while in others, as the leaves of the calla, lily-of-the-valley, grasses, etc., they are parallel to each other—that is, they run side by side, extending from the top of the leaf to the bottom, or else from the outer edge to the stem, which passes down the middle. The blades of grass and lily-of-the-valley leaves are examples of the first; the calla leaf of the second.

Look at the plants in the tumbler, and you will find that the leaves all come under one or other of these two classes; they are either net-veined or parallel-veined.

Next consider the seeds; those that are two-lobed have all produced net-veined leaves, while the leaves growing from the undivided seeds are all parallel-veined.

Let us sum up what we have learned in this way. Two-lobed seeds: Two leaves at first, net-veined leaves. Undivided seeds: One leaf at first, parallel-veined leaves.

If you will commit these two short lists to memory, you will often find it an advantage, as one point will immediately recall the others.

But let us look once more at our young plants. You will notice that in the case of the two-lobed seeds, the lobes have grown up with the plant, and are now to be found one on each side of the stem (Fig 4. *a*, *a*,). They have changed not only their appearance, but their name, since our last lesson, and are now called seed-leaves. Perhaps by this time they may have turned green; but they will never resemble the other leaves in anything but color. By and by they will begin to look shrivelled, as they part with the nourishment which is stored in them, and when it is all gone they will drop off.

FIG. 4—A BEAN GROWING.

Perhaps you are wondering what the plant is going to do after it has exhausted the food contained in the seed, but by that time it is quite able to support itself, by drawing upon the earth and the air. From the earth it obtains earthy matter and moisture: from the air, some of the gases of which it is composed; and these three things constitute the food of the plant.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE FOX, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

The fox, the monkey, and the pig were once inseparable companions. As they were nearly always together, the fox's thefts so far reflected upon his innocent associates, that they were all three held to be wicked animals.

At length, the enemies of these three laid a snare, in a path they were known to use.

The first that came to the trap was the pig. He viewed it with contempt, and, to show his disdain of his enemies and his disregard for their snare, he tried to walk through it with a lofty tread. He found he had undervalued it, however, when, in spite of his struggles, he was caught and strangled.

The next that came was the monkey. He inspected the trap carefully; then, priding himself upon the skill and dexterity of his fingers, he tried to pick it to pieces. In a moment of carelessness, however, he became entangled, and soon met the fate of the unfortunate pig.

The last that came was the fox. He looked at the snare anxiously, from a distance, and, approaching cautiously, soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with its size and power. Then he cried, "Thus do I defeat the machinations of my enemies!"—and, avoiding the trap altogether, by leaping completely over it, he went on his way rejoicing.—*St. Nicholas.*

THERE WAS ONCE a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird, that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never! never!—*Duncan Matheson.*

HE LOST HIS HEAD.

"He lost his head! What a horrible thing! How did it happen? Was it cut off in battle, or did the train run over him, or how?"

Well, no, not in any of these ways; and it was not such a horrible thing after all. Nor was it so great a loss as you might think, not even to the man himself.

"No great loss for a man to lose his head! Some men's heads, to be sure, don't count for much, but to the man himself the loss of his head was the greatest loss he could have—a loss that never could be remedied."

I am not sure of that; at all events it was not so in this case. Though he lost his head he didn't lose his life. Those who were beside him took care of that.

"How could they? If his head was off they couldn't put it on again."

No, to be sure they could not; but then I didn't say that his head was off. I only said he lost his head. Any head he ever had of flesh and bones, hair and skull, face, brain, and back, was just as firm on his neck and shoulders as before.

"Yet you say he lost his head."

Yes he did; but his head was on his shoulders notwithstanding. The way was this. Masons were finishing the spire of a church; and the man, who was a blacksmith, had been brought up on the hoist to fix something about the vane. He was not long up until he became dizzy, so alarmed and so helpless, that not only was he unable to do what he had gone up for, but the masons had to tie him with a rope and lower him down to save his life. That man lost his head, didn't he? I believe he found it again when he got to the ground, but he was not the man to send up for such a job, and his master never sent him again. Not only so, but he himself would not have gone had he been bid. He got a fright sufficient to settle that. He only did his duty in going, when he did not know that he would lose his head; but he would have been wrong if, after this, he had gone again, wouldn't he? And let all young friends remember, and never go where they would lose their head — never go except when duty calls, where they would be likely to lose their head, or be in danger of doing so. Yet I have known young people go into dangerous places and lose their head when they ought not. Never fear when duty calls, but be courageous, and that will help you to keep your head. Never go into danger, however, without the call of duty, else you may lose your head, and lose your life or be injured for life.

There is nothing makes any one more surely lose his head than intoxicating drink. Many have found it so. Those who have taken the drink say and do things they never would have said or done if they had not lost their head, if their reason were in full exercise. So greatly have many lost their head that they cannot keep their feet. They stagger and fall. Boys even have been seen in that condition What would you think of them, if, having once lost their head by the drink, they took it again? Would it not seem as if they had lost their head altogether?

When any one takes drink he cannot be sure but he may lose his head, and so the safe way is to have nothing to do with it. Persons in all ranks have been ruined by it. With the loss of their head they lost their character, and lost their position, and went on from bad to worse.

Only once losing the head by it has been attended with the saddest consequences. A man lost his head by drink once, and only once; and while he was in that condition he struck down the wife he had long loved, and became a murderer. A doctor lost his head by a little drink, and his lancet cut where it should not, and the patient died in consequence. A coachman lost his head by what he got at a roadside inn, and upset the coach, and injured himself and many more. The commander of a vessel having many on board and much valuable cargo, lost his head by wine at the dinner-table. Nobody noticed it; he himself did not feel it, but he mistook a light, gave wrong directions to the steersman, and the result was the loss of the ship and not only of the cargo but of many lives. The truth is that a very little drink may make a man lose his head, and the only safe way is to have nothing to do with it. No one needs it. The most distinguished physicians say that we would be better without it. There is danger in taking it, duty does not require the use of it. Better never taste it than run the risk of losing your head by it, and of the consequences which may flow from that.—*The Adviser.*

HELEN'S DIFFICULTY.

Helen Preston was reading the parable of the pounds. When she had reached the end, she sat back in her little rocking-chair, with a very sober face. Presently Aunt Emma came in, and seeing the small figure in the chair, said, "Why, Helen, what's the matter? You look completely puzzled."

"So I am, Auntie. Why didn't he praise the man for taking such good care of his one pound? If he didn't want to use it, why wasn't he right to keep it carefully until the owner's return?"

"Not so fast little one," rejoined Aunt Emma. "You ask questions so fast that you don't even wait to tell me what you are reading."

"The parable of the pounds, Aunt Emma, in the nineteenth chapter of Luke."

Mrs. Vernon came and sat down by her little niece, and after a moment's thought said, "What was the command given to each man as he received the pounds?"

Helen glanced down at the open Bible in her lap, and, after a little hesitation, replied, "Occupy till I come."

"Yes, and when their lord returned he called them all to him, that he might know how much each man had gained by trading. Evidently, then, the command signified that they were to make good use of that which he intrusted to their keeping. It was to be employed in such a way as would make it most profitable to the owner."

Helen's face brightened, "Now I understand it. I thought they were only to take care of the pounds until his return, or to use them if they wished, and could do so without loss."

"When you read these parables you must remember they are picture-stories — stories with meanings to them, and the things Jesus wanted to teach the people were more important than the real facts in the story. Do you know the meaning of this parable?"

"Oh, yes; you know this was our Sunday-school lesson not long ago. Teacher said it was to show us how God expected a right use of the things he has given us."

"What things, little girl?" questioned Auntie.

"Time, and—and the being able to do things—" Helen hesitated; it wasn't easy to put into words, though she knew just what it meant—"you know, Auntie, it may be little things or big things, our hands or our feet, our thoughts, our tongues, and ever so many others."

Aunt Emma smiled, "Yes, dear, whatever God has given us the power to do ought to be done rightly and well, done so as to please and honor Him. To let that power lie idle—to do nothing when we might do something—is being unfaithful to Him who has trusted us with it."

"Like the man with the one pound," put in Helen.

"Just so; Jesus wants to teach us that neglect to use what He has given us to make good use of is sin Suppose, Helen, it was grain, instead of money, that this man gave to his servants. All but one sowed it in the proper season, and when harvest time came they had a much larger amount of grain than at the first, because they had made good use of it."

"But what did the one man do, Aunt Emma?"

"He carefully put the grain away in a sack in the barn, and when after some years the owner claimed it, he brought it out, and lo! it was all mildewed and rusted and dried up, of no use for anything. So you see the very keeping of some things wastes and spoils them, while the using of them increases their value. We often think that we only sin when we do something wrong, but you see here Jesus shows us that we sin when we fail to do right."

"Why, I never thought of it that way," said Helen.

"Perhaps not, dearie, but don't forget it in the future. To waste time or anything else God has given us, or to spend it foolishly or uselessly, is as wrong as to use it for evil purposes. Try, little Helen, to make a good use of your life and everything in it, that at the end God may say to you also, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"—*Child's Paper.*

THE HORNBILL.

BY FRED BEVERLEY.

It is not strange that Africa, the home of the gorilla and hippopotamus, should possess the most curious specimens of the great class of birds; for it has been found to contain within its tangled jungles the rarest and most grotesque forms of animal life, though we must except the island of Australia, where the laughing jackass and the kangaroo are found.

One of the most interesting and attractive families of birds is that of the hornbill, one species of which is shown in the illustration. Although this bird is found in India, it is much more abundant in Africa.

If we may believe report, the bill of the hornbill is nearly one-fourth the length of its body. The bill is very long, curved, deep and thin, and has a helmet upon its crown, of various shapes and sizes; and this helmet is used to give to many species their specific, or proper names. Thus, there is the *Buceros bicornis*, or two-horned hornbill; the *Buceros rhinoceros*, or rhinoceros hornbill, so called from the immense helmet resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. *Buceros* is the *generic* name applied to them for some peculiarity they all possess in common; the *specific*, or individual, names being derived from the shapes of their helmets.

Though seemingly heavy and unwieldy, the bill of the hornbill is very light, being composed of light cellular tissue, resembling in this respect the skull of the elephant; and the walls of thin bone are so fragile, that in dried specimens it may be crushed in the hand. The edge of the mandibles, or beaks, are very sharp, frequently breaking off and being renewed. It is said that the age of the bird may be ascertained from the wrinkles on its bill, as the age of a cow is sometimes told from the wrinkles around her horns.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to notice a family of birds, inhabiting South America, often confounded with the hornbills, from their resemblance. These are the toucans. They are confined to the warmer portions of the New World, as the hornbills are to those of the Old. Their bills are large, of the same structure, but lack the helmet; they are brighter-colored and gaudy of plumage. Their voices are loud and harsh, and can be heard a long way.

It is from the cry of the Brazilian species, "toucano," that they derive their name. When feeding, they post a sentinel. They have a habit of sitting upon the topmost branches of trees, chattering, lifting their heads at regular intervals, clashing their bills together, and crying out so loudly as to be heard at the distance of a mile. From this the natives have given them the name of "preacher birds.,' They have great antipathy to any bird uglier than themselves, and will mob an owl with the zest of crows, nearly frightening the poor bird to death with their clashing beaks and loud cries.

To return to our friends the hornbills. From the great size of their bills, they cannot walk easily upon the ground, but hop along awkwardly. The trees are their homes, and they hop from limb to limb with great ease, climbing to the tree-tops, where they remain for hours shouting gleefully in their bravest tones.

They feed upon pulpy fruits, small animals, reptiles and insects, and make their nests in hollow trees.

THE HORNBILL FEEDING HIS WIFE.

The largest species is the rhinoceros hornbill, which has a stretch of wing of about three feet, and a bill ten inches in length. The general color of this bird is black, the tail tipped with white. The bill is black at the base, reddish in the middle, and yellow tipped.

The most attractive species, as to plumage, is the crested hornbill, which has a crown of feathers like the spread crest of a cockatoo, and a long beautiful tail.

But the most interesting species is one noted, not for its plumage, but for a habit of nesting and living peculiarly its own. This is the red-billed hornbill, the *Buceros erythrorhynchus* of naturalists We have been told by Livingstone the African explorer, that this bird breeds, like the other members of its family, in hollow trees; that it makes its nest in holes in the trunks of these trees, that the female lines its nest with feathers from her own body, and lays four or five eggs, white, and of the size of pigeons' eggs.

In this there is nothing remarkably noteworthy; but we are astonished when we read further and find that, after the nest is prepared to the satisfaction of the female, she is shut up a close prisoner for weeks; that the entrance to the hole is plastered over with mud, until only a little slit is left, three or four inches long and half and inch wide—just large enough to admit the beak.

The male bird, who has walled up the hole, feeds the female through this slit until the young are hatched and fledged—a period of eight or ten weeks. In this time the female has become very fat, and is often hunted out and eaten by the negroes of the country, who esteem her a great delicacy.

Sometimes the female hatches out two young ones, that are nearly able to fly before the other two appear. Then, with the two older birds, she leaves the nest and walls in the younger ones, which are fed, through the slit, by their father and mother until able to take care of themselves.

Many writers have speculated upon the reason for this peculiar style of hatching out and bringing up the young hornbills; but, although they cannot tell exactly why the plan is adopted, there is no doubt that the old birds know what they are about.

It is certainly not to prevent the escape of his mate that the male works so industriously to imprison her, and becomes lean and emaciated in his labor of love, in procuring food for her and their little ones during those two long weary months. It is more than probable that the object sought is to prevent the entrance of noxious reptiles, which could easily destroy mother and young, did not that formidable bill so effectually fill the hole. But one thing is certain, the mother hornbill is obliged to stay at home and attend to her domestic duties, although she must be very different from almost any other bird if she does not, of her own free-will and desire, hatch out her little ones and take care of them until they can look out for themselves.

If we all attended to our duties as earnestly and conscientiously as mother-birds (and sometimes father-birds too) attend to theirs, it would be better fo most of us. —*St. Nicholas.*

A CATARACT THAT RUSHES UP THE RIVER.

In most rivers, as I've heard, the cataracts and rapids flow down-stream, but one of my Canadian friends sends word that the St. John River, New Brunswick, has a cataract which has a queer habit of sometimes rushing up-stream,

A little above where the river flows into the ocean, there is a wide and deep basin that empties itself into the harbor through a narrow passage between two walls of rock. When the tide is going down, the water runs out of the harbor into the ocean far more quickly than the river can flow through the narrow channel above, and so the stream pours itself seaward through the harbor end of the passage in a roaring water-fall. But when the tide is rising, the ocean fills the harbor and passage so rapidly that the sea-water plunges down into the basin from the river end of the narrow channel, in a foaming cataract that falls up-stream!

Twice in every tide, however, there is a space of about twenty minutes when the waters are at one height in the harbor, passage, and basin, and then the ships that are to go up or down must be hurried through before the river "gets its back up," as the boys say.—*St Nicholas.*

THE crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—*Emerson.*

THE YAK.

The yak, or grunting ox, derives its name from its very peculiar voice, which sounds much like the grunt of a pig. It is a native of the mountains of Thibet, and, according to Hodson, it inhabits all the loftiest plateaus of High Asia, between the Altai and the Himalayas.

It is capable of domestication, and is liable to extensive permanent varieties, which have probably been occasioned by the climate in which it lives and the work to which it has been put. The noble yak, for example, is a large, handsome animal, holding its head proudly erect, having a large hump, extremely long hair, and a very bushy tail. It is a shy and withal capricious animal, too much disposed to kick with the hind feet and to make threatening demonstrations with the horns, as if it intended to impale the rider. The heavy fringes of hair that decorate the sides of of the yak do not make their appearance until the animal has attained three months of age, the calves being covered with rough curling hair, not unlike that of a black Newfoundland dog. The beautiful white bushy tail of the yak is in great request for various ornamental purposes, and forms quite an important article of commerce. Dyed red, it is formed into those curious tufts that decorate the caps of the Chinese, and when properly mounted in a silver handle, it is used as a fly flapper in India under the name of a chowrie. These tails are carried before certain officers of state, their number indicating his rank.

The plough yak is altogether a more plebeian-looking animal, humble of deportment, carrying its head low, and almost devoid of the magnificent tufts of long silken hairs that fringe the sides of its more aristocratic relation. Their legs are very short in proportion to their bodies, and they are generally tailless, that member having been cut off and sold by their avaricious owner. There is also another variety which is termed the Ghainorik. The color of this animal is black, the back and tail being often white. When overloaded, the yak is accustomed to vent its displeasure by its loud, monotonic, melancholy grunting, which has been known to affect the nerves of unpractised riders to such an extent that they dismounted, after suffering half an hour's infliction of this most lugubrious chant, and performed the remainder of their journey on foot. —*Scientific American.*

THE YAK.

A SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally known that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Swan Beach, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat:

"On a fine morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders, and blackfish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we looked up and around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We glared ferociously at our pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of her side planks and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went. In a moment he was devoured by the other sharks. Then the shoal returned to us again.

"We were in despair, and never expected to see shore again. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charlie said, 'Bill, we are in an awful mess. Let us see if God will help us.' We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great shoal of porpoises. commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar into the water, several sharks began biting it into pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat, and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick for them. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rode safely to shore, and by God's mercy became professors of religion. We have respect for porpoises, and believe if they were not so plentiful, the New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-bye to fishing and bathing."—*British Workman.*

THE RATS AND THE MEAL.

BY PALMER COX.

One summer's night when all was still,
And motionless the wheel,
Some rats ran through the village mill,
And stole a bag of meal.

And hurry-scurry, tooth and nail,
They dragged it to the door,
And then upon their shoulders soon
Away the treasure bore.

But as they hastened from the room,
Along a narrow plank,
The heavy load went in the flume,
And to the bottom sank.

And downward with the bag of meal,
Ere they could loose their hold,
With many a frightened squeak and squeal,
The thieves together rolled.

So then for life they had to swim,
But when they reached the shore,
They dried themselves around a fire,
And vowed to steal no more.
—*Harpers' Young People.*

HOW LOVE REMOVED A MOUNTAIN.

"Mamma," said Arthur, "how can faith remove mountains?"

"I will tell you how love once removed a mountain," said his mother, and then you will perhaps understand what is now puzzling you:

"More than a hundred and twenty years ago there was born in an old castle on the shores of the Pentland Firth, in the far north of Scotland, a boy, who, when he grew up, became a very useful man. His mother was of a noble family, and he inherited a title himself. He was Sir John Sinclair; but far better than titles and wealth, was the training the mother gave to her son. She taught him—for his father died when he was young—how to manage wisely his estate; and as he grew up he showed that he did not intend to lead a selfish, luxurious life, but to do his best for his neighbors and his country. At that time good roads were very much needed, even in the more busy parts of England; and in the north of Scotland, where the inhabitants were few, and for the most part poor, the roads were often very bad

"One day a neighbor asked Sir John when he would make a road over Ben Cheilt—a large mountain which interfered much with freedom of travelling in Caithness. He was not prepared to begin a road over Ben Cheilt just then, but the time came soon after. He went to London on a visit, and there saw a young lady whom he wished to marry, but when he asked her to go with him to Caithness she shook her head. She liked Sir John; but in those days of slow travelling and dear postage the distance between Thurso and London seemed immense, and Miss Maitland could not make up her mind to go so far from home. However, she did not altogether refuse him, and he went back to Thurso, resolved that the big mountain, Ben Cheilt, should no longer stand in the way of a direct road to the south. He surveyed it carefully, made up his mind what to do, and then sent out over the country for all the men that could be got to help him. One summer's morning, at early dawn, one thousand two hundred and sixty men assembled under his command, and by nightfall the old bridle-track was made into a carriage-road. Before he could go south again, a gentleman who had just been travelling in Scotland, carried to Miss Maitland the story of Sir John's road-making, and all his other improvements, and she was so much pleased that she determined to reward him in the way he wished. They were married soon afterward.

"That was not Sir John's only effort. He lived to be an old man, to do a great deal for Scotland, and to be much respected. And now, Arthur, you see how love can remove mountains."

"He didn't remove it mamma; he only made a way over it," said Arthur.

"And what more was needed?" answered his mamma. "God does not take mountains out of our way altogether, in this world, my dear; but if we love and trust Him he will give us the strength and patience to make a way over them; and that is better. 'Who art thou, O, great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.'" (Zech. iv. 7.)—*Selected.*

ANECDOTE OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

Baron James de Rothschild one day at dinner perceived that the artist Delacroix who was his guest, was looking at him in a peculiarly searching manner. The baron asked the reason, and Delacroix responded that having for some time been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to copy for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck with the idea that his host would make a splendid model. The baron, who was fond of art, gracefully consented to sit, and next morning appeared in the studio of the painter, who dressed him in rags, placed a tall staff in his hand, and put him into a mendicant's posture. In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter who alone had the privilege of being admitted to the studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man espying a

moment when the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a twenty-franc piece into the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living. Sometime later the youth received a letter mentioning that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on twenty francs, which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying at his disposal in Rothschild's office, to the amount of ten thousand francs having borne five hundred fold.

TO BOYS, ON HABITS OF STUDY.

"Do get on with your studies. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better of them. Do everything in its own time. Do everything in earnest. If it is worth doing, then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen His face who is our life, our all. Pray for others: pray for your teachers, fellow-students," &c.

To another he wrote:—"Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scripture to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect our blood with them."

And again:—"Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of Divine light in the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the left hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and His Holy Spirit quickens the affections; so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."—*Rev. R. M. McCheyne.*

A TOUCHING STORY comes from Eyemouth England: Mr. William Nisbet, the skipper of one of the ill-fated fishing boats, had a parrot which, under his tuition, had become remarkably proficient in the use of language. Nisbet was fond of his bird. Ever since the storm of Friday fortnight, the parrot has been depressed and silent, as though it was conscious of its loss. The other day, however, and throughout the day, it found and maintained its voice, repeating mournfully, and with pathetic iteration, "Euphy, Willie's awa' noo—Willie's awa' noo!" "Euphy" (Euphemia) is the name of Nisbet's wife—*Christian Life.*

MOHAMMED TEWFIK, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT AND HIS WIFE.

BY REV. GEORGE C. SEIBERT, PH. D.

Of all men in high position no one perhaps had during the last year to go through greater troubles and trials than the present ruler of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, the son of Ismail Pasha. Under peculiar circumstances Tewfik ascended the throne when his father Ismail, who, in his desire to promote the civilization and welfare of Egypt, had burdened the country with an immense debt since 1863, was compelled to resign in 1879, and to leave the country. The state was bankrupt, the interest on the national debt could not be paid. England and France appointed commissioners, who were to control the finances of the country, and to see that the creditors would get all money due to them. The young Khedive limited the expenses of his court in every respect, and tried his best to save the credit of the country. A military party, headed by Arabi Pasha, rose, gained power and influence, and abused the Khedive. He deposed Arabi, but was compelled by the Mohammedan ulemas (priests) and the officers of the army to restore him We do not tell the rest: it is still fresh in our memory, that Arabi rose in open rebellion, that he had the Khedive deposed by a council of the Notacles at Cairo, that he caused the British to bombard Alexandria, and that he even threatened the life of the Khedive, who was only saved by the intervention of General Stone and other American officers.

In the midst of all these fearful trials and tribulations, the Khedive Tewfik had one true and faithful friend who stood by him, comforting, encouraging, supporting him in the dark hours through which he had to pass, sharing his afflictions, and by doing so lightening their burden. This friend was his noble and faithful wife.

Princess Emineh is of noble descent; her mother was the daughter of a Padishah (Sultan); her father was a son of Abbas, who from 1848 to 1854 had been ruler of Egypt, and had been assassinated in the night from the 12th to the 13th of July, 1854, at Venha-el-Hassel. Abbas was succeeded first by Said Pasha, his uncle (1854–1863), and then by Ismail Pasha, his cousin the father of Tewfik. Princess Emineh is therefore a near relative of her husband. She knew him from early childhood, and was his love when he, who was born in 1852, was still a boy.

No wonder that the young prince fell in love with Princess Emineh, for she is not only a great beauty, but also an intelligent and virtuous lady. She is fond of study, and speaks English and French fluently. She does not smoke, neither does she indulge, as Mohammedan ladies generally do, in wearing costly apparel, or in dainties and confectionery, which are detrimental to health. She is said to quote the word of Shakespeare,

> "Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?"

and to follow the rule,

> "Be poor without, increase thy inward treasures."

Her husband has raised himself above the contemptible custom of taking several wives. Emineh is his only wife, and she is a true and loving and faithful wife to him. She was married to Prince Tewfik in 1873, and has ever since exercised a very beneficial influence over her husband. They have four handsome and healthy children, two sons, Abbas and Mohammed Ali, and two younger daughters. She is to her children a faithful and loving mother. To her, as to the Roman Cornelia, they are her jewels. She takes good care of them herself, and keeps for them English nurses and teachers.

Princess Emineh is of prepossessing appearance. She is exceedingly handsome, a stately, well-built figure, and noble bearing with a high intellectual forehead, rich brown hair, large dark eyes, finely cut noble features and a white color of the skin. She is a princess in her appearance and even in her manners and whole bearing. She dresses like a European lady. To her husband she is attached by true affection, which he reciprocates fully. When in the dark hours of the war she was advised to leave her husband, she stood by him and when the British before they bombarded Alexandria, offered to the Khedive and his family one of their ships as a place of refuge, she insisted that they should remain in the doomed city and rather perish with it, and her advice prevailed.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

A TRUE STORY.

One day in October Willie and I thought we would go chestnutting, so we took our baskets and started for the woods.

Behind our house, beyond the pasture where the cows—Lily, Violet, Rose, Clover, and Harebell—were feeding, there is a grove of chestnut-trees, and the ground was covered with the brown shiny nuts; for there had been a heavy frost the night before, and, you know, it takes a good white frost to crack open the hard prickly burs.

We went to work at once, and soon our baskets began to feel heavy. Then, when we heard a noise overhead,—we looked up, and there, in a big tree, were two little chipmunks scolding away at us, and saying, in squirrel language, "Look at those two selfish people! They're taking all our nuts.

But, after watching us for a while, they saw that we were not smart enough to get all the nuts; so they began to feel happier, and to chase each other up and down the tree, and along the ground toward us. The one that was being chased was so excited that I suppose he took me for a tree, for he ran right up to my shoulder, went round my neck twice, and at last stopped on my hands, which were clasped together.

There he stayed for a full minute, looking at me with his bright black eyes, as much as to say, Why! if this isn't fun, I thought I was running up a tree, and, instead of that, here I am in the hands of one of those giants who steal our nuts. I wonder if the monster will hurt me!"

Then, I suppose, I moved my hands, for down he jumped, and ran pell-mell up a tree, and into his hole; and that was the last we saw of our friend the chipmunk.—*Nursery.*

PRINCESS EMINEH, WIFE OF THE KHEDIVE.

THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

It is probable that some of you have had an opportunity of seeing experiments in what is known as frictional electricity, performed by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following directions, you can now enjoy a similar exhibition, produced in a very few minutes by the simplest materials.

We shall require two pretty thick books, so placed as to support a pane of glass, say twelve by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being about one inch and one-quarter from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill with a pair of scissors, and cut out of *tissue* paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, and they may represent absurd little ladies and gentlemen, or any animal you may happen to think of.

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so fortunate to possess it. These can be traced on the tissue paper, and colored if desired, or you can cut small figures out of the pictures in illustrated newspapers, the more comical the better.

Now place the dancers upon the table underneath the glass (see illustration), and with a silk, cotton, or linen hankerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, by rubbing briskly in a circular manner; the figures soon will start into activity, execute jigs, between table and glass, join hands, stand on their heads,—in short, it would be difficult to describe all their antics. Touch the glass with your finger, and they will fall, as if dead upon the table.—*St. Nicholas.*

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Baby Elsie was cooing in her crib. She was one year old today, and her mother and Aunt Marion were looking at her with delighted eyes, when there came a ring at the door. The postman handed in a letter, addressed in a quaint, cramped handwriting, to Elsie Allan.

"A letter to Baby!" exclaimed the surprised mamma. "And surely it is from Aunt Dorothy. Well, what has prompted this, I wonder?"

As the letter was opened, a piece of paper fluttered out. It proved on examination to be a cheque for $25. The letter was as follows:

"Baby Elsie's Great-Aunt Dorothy sends her a birthday gift, which she hopes Baby's mother, niece Laura, will invest for Baby in the wisest way she can think of."

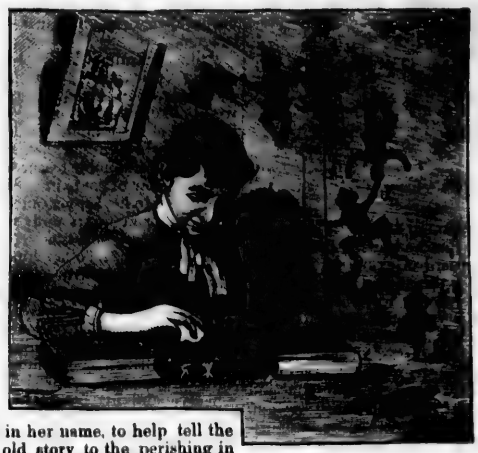
"Of course, Laura, you will put it in the savings' bank for her, and let it be a nest egg. Dear little girlie, It would be nice for her to have a bank-book of her very own."

"No," said Mrs. Allen," I won't do that."

"Well, then, I'd advise you spending it on the little thing herself. She needs a new dress and cloak, and she ought to have a silver spoon and fork of her own, and that way of using it would, I am sure, be agreeable to Aunt Dorothy."

The young mother was looking at her child with a very sweet expression on her thoughtful face.

"Marion," she said, "I shall send this money to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and let its payment make Elsie a Life-Member of that society. I want to bring her up to be an earnest and devoted child of God, and a servant of Christ; and what can I do better than to send this, her birthday gift, in her name, to help tell the old, old story to the perishing in heathen lands?"



And that was the investment which Aunt Dorothy's money made for a wee maiden, who, if she lives, will never remember the time when she was not interested in Foreign Missions.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

NELLIE'S VERSE.

It was Nellie's birthday, and mamma had suggested that she should choose a Bible verse to help her through the coming year; so now she sits with her own beautiful new Bible, a present from grandmamma, and looking over the familiar chapters of the gospels, her eyes rest on the words of Jesus found in St. John 8: 29: "I do always those things that please Him."

"Mamma, I have found such a good verse," said Nellie, as she read it aloud. "I would like to do always those things which please my Heavenly Father, but I forget so often."

"Ask God to help you, my darling," said mamma. "When you feel tired or impatient, no matter where you are or what you are doing, raise your heart in prayer to him for strength to do as he would have you, and he will never fail you."

"I will, mamma," said Nellie earnestly, and together then they knelt, and the mother prayed that the dear Father of us all would indeed bless her child, and enable her to "do always those things which please him."—*Christine R. Marshall*

THE DEAD RAVEN.

A poor weaver once lived in the little German town of Wupperthal—a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well-known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps,*" he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at length, "Well, the Lord helps;" and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and although as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left—no bread, no fuel in the house; only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and, possibly, the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint, there is something for you to eat!" he cried, tauntingly.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately.

"Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger,"

When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty he noticed something hard, and wish to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps!" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognised it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again.

"Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from the servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need."

Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same bird when dead.—*From "Tales of Trust." By H. L. Hastings.*

Poor sad humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE FENNEC, OR SAHARA FOX.

The fennec is an inhabitant of Africa, being found in Nubia and Egypt. It is a very pretty and lovely little creature, running about with much activity, and anon sitting upright and regarding the prospect with marvellous gravity. The color of the fennec is a very pale fawn, sometimes almost a creamy whiteness. The tail is bushy, and partakes of the general color of the fur, except at the upper part of the base and the extreme tip, which are boldly marked with black.

The full grown animal is quite small, measuring scarcely more than a foot, exclusive of the bushy tail, which is about eight inches long.

It is said that the fennec, although a carnivorous animal, delights to feed upon various fruits, especially preferring the date. It is also said that it can climb the trunk of the date palm and procure for itself the coveted luxury.

This creature presents a strange medley of characteristics that have been a stumbling block to systematic zoologists, and it has been frequently transferred by them from one portion of the animal kingdom to another. Now, however, it is admitted that the fennec belongs to the genus *Vulpus*, being a congener with the various foxes of the Old and New Worlds.

FENNEC.—(*Vulpes Zaarensis.*)

Like veritable foxes, the fennec is accustomed to dwell in subterranean abodes, which it scoops in the light sandy soil of its native land. Its fur is of considerable value among the natives of the locality wherein it is found; it is said to be the warmest found in Africa, and is highly prized for that quality.

The fennec is a quaint little creature, wearing an air of precocious self-reliance that has quite a ludicrous effect in so small an animal. The color of its eyes is a beautiful blue; and the whisker hairs which decorate its face are long and thick in their texture and white in color. The fennec is identical with the fox-like animal named "zerda" by Ruppell and "cerdo" by Illiger. the smaller animal is the Jerboa or jumping mouse.—*Ex.*

STORIES FROM PYRAMIDS.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* is an article on the Pyramids, furnishing some curious information in regard to the material, and inferences relating to the Scripture story of Pharaoh and his host.

There are remains of sixty-nine at Dashour and Sakkara, of divers forms—one being built in five distinct terraces—and of every size; from the merest cairn of stones, loosely heaped together, over the tomb of the poor; gradually advancing to the perfect structure, whether small or great, which marked where richer members of the community slept their last sleep.

The majority of these are built of crude brick, baked in the sun, and are far more recent works than the giants at Gizeh. It is supposed that some of these may have been among the labors of the Israelites to which Josephus alluded when, speaking of the Egyptian task-masters, he says, "They put them to the draining of rivers into channels, walling of towns, casting up of dykes and banks to keep off inundations; nay, the erecting of fanatical pyramids." Scientific men are able in these old bricks to distinguish barley from wheat straw, or bean haulm from stumble. One pyramid at Dashour has been especially noted, its bricks being made almost without straw, just the merest indications thereof, as though made in time of some great scarcity—like that when the Israelites gathered stubble instead of straw. An old wall of precisely similar bricks was found at Heliopolis, five miles below Cairo—each brick bearing the Cartouche or royal mark of Thothme III., who is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus; a supposition to which the monumental hieroglyphics bear strange testimony in utterly omitting his name from all sepulchral records, thereby corroborating the theory of his having shared, with his great army, their silent, unmarked tomb beneath the waters of the Red Sea.

It is said that the Egyptians religiously avoided any allusion to whatever evil might befall their king; and it is very remarkable that monuments should have been found to all the other Pharaohs while the stones that chronicle this man's actions both end abruptly, without any mention of his death. Moreover, while all his royal brethren were succeeded each by his eldest son, it is expressly stated that he was succeeded by his second son—while the "death of the first-born" is altogether ignored.

AN IDOL TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

Mr Roper, the noble African missionary, when he was at Ibbadan used often to talk to a clever heathen woman who was a merchant there, and try and persuade her to give up her false gods and to believe in Jesus; and he told her that God was her Father, and knew all that concerned her. The woman listened and half believed but she was frightened that if she became a follower of the true God, her god would be angry with her. Not that she was altogether pleased with her own god, for sometimes she knelt down before his image, which was made of matting and wood, and dressed up with rags of calico wound round it, and asked him to send her good luck and prosperity, and yet sometimes the luck all went against her and the bargains turned out bad ones, then she would go home in a rage and scold the image, and sometimes even would take a bamboo stick and give it a good beating. One day, when she had heard Mr. Roper preach, she went home and she took this image into a back room which was empty, and placed it in the middle of the floor, and said, "Now I've brought you here, and I am going away trading for three months, and I will lock the door and you will be safe; but this prayer-man says you are not a true god, and cannot take care of me, and that his God can, so I will make this bargain with you—if you are worth anything you can take care of yourself. Now, if you are all right when I come back, I and my family will always worship you as of old; but if a rat gets to you and eats you I will pray to you no more—for I shall know what the prayer-man says is true." So she locked the door, and went away with the key in her pocket. Three months passed, and she returned to Ibbadan; her friends and children were waiting to welcome her, but she pushed through them, and went straight to the room where she had left her god. She looked at it, and ran away with it to Mr. Roper. She threw the gnawed thing down before him, and exclaimed, "He could not take care of himself. Your God has sent a rat; teach me and my children to be prayer people!"

It is not by books alone nor by books chiefly, that a man is in all his points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation, then and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge. That is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty.—*Carlyle.*

Many seem to think that to be a believer is to have certain feelings and experiences, forgetting all the time that these are but the flowers, and that the fruit must follow.—*M'Cheyne.*

CHINESE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. EMMA D. SMITH, OF PANG-CHUANG, SHANTUNG, NORTH CHINA.

Do you ever wonder what a Chinese day-school is like? Supposing we skip over to the west end of this village, and take a peep at the boys' school. The village lends us its schoolhouse, and we missionaries furnish a good Christian teacher, and they study Christian books for part of the time.

As we go up the front steps, what is all this fearful racket? Do you feel a little delicate about going in lest you should intrude on a quarrel of some sort? O, but you needn't! The little boys in our school are not tearing each other's hair, nor scratching each other's eyes out, nor knocking each other down; not a bit of it! They are just doing what every good little scholar in China is expected to do; that is, every mother's son of them is studying his lesson over out loud. By out loud I mean in a perfect roar.

As they do this nearly all day long, a good many of them quite ruin their voices. When you hear them trying to sing together it reminds you of that other little frog-class which sings every evening out on the village moat, the last thing before popping in for the night. You think little scholars who have to work like that must be sorry when they hear the nine-o'clock bell and laugh when it creeps around to four in the afternoon? But there you've made another big mistake. O, lively American chicks, who wriggle and squirm in Sunday-school and day-school, and hate being caged up anywhere as badly as the wild birds do, what would you say if you had to go to school with the first streak of daylight, and if school kept till dark! If the Chinese scholars ease up life somewhat by not studying hard all the time, who can blame them?

But if you think our little long-queued friends don't know much, we will set them to reciting, and I suspect, you'll be amazed to hear even the wee ones reel off chapter after chapter and book after book. One Peking scholar recited the whole of the New Testament at a single examination! The Chinese have fine memories, and are always cultivating them and proud of them. But the scholars are often brought up not to care a fig what it all means, so their little brains are only well-stored lumber-rooms.

It is very hard work to get "Why?" and "How?" into a Chinese school. The boys don't know why a thing is so, or how it is so, and they don't care and, what is worse, the native teacher don't want them to care. Why should he? His life is hard enough, at best, and the "How?" and "Why?" laddies are a deal more trouble to live with, and take care of, as every American mamma will bear cheerful and ready testimony. It has occurred to the writer that to secure the ideal boy it would only be necessary to take a little Interrogation Point (of course, you know I mean an American boy), and then a little Chinese boy just as big and just as old, and roll them all up in a ball, when presto! out would come the loveliest little fellow that ever wore a cap, asking just questions enough and never one too many!

At the other end of the village where we live are the little girl scholars—bless their dear little pinched-up aching toes and their long shining braids and bright eyes! You could love them without half trying. A little maiden, not a thousand miles from here, had them all at her birthday party a while ago. They played "Drop the handkerchief," just as you do, only they use their belts and call it "Drop the girdle." They also played "Blind man's buff," after your fashion, finding it rather hard to catch their little American hostess, with her free dancing feet. Then we all sat down on the floor and played a game of jack-stones. Think of their knowing that too. Isn't it droll? Their game is a little different from yours. They call it "Bah Bah." Fancy the clever little witches putting "Sally over the log," "Sally over the fence," "beans in the pot," "horses in the stable," "riding the elephant," "setting the table," and coming out triumphant on the "double fives," having beaten us soundly.

And the children's names! Fancy them calling children "Little Dog," "Little Basket," "Little Fatty," "Little Black One," "Little Idiot," "Little Slave Girl"! You know about the old lady who exhausted herself to think of a name for a little boy she had on her hands, and who finally gave it up and "just called him Jim Polk and let him run." The father and mother of one little boy here just called him "Doughnut," and let him run. He wanted very much to come to school, but it wouldn't be Chinese for him to tease his papa and mamma (just hear what a sigh your mamma gave when she read that sentence!), so he sent grown-up friend to plead his cause with his parents, and he was allowed to come. Dear little fellow! Though the bright eyes of the other boys can't see it, a dark, threatening cloud hangs over his head, and we look at him with a wistful yearning, for our missionary doctor says he has a fatal disease and will have only a short time for earthly teaching. Dear children with sweet Christian mammas, will you pray for poor little Doughnut? Though his grandmother is a Christian, his mamma doesn't love Jesus at all, and how can she comfort his little heart, going down into the deep valley! Pray that the dear Shepherd may lead him along so gently that, before he shall have found out that the road is hard and steep, he will find himself inside the heavenly fold in the Shepherd's own blessed arms. One thing more. Ask God to take all these bonny boys and girls of ours and make them, by and by, into teachers, preachers, and Bible-women, who shall do noble work for him.—*Missionary Herald.*

THE AN-TING GATE, PEKING.

"UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I should have to be changed through and through before I could believe in her again." Thus Mabel, with emphasis.

"I may forgive her in time, but I never can respect her as I used to. She has forfeited my esteem, and we are much better apart for the future." So Louise, her dark eyes lit with a gleam of resentment.

One who remembered that the Master said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," had been striving to quiet the quarrel, which, beginning with a misunderstanding between these two, had been fanned by one breeze and another until it had become a steady flame; not likely to die in either heart. Two lovely girls, favorites with all their friends, had gradually drifted apart, and it seemed as though they would never be reconciled. And the end of the last effort at placating the disturbed elements was reached in the sentences quoted above.

Dear Mabel, I wonder if you knew what a profound truth you stated when you impulsively declared that you would have to be changed through and through before you could fully forgive one who had offended you. I wonder whether the numbers of people who go about nursing grievances, cherishing animosities, and refusing to pardon a wound which has touched their vanity, realize how unlike Christ is precisely this hardness of heart.

He enjoins upon us the duty of forgiving the sinner, until we cease to count the number of times that forgiveness may be necessary. He forgives us over and over again, there being no limit to our ill-desert, as there is no limit to his loving-kindness.

If fully, freely, readily, and once for all, we can forgive one who has injured us; if we can so humble our pride as to meet the person half-way, or perhaps, to seek the restoration or amity in the first place, we are showing the fruits of discipleship.

It may easily be that, among my readers, there are those who are kept away from the Saviour, and linger outside the kingdom, just because they have not learned to forgive; because they refuse to learn the full lesson in Christ's way. "Changed through and through!" Yes, the change is needful and vital.

Beware, too, of the beginning of strife.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make music the mute."

—*S. S. Times.*

MEN are naturally tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.—*Spanish Proverb.*

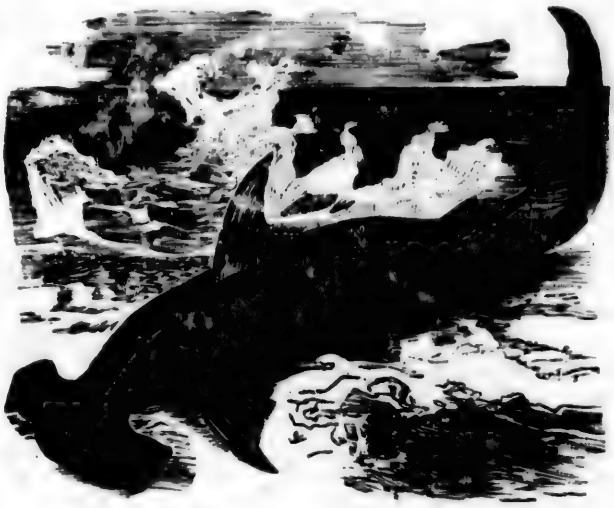
HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

The hammer-headed shark (*Zygæna mallous*) is a very remarkable fish, and has from ancient times excited general attention. It resembles others of the shark family in the number and position of its fins, but is distinguished from them and all other vertebrate animals by the lateral expansion of the head, especially of the bones and cartilage around the eyes, so that the head resembles a hammer, the eyes being placed at the projecting extremities.

This fish in found in the Mediterranean Sea, and sometimes strays as far as the northern coast of Europe. It is about seven or eight feet long, but specimens have been found eleven and twelve feet in length. Its body is covered with a granulated skin, the upper side being of a grayish brown, and the under side a grayish white; the large eyes are golden yellow. The teeth are long, sharp, almost triangular, and serrated on the edges.

They search for prey around ships. Gesner says: "They are large, hideous, terrible animals, and destroy men who are swimming, and it is considered a sign of ill-luck to see them."

Oil is procured from the liver, but the flesh is not good, being hard and ill-flavored. — *From Brehm's Animal Life.*



HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

The Japanese have more than twenty fanciful names by which they designate their beautiful country, but the *sobriquet* which to a foreigner seems the most fitting is certainly the Land of Holidays. No excuse is too trivial for a Japanese to make holidays, and when he does not make them himself, the government politely steps in and makes them for him. Thus, one day in every six, called *ichi roku*, is a statute holiday; so is the third day in every moon, whilst the list of national festivals commemorative of great men or of great deeds is simply inexhaustible. If a great man dies in England, they commemorate him by a monument in Westminster Abbey; if a great man dies in Japan, he is remembered by a holiday; so that what with the mythical great men who are thus remembered, and the historical great men who have died during the past five thousand years, it is a little difficult to find a day of the Japanese year which has not the name of a celebrity attached to it; just as, in glancing down a Roman Catholic calendar, we find that every day has its particular saint. But the greatest day of the year, the festival *par excellence* of the people, the festival into which is compressed the essence of the fun and enjoyment and happiness of all the other days put together, is the festival of the New Year. We may be familiar with the celebration of the day in Paris or New York, but proceedings there are tame and lifeless when compared with the spontaneous outburst of rejoicing which characterizes New-Year's Day in Japan.

Preparations for it have to be made weeks beforehand, both public and private. The father of a family has to select and purchase the presents which it will be *de rigueur* for him to make, not only to his own family and his intimate friends, but to every one with whom he has been brought into the slightest business contact during the past year; the mother must see that her children's new dresses are ready, and that the domestic arrangements for the great festival are in order; the damsels must decide in what fashion the *obi*, or sash, is to be worn, or whether beetles or butterflies are to be *en régal* for hair-pins; the servants are already cleaning and sweeping out the house, so that it may present a spotless face to the new year; the tradesman ascertains that his books are duly balanced, so that he may start afresh with a clean bill of health; and so on, through all grades and classes of society.

Early in the morning—that is to say, early for the Japanese, who by no means harmonize in their ideas, with the name given by them to their country, the Land of the Rising Sun—the streets are thronged by a crowd of men, and women, and children, each one of whom has his or her newest garments on, and all of whom are bent upon the one errand of paying visits. The old "first-footing" custom of the "north countree" finds its replica in this fair land, fifteen thousand miles away. To be the first visitor is considered as auspicious as to be late is considered the reverse. And it is strange to observe the orthodox manner of paying a visit. The object of the visit—generally the master of the house, as his family are abroad discharging their social duties—is seated gravely on the mats at the back of the room which opens on the street; a tray with wine and sweets on one hand, and the inevitable charcoal brazier on the other. To him a visitor comes, carefully shaking off his clogs at the door; he prostrates himself upon the extreme edge of the matting, his forehead touching the mats, and his hand placed under his shoulder. Delivering himself of a few guttural sounds, he moves forward a few inches, and indulges in another prostration, and so on until he is within a couple of feet or so of the recipient of his politeness. The latter then addresses him in a language of compliment and self-abasement which is simply untranslatable, but the drift of which is that he is utterly unworthy to be the object of such attention from such an honorable lord, and that in all humility he begs that he will accept a cup of wine. The still prostrate visitor declares himself to be so utterly beneath contempt as not to think of taking such a liberty; but he invariably does so, as a real refusal would give offence, and in a few seconds the pair are engaged in familiar conversation.

Before taking his leave the visitor drops, as it were by accident, his New-Year's gift, neatly tied up in paper by gold threads, and with a renewal of gutturals and prostrations backs himself out, and proceeds to his next house of call. This goes on in all directions throughout the morning during which time the number of pipes smoked—each pipe, it should be borne in mind, consisting but of a couple of whiffs—and cups of wine drank by the visitors is simply incalculable.—*Ex.*

A BIBLE BAKED IN A LOAF OF BREAD.

There is a Bible in Lucas, in the State of Ohio, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to a Mr. Schebolt, who is a native of Bohemia, in Austria. This baked Bible was formerly the property of his grandmother who was a faithful Protestant Christian. During one of the seasons when the Roman Catholics were persecuting the Protestants in that country, a law was passed that every Bible in the hands of the people should be given up to the priests, that it might be burnt. Then those who loved their Bible had to contrive different ways in order to try and save the precious Book.

When the priests came around to search the house, it happened to be baking-day. Mrs. Schebolt, the grandmother of the present owner of this Bible, had a large family. She had just prepared a great batch of dough, when she heard that the priests were coming. She took her precious Bible, wrapped it carefully up, and put it in the centre of a huge mass of dough, which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priests came and searched the house carefully through, but they did not find the Bible. When the search was over and the danger passed, the Bible was taken out and found uninjured. That Bible is more than a hundred and fifty years old; yet it is still the bread of life, as fresh and sweet and good as ever.—*Rev. D. Nash, in Zion's Herald.*

BE ALWAYS pleased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—*Quarles.*

CAN'T thou wait? Then thy success is secured; for patience is success.—*Ivan Panin.*

HOW BENNY SENT NOTES TO HIS MAMMA.

Out in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a red house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a thick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mamma was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there and that morning they finished it. Then Susie's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without once wetting her dainty feet.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless Susie.

"I know," said Benny; "let's go up on the hill and find where the brook begins. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I ain't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well, let's go then," said Susie, eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they each needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly ahead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

"Haven't we gone as much as a mile?" asked Susie at last, winding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.

"No, not more than three-quarters, I guess," said Benny. "See, there's our chimney down there and smoke going out. Mother's making pies."

"Oh, then let's hurry!" Susie exclaimed starting again and as she pushed around a thick briery bush there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the bubbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birthplace of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susie, make a cup of your hand and drink some water," said Benny, bending down to do it himself.

"I can't! I can't! I am caught in the briers!" cried Susie, struggling as she spoke to disengage herself, but it seemed as if every thorn on the bushes reached out to catch her and she couldn't get away.

Benny ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susie turned her head the briers caught her curls so that she could not move away any more without her hair being pulled

This was too discouraging, and she began to cry

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma was here," said Benny, looking wistfully down at the top of the home chimney below.

"Mamma! mamma!" he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind blew the wrong way and took the shout up hill instead of down. Then he said he would go home and tell her to come.

"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I don't dare to be left alone; there might be bears among the trees, or a snake. Don't go, Benny!"

"Well, I won't," said Benny; "but I wish I had some scissors or a knife, anyhow; I'm big enough."

Then he sat down by Susie and they wondered what they should do; would they have to go without dinner and supper? Would they have to stay all night there on the hill?

"O, I am so tired!" said Susie moving her head a little, but it hurt so that she began to cry again. The little white kitten rubbed against her and purred, but it could not help her. Yes, it could help her! A bright idea flashed into Benny's mind.

"Let's send a note to mamma by kitty!" he exclaimed, "I've got some paper in my pocket and a little stub end of a pencil and I can print!"

Susie stopped crying and watched with interest while Ben slowly printed down these words on a torn slip of paper:—

"Deer MaMa We aiR up here Tanglid in a BRiRe Bush. Cum!"

Then he found a piece of string in his pocket and tied the note around the white kitten's neck. When that was done, he turned her head down the hill toward home and clapping his hands at her said in dreadful tones:—

"Scat! Scat!"

The frightened kitten darted down the hill and was quickly out of sight among the bushes.

"Now mamma'll come!" said Susie, with a sigh of relief. But Benny had thought of something else.

"I'm going to send a letter in a boat now," he said, and again he slowly printed on another ragged slip:—

"DeeR MaMa We aiR up heRe TangILD in a BRiRe. Cum."

This he fastened to a piece of birch bark, and launched it down the little tumbling stream, which carried it swiftly out of sight.

"Now she'll come pretty soon," he said, sitting down in perfect faith to wait.

Their mamma baked her bread that morning and then she baked pies and made cookies and got her dinner over before she had time to think much about them. Then she stepped to the door to see how they were getting along and called them, but there was no answer.

The wind blew in her face and the white kitten rubbed against her feet.

"Where are the children, kitty?" she asked, looking down and then she spied the note tied around the white furry neck. She took it off and read the blurred words:—

"DeeR MaMa We aiR up here, Tanglid in a BRiRe Bush. Cum!"

She caught her sun-bonnet off the nail and started, but hardly knew which way to go. They were up the hill, of course, but she might miss them. As she stood irresolute, right in sight down the brook came the little birch-bark raft, with a piece of paper pinned to it which was too wet to read, but it told her all she wanted to know, for now it was plain that they had gone along by the brook.

So she started swiftly to the hill, pushing the bushes aside, with the little white kitten running before her, and as it was not nearly a mile, nor even a quarter, that the little ones had gone, she soon reached the spot where Susie stood weeping in the grasp of the brier bush and Ben sat patiently waiting at her side.

Was there ever a tangle that a mamma would not set right? Gently and skilfully she freed first the curls and then the little dress, and then with her light-hearted girl and boy followed the stream back again, just in time to meet papa as he came to dinner.—*Youth's Companion.*

DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Harrison Weir, as a drawing lesson for the young.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Yet withal the poor sparrow has many good qualities of which it becomes us to speak. Has a family of little birds been taken from their warm nest and put in a cage outside the window? The sparrow will be the first to come and feed them. They may not be of his own race; it is enough that they are opening their mouths for food, and he will do his best to supply them. There have been many instances in which sparrows have done a deed of kindness like this, and have fed the needy ones day after day till they were able to provide for themselves.—*Little Unity.*

BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

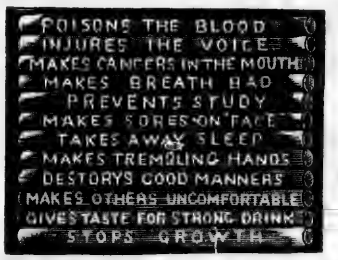
Boys and girls have seen all kinds of signs—large and small ones, funny ones and handsome ones, wooden ones, tin ones, paper ones, cloth ones, netted ones, moving ones; signs of all colors—red, blue, green yellow, white, black. Many interesting things are to be learned from signs. But in all that have ever attracted my attention the one which pleased me more than all others is the one of which I have given you a picture.

I found it in a drug-store one day when I had a long time to wait, and had nothing to do but to read the names on the bottles and the signs hung about the store.

I did not ask who had printed the sign, but I made up my mind that it must have been done by Mr. Solomon Wiseman.

"How many cigarettes can you buy for ten cents, boys?"

"Twelve." Well, I will make a picture of them and leave you to judge whether you can get the worth of your money.



These things are not pictured on cigarettes as they are in my picture. Would that they were! for then I think boys would be afraid to buy them. But they are badly mixed, in a small quantity, in each cigarette.

A boy who has never seen a cigarette made, probably does not know how so much harm can be rolled up in a little piece of paper, so he must be told about it. Some cigarettes are made of the stub-ends of cigars which have been smoked by men whose mouths are filthy and diseased. Others have in them a poison called opium. The best of them are made from miserable tobacco, not fit to be put in cigars. The paper covering of the cigarette looks harmless, but it has mixed with it one of the worst of poisons, called "white lead." It is this which makes sores on the face and lips, and spoils the teeth.

Now, boys and girls, something must be done, and right away, to break up cigarette-smoking. The girls must help, too, for there are girls who smoke cigarettes! This little sum will show you how fast boys and girls, and men too, are learning to use cigarettes:

"In one year 14,000,000 were smoked. In the next year 408,000,000 were smoked.

Not all of the druggists will put up the sign "No cigarettes sold to boys." Neither will all street-car conductors do as one I heard about. Two very small boys smoking cigarettes stopped the car one day and got on. They each offered the conductor half fare. "No," said he, "if you are large enough to smoke cigarettes you've got to pay full fare." And so they did.

"Well," I hear a boy say, "if cigarettes are such bad things, I will save my money and buy cigars." But cigars are dangerous, too. Senator Carpenter was in the habit of smoking twenty cigars a day, and it killed him. Senator Hill died only a short time ago with a cancer in his tongue that was brought on by always having a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Delmonico, a well-known *restaurateur* in New York, died within two years from smoking. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of similar cases might be mentioned.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE TIME FOR REVENGE.

An Eastern story tells of the haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who, as he was passing, threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had thus insulted him, for he knew the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone, and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for revenge will by-and-by come, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterward, this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets, on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace.

The dervish seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he still carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for my revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct?" But after considering for a moment, he threw the stone away, saying, "The time for revenge never comes! For if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

A better rule still is given by the Apostle in his letter to the Romans; "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome with evil; but overcome evil with good."—*Child's Paper.*

A WISE MOTHER.

I owe much to my mother's early instruction in truth and honesty. Lying, stealing, and drunkenness were crimes of which she impressed me with the utmost horror and disgust.

A poor boy, engaged in carrying a gentleman's letter-bag in our neighborhood, stole a letter with some money in it. I remember listening to the conversation of my father and mother on this subject; the grief and disgrace they painted in their description of the theft made a great impression on me.

I well remember, also, a circumstance which was of the greatest importance to me, and ever inspired me with gratitude to my mother. One day I entered our home eating a cake; my mother's quick eye fell upon it—she observed, too, that I made some attempt at concealment—so she questioned me:

"Who gave you that?" I answered, "The woman in the street who sells cakes."

She went into the corner of the room, where a rod was kept, then took me by the hand and led me to the woman.

"Did you give this little boy a cake?"

"No."

Whereupon the rod was vigorously applied in the presence of the people in the street who were looking on. My distress was great.

At evening prayers my father, who had been informed of my disgrace, dwelt in a solemn manner on the sin I had committed—the great crime of theft and lies. That was my first theft, and my last.—*Life of John Gibson, R. A.*

"LET ME GO!"

Our old chief, Hnaisline Maré, who up to thirty years of age was a savage and a cannibal is dead. He died June 17th, 1881, very happily, after a painful illness of eight weeks. He continually exhorted his people, as they came around his dying bed, to cleave to the Word of God, and to help in every way they could both their missionary and their native pastors. Bula, the chief of Lifu, came to visit him. He called him and his son together, being two young men, and said, "Don't let the world deceive you, neither set your hearts upon wealth: cleave to the Word of God: that alone can establish you in your chieftainship." As he lay upon his bed, he was seen to be continually engaged in prayer. When prayer was being offered for him that he might recover, he said, "Why do you, the Lord's people, try to draw me back to earth? The Lord is drawing me up to Himself, and you are holding me back with your prayers, just like a rope drawn at both ends. Oh, let me go, that I may be at rest!" He said to his son, "I am going to leave you to fill my place; the Lord Jesus has come to call me."—*Rev. John Jones, Mare Island, South Seas.*

A USEFUL GANDER.—In a little village in Germany a gander used to lead a blind old woman to church every Sunday, dragging her along and holding her gown in its beak. As soon as she was seated in her pew the old fellow walked into the church-yard, where he stayed until the service was over: then he appeared at the door, ready to lead his mistress home. One day a friend called on the old lady, and was surprised to find that she had gone out. "Oh," said her little grandchild, "there is nothing to fear; the gander will take care of her"

SUCKERS, AND SOME WHO USE THEM.

"A fine warm summer's day. How jolly it would be to have a dip in the sea, or in a running stream! Well, a pond is better than nothing, especially if it is a good large one and the water tolerably clear. Off we go!"

Off they went, the master going with them, and giving them a word or two of caution by the way. He had read lately of a strange and fatal accident which had occured to a man when bathing in a pond; it was a small pond too, and he was an expert swimmer. He had been exhibiting his skill in diving to some boys who stood on the bank, and had remained under water a long time, longer than they would have thought it possible for any one to hold his breath. But at last he remained down so very long that the boys began to wonder when he meant to come up again. A gentleman passing near the spot asked the boys what they were looking at, and they told him.

"How long has he been under water?" he asked.

"About half an hour," was the answer.

"Half an hour!"

"Well, a quarter of an hour, at least."

"You don't mean that!"

Yes, they did mean it, and the gentleman lost no time in rendering assistance. The diver was then found with his feet firmly embedded in the mud or clay at the bottom of the pond. He was dead, and all efforts that could be made to revive him were in vain.

So you see, boys, there are dangers even in a pond, and for those who can swim. Be sure of your ground, especially when it is hidden from your sight. Look before you leap, whether on dry land or in taking a header."

"Well, but I want to know," says Duffy, "What made his feet stick?"

"Why the clay, of course," another answers him. "You are always wanting to know"

"Yes, but how?"

"The same way that your feet stuck in that lane the other day, when your shoes came off and you were very near having to walk home without them. You are fond of experiments, Duffy. That was an experiment which might have taught you."

"It taught me not to make short cuts through muddy lanes, but it did not teach me why the clay caught hold of my shoes and held them fast. Experiments are not of much use unless you understand them."

"What do you want to know, Duffy?" said the master.

"I want to know why my shoes stuck in the clay in Mud Lane the other day."

"I'll show you. Have any of you ever seen a sucker."

"Yes, sir," said a little pale-faced boy, who smelt of peppermint; "I have got some suckers in my pocket. Will you have one?"

He took out a bull's-eye from the warm, sticky receptacle which he had mentioned, and offered it to the master with a look of pleasure, and was surprised to find that all except the master laughed at him.

"Thank you all the same," said the latter, "but that's not the sort of a sucker I want."

A shoemaker's shop was at hand, and there the master procured a circular piece of leather, to the centre of which he fastened a stout string. Having soaked the leather in water to make it soft, he pressed it with his feet upon a flat stone; the leather stuck to the stone, and by pulling the string he lifted the stone, which was large and heavy, from the ground.

"I have often done that," said one of the boys. "It's only a sucker; that's all."

"Yes," said the master, "and that poor man's feet were only suckers, and Duffy's shoes were only suckers. The clay did not hold them—they held the clay just as this piece of leather holds the stone."

"But how is it?" said Duffy, "That's what I want to know"

"And that is what I am going to tell you. You have heard something lately about gravitation, and you know that the earth attracts all things towards itself—the air, as well as more substantial bodies. The weight of the atmosphere is about fourteen pounds to the square inch; this piece of leather is soft, and fits close to the stone; it is wet, and that prevents the air from getting under it. Now, what is it that holds the leather down to the stone?"

"The air passing downwards upon it."

"Right. Now lift the sucker: the stone comes with it. What is it that holds the stone up to the leather.

"The air beneath it pressing upwards."

A YOUNG MASTER.

"Right again! And what was it that held the shoes to the ground in Mud Lane?"

"The air of course; I see it now"

"Yes; and if your feet had been as close to the leather inside your shoes as the leather was to the clay, so that no air could have got between, you would have been fixed to the shoes, as your shoes were to the lane."

"That would have been awkward. But how did that poor man's feet stick to the bottom of the pond? There was no air down there."

"No; but the air pressed upon the water, and the water upon his feet; so it came to the same thing. Unfortunately, he had no shoes on, so he could not disengage himself as you did."

"And is it the air that makes things stick together generally?"

"Certainly not. I must tell you about that another time. It is hardly correct to say in this case that the leather 'sticks' to the stone. It is pressed against it, just as I press a sheet of paper to the table by laying the weight of my hand upon it. When I lift my hand the paper is free; so if the air were lifted from the sucker, as it might be by placing it under the receiver of an air-pump, the stone would be released. There is no stickiness in either case, nothing but pressure.

"Observe now, when I begin to lift the sucker, the leather rises a little in the centre; that makes a vacuum between the leather and the stone. The more I pull the greater the vacuum becomes; and when the resistance of the vacuum equals the weight of the stone, the stone is lifted."

"Then there is no sucking after all, though it is called a sucker?"

"I don't know that you could have a better name for it. Some people say that there is no such thing as suction. But the effect is visible in a thousand different ways, and it is produced by drawing away the air from the substance acted upon. Flies walk upon the window pane, or on the ceiling, by the help of suckers in their feet. The suckers are very numerous, and are opened and closed in succession with such rapidity that the fly seems to glide along, yet it never quits its hold, but keeps some of the suckers closed while the others open. If you were to apply a powerful microscope to the opposite side of the glass, where the fly's feet are presented to view, you would be able to observe the process.

"There is a species of lizard, weighing four or five pounds, which runs up and down the smooth walls of the house by the same process.

"You have seen pictures of the walrus, I dare say. It is a kind of seal, but grows sometimes to the size of a large ox. It clambers about over the icebergs in the Northern regions, going up and down the steepest slopes or 'slides' without slipping How do you think it is enabled to do that?"

"It has sharp nails in its feet, I suppose."

"Sharp nails? Such as the blacksmith puts into a horse's shoes in frosty weather? Is that what you mean?"

"Well done, Duffy! Or perhaps they wear spikes, as we do, for cricketing. I wonder where they get them?"

It was a schoolfellow who said this.

"I did not mean that sort of nails; I meant claws, of course," Duffy answered.

"What do you say to suckers? The feet of walrus are so formed that they can exclude the air from

under them, and thus form a vacuum. The smoothness of the ice becomes a help to them in this way; and they can cling to it as a fly does to glass"

"I wish I could see them do it."

"You can see the same thing every day—a creature climbing up a wall and carrying his house with him"

"You mean a snail."

"Yes; the snail makes a vacuum in his shell, and then the air presses him to the wall up which he crawls. Take hold of a snail suddenly, and you will find him easy to remove; but give him time to fix himself and he will stick tight and come off at last with a little squeak, caused by the air rushing into the vacuum he had made.

"Limpets fix themselves in like manner to the rocks under water; and there are a great number of fishes which do the same.

"There is one in particular, called a sucking fish, which carries its sucker upon its head, as a boy does his cap; only it is a fixture in the fish's case. The sucker is a disc with a broad flexible edge to it, not unlike the leather sucker we have been experimenting with. The fish fastens itself by the crown of its head to any object, such as a ship's bottom, or to another and larger fish a—whale or a shark—so firmly that it is almost impossible to remove it. It will be torn to pieces rather than relax its hold. On the shores of the Mozambique it is said that these fish are made use of to catch turtle A line is fastened by a ring round the sucking-fish, near its tail, and it is then carried out in a boat and dropped into the sea near a sleeping turtle; it fastens itself by its head to the turtle and sticks to it tightly while the boatmen haul them both in together.

"You have all heard of the octopus? It has eight arms or legs, which are six times as long as its body; and each of these is furnished with 120 pairs of suckers. Some of these creatures are of great size; and it is said that boats have been seized and dragged under water by them; but you need not believe that unless you like

"It is also said that a sucking-fish of some sort fastened itself to the prætorian ship of Antony at the battle of Actium and stopped it, so that it lost the battle, but you need not believe that either unless you like, although it is Pliny who tells the story.

"The fishermen on the coast of Normandy assert that men have been drowned by octopuses, which is much more intelligible; as by attaching their long arms to a swimmer they might impede his movements and prevent him from keeping himself above water."

"If you try to drink out of a bottle, you must let the air enter or you will not succeed. You may make a vacuum by suction, but that will not bring the contents into your mouth

"And now what is it that causes all these effects of suction, as we call it? What is the real agent that enables a fly to creep upon the ceiling, or a sucking-fish to fasten itself to a ship, or a limpet to cling to a rock, or a baby to drink out of a bottle, or a calf to draw milk from its mother's teats?"

"The presure of the air."

"And what causes the pressure of the air?"

"The attraction of the earth."

"Yes; gravitation is the cause of all these various results. And that is the force which keeps the earth and the planets in their proper places; which causes the tides of the ocean, and all the most wonderful phenomena of the universe. Nothing is too great for it, and nothing too little, ordered as it is by Him who rules over all.

"Now, here we are at the water side, and gravitation will help you to take a good header downwards; it will also help to bring you up again to the surface, in the same way that it makes a balloon rise through the air.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Jos. Haydn, arr.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. On - ward, then, ye people, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the Royal Master Leads a - gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we;
Con - stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glory, land, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King.

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

THE TRUE STANDARD.

"By what rule do you choose your associates?" said a merchant to his newly engaged clerk. The young man hesitated. Finally he said: "I don't know that I choose my companions by rule; it is just as it happens. I am thrown with certain people at my boarding house or in the store; I like some young men the moment I see them; others repel me. A man has to do the best he can."

"If you wish to succeed," replied his mentor, "you will take pains to have for friends only the honorable, the intelligent, and the straightforward. It is a mistake not to have a standard of judgment."

Young people do not understand, when they set gaily forth on the journey of life, that they are to be made or marred by the company they keep. Far more than we imagine, we are all modified by our surrounding atmosphere. A boy's father, for instance, has a low ideal of life. He takes the mercenary view that material success is everything, and that it makes little difference whether minds and hearts prosper or not. What can be expected of the boy,—unless indeed he have a Christian mother, who can stamp herself and her higher aspirations and convictions upon him?

In selecting a school or a college for son or daughter, the question should always be asked, "What style of companionship will this institution assure to its students?" The whole tenor of many a life has been affected by the friendships formed in school-days Of this, almost any biography furnishes proofs,—whether it be the published life of a conspicuous man, or the unwritten story of some one whose days have been passed in obscurity

The true standard by which our friends should be measured,—the touch-stone,—the divining rod,—should be character. Does this person live with eyes uplifted to God? Is that life consecrated to the Lord Jesus? Other and accidental things,—as social position, education, wealth, and family,—are to be regarded as secondary to this primary essential, in those whom Christians should select as their fellow-helpers on life's path.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

PRAYER BARRELS.

I first met with prayer barrels on the borders of Thibet, when, travelling the narrow paths which wind along the face of majestic, precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travellers from still further north — traders driving flocks of laden goats, women with quaint headdresses of lumps of amber and large, coarse turquoises fastened on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small bronze or brass cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, as the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undo much of the merit acquired by perpetual twirling in the opposite direction For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred six-syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words were written over and over again on very lengthy strips of cloth or papyrus, which are bound round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is therefore necessary to turn this little barrel of prayers in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order before the person turning, and as all Oriental books are read from the right side of each page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction. For the same reason the Thibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings, on which the holy words are inscribed, in order that his eyes may rest on the words in due course, which can only be the case when he keeps his left hand toward the object round which he is walking. —*The Contemporary Review.*

Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.
—*Longfellow.*

THE INTELLIGENT CORMORANT.

A common sight in China today is the fisherman with his board of cormorants, ready to go over at the owner's word. This practice was followed in England in former times, and the master of cormorants was a prominent officer of the royal household. The birds are taken from the nest when young and easily trained, and so rapid are their movements under water that rarely a fish escapes them. When taken out in a boat they are generally kept hooded by a wire mask, having also a leather collar about the neck to prevent their utilizing the catch for their own benefit. In China this bird is one of the daily sights to be seen on the canal or inland streams, especially in the neighborhood of Ningpo. Here on the lake the boats congregate, each propelled by a single Chinaman, with three or four cormorants, roosting either on the rail or a platform made for the purpose. So perfectly are they trained that they obey the slightest word of the master; and when he gives the order over they go, and with remarkable speed begin a search under water, seizing the fish, rising to the surface and bringing the victim to the owner just exactly like a dog. If a large fish is captured, these intelligent birds go to each other's assistance, and with a combined effort bring it to their master, after which they are repaid by the entrails—to them, insatiate gluttons, the choicest parts. Other noted localities for cormorant fishing are the waters between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghai; also on the Min River near Foo-chow-foo. So important are these fisheries that many persons are engaged in raising cormorants and training them for the fishermen. One of the largest of these bird schools is situated, or was a few years ago, and probably is there yet, about forty miles from Shanghai, between it and Chapoo. Concerning the method of training them the owner gave the following reply to the questions asked by Mr. Medhurst, interpreter of the British Consulate at Shanghai: "The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels and pulse jelly. At 5 p.m every day each bird will eat six tael (eight ounces) of eels or fish and a catty of pulse jelly. They lay eggs after three years, and in the fourth and fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay, their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid and they will hatch in less than twenty-five days. When hatched, they take the young and put them upon cotton spread upon water, and feed them with eels' blood for five days. After that they can be fed upon eels' flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When fishing, a straw tie must be put upon their necks to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eighth or ninth month of the year, they will daily descend into the water at 11 o'clock in the morning, and catch until five in the afternoon, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go on in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes around again. The male is easily known from the female, it being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head, the head of the male being large and that of the female small."—*N. Y. Post.*

AN ANCIENT VILLAGE OF THE ONONDAGAS.

This village was in the present town of Fenner, some miles northeast of the Onondaga Valley, New York. It was situated upon the edge of a small lake, and covered about six acres of land. It was enclosed with strong quadruple palisades of large timber, 30 feet high, interlocked the one with the other, with galleries in the form of parapets. This village was attacked by Champlain in 1615 with a considerable force of French and Indians. And although the French had fire-arms, then for the first time heard by the Onondagas, and the help of a tower overlooking the place, they were unable to capture it.—*Presbyterian Home Missionary.*

ONONDAGA VILLAGE, N. Y., A. D., 1610.

AUKS' EGGS.

No wonder the eggs of the *Alca impennis* are such costly treasures. No wonder either that Icelanders, hunting for auks' eggs, have a custom of uniting in singing psalms, and with bared heads reverently commending themselves to God in silent prayer just before entering upon the perilous task.

Emphatically is the great auk a ledge-dweller during the arctic summer; enticingly pleasant is it to them along ice-rimmed shelves; and happy couples, many thousands of them, settle themselves contentedly, exchanging the snowy garb of winter for a summer suit of glossy black.

As soon as the one birdling of the family appears, both parents address themselves to tenderest nursing, sharing mutually all responsibilities.

Very often, however, these happy household plans are seriously interfered with. Early in the season brave-hearted hunters go in search of the much-prized eggs—rare dainties they as table luxuries, and commanding fabulous prices; but what fearful risks the intrepid egg-hunters run! Comrades lower them by ropes from dizzy heights, sometimes many hundred feet. Slowly, slowly they go down, realizing, as only such can, that only the strength of a hempen cord and the power of two human hands are between them and sure death.

The eggs of the great auk are about five inches long and three in breadth, and very curiously marked are they. Upon a silvery-tinted ground are characters resembling those upon Oriental wares. Outlined in green, purple, blue, and brown are these quaint traceries, with occasional interrupting patches in which various shades are blended. Sometimes one finds black lines irregularly crossing each other.

Should an egg of yellowish tint come to the hunter's hand, it may be called a "red-letter day" in his calender, since such are esteemed of "royal lineage" in auk-land regions—as rare as gold itself. Upon this faint amber-tinted ground the wonderful hieroglyphics stand out in strangely beautiful relief.

Forty years ago only about thirty auks and forty eggs were recorded belonging to public and private collections. At one time fifty dollars were paid for two auks and two eggs; a little later half that sum for one egg; and not very long since we read that five hundred dollars were given for one egg.

By the time a child enters his "teens," his habits of life are formed. By force of will or of circumstances they may be modified, but they cannot be wholly swept away.—*Examiner.*

If your path is smooth;—watch and pray.

THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR

"Call upon me," says God, 'in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

In a large and fine house in the south of England lived a lady of piety and wealth, with only maid servants in the dwelling itself, her men servants being in cottages at a distance from the house. It was her custom to go through the house with one of her servants every evening, to see that the windows and doors were properly secured; and one night, after seeing that all was safe, she retired to her room, when, as she entered it, she saw distinctly a man under her bed. What could she do? Her servants were in a distant part of the house, where they could not hear her if she cried for help, and even if with her they were no match for a desperate housebreaker. What then did she do? Quietly closing and locking the door, as she was always in the habit of doing, she leisurely brushed her hair, put on her dressing-gown, and then, taking her Bible, sat down to read. She read aloud though in a low and serious tone, choosing a chapter which had special reference to God's watchful care over those that trust him, whether by day or by night. When it was ended she knelt and prayed aloud, commending herself and servants to the divine protection, pleading their utter helplessness, and their dependence on God to preserve them from danger, and praying for the poor, the sinful and the tempted, that they might be kept from evil, and led to put their trust in God as their Father and Friend. Then, rising from her knees and putting out the candle, she laid herself down in bed, though, almost of course, she did not sleep After a few moments the man came out from his concealment, and standing by her bedside, begged her not to be alarmed.

"I came here," he said, "to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayer you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to harm you, or to touch a thing in your dwelling. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not make a sound to alarm your servants, or to interfere with me. I will give a signal to my companions which will lead them to go away, and you may sleep in peace, for no one shall harm you or disturb the smallest thing in your house." He then went to the window and gave a low whistle, and coming back to the lady's side, said, "Now I am going. Your prayer will be answered, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet; and the lady at last fell asleep, calm in the exercise of her faith and trust in God, her soul filled with thankfulness for his protecting goodness. The man proved true to his word. In the morning it was found that not a thing in the house had been disturbed. And the lady more than once and earnestly prayed that the man might be led to forsake his evil courses and put his trust in that Saviour who came to seek and to save the lost, and who, even on the cross, could accept and save the thief who was penitent.

The deliverance of the lady may seem wonderful, and the story almost too strange for belief. But some time after the occurrence a letter was received by the one who related it, fully corroborating the statement, and adding some facts that enhance both the wonder and the mercy of the escape. The letter says, "In the first place, the robber told her that if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he was fully determined to murder her, so that it was providential she took the course she did. Then before he went away he said, 'I never heard such words before, and I must have the book out of which you read;' and he carried off her Bible, willingly enough given you may be sure."

This happened years ago, and only lately did the lady hear any more of the robber. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where after several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, saying that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers (or colporteurs) of the Society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony to the wonderful power of the Word of God, concluding with, "I was that man!" The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, "It is all true; I was the lady!" and sat down again.

If we had more faith in God's word, and more full and child-like reliance on His promises and His providence, should we not far more frequently find, in our own experience, that he never fails his people in the hour of their need!—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

JACK AND BLOSSOM.

CANCELLED AND NAILED UP.

There is a beautiful Oriental custom of which I have read that tells the story of Christ's atonement on the Cross very perfectly. When a debt had to be settled, either by full payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the cancelled bond and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers-by might see that it was paid. Oh, blessed story of our admission! There is the cross, the door of grace, behind which a bankrupt world lies in hopeless debt to the law. See Jesus, our bondsman and brother, coming forth with the long list of our indebtedness in His hand. He lifts it up where God and angels and men may see it, and then, as the nail goes through His hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions to cancel it forever, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, he took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross! Come to that cross, O sinner! Not in order that you may wash out your sins by your tears, or atone for them by your good works, or efface them by your sophistries or self-deceptions. But come rather that you may read the long, black list that is against you, and be pierced to your heart by compunction and sorrow that you have offended such a Being; and then that, lifting up your eyes, you may see God turning His eyes to the same cross at which you are looking, and saying "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—*A. J. Gordon.*

A HOME without books is like a room without windows. No man has any right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a great wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children very easily learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with the reading of books, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passion and vice.

O THOU INVISIBLE SPIRIT of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil. —*Shakespeare.*

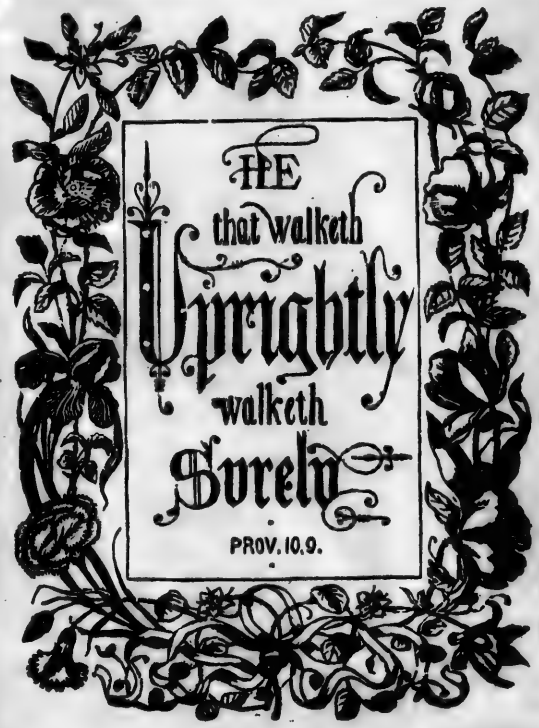
THE STORY OF SIU CHIN.

BY MISS DANIELLS.

In the village of Tos-Po, in the Tie-Ie district, a poor family, surnamed Tie, live in two rooms and the house rented at that. There is no direct communication between these two rooms, so in going from one to the other, persons must go out of doors. One room is furnished with two beds, a table, two cupboards, a bench and two chairs—this is the room in which Miss Norwood and I were invited to partake of tea, cake and candies, when we visited the family in October—in the second room is a bed, a loom, a chair and sma' articles used in cooking, besi the loose stuff, sticks, dried gr etc., which belong to every Chinese family and must be stored.

The father of the family is a heathen and an interpreter of the gods, the mother is a Christian and Bible-reader, the elder son is a Christian and a theological student, the eldest daughter is a believer, but having married into a heathen family she is not allowed to worship the true God and only does it secretly; the second daughter died many years ago; the third, a bright girl fourteen years old, was betrothed to a heathen before she or her mother believed, and these betrothals being like the laws of the Medes and Persians she will be obliged to marry this heathen and go into a heathen family to live, to the great regret of herself and her mother. The second son is a believer but is kept in the heathen schools at his home by his father. The fourth daughter is in the school at Swatow, and she is the little girl of whom I wish to tell you. Her name is Tie Siu Chin. Siu Chin came into the school less than two years since. She has the advantage of a mother's care and consequently the prospect of being betrothed to a Christian lad. You may feel like smiling at the idea of a little girl only twelve years old being betrothed or "engaged to be married" as we often say, but this you know is the practice all over China and so it seems all right to these children. "All right" do I say? No! I think not. I believe that many of the girls rebel against the custom, and feel in their hearts as bitter as many girls at home do in following fashions that are inconvenient and disagreeable. Yet custom in China is just as great a tyrant as fashion in America, and both work ruin to the domestic happiness which God ordained for the good of both Chinese and American girls. Siu Chin is said to be naturally very amiable and industrious, so that she undoubtedly has a pleasant life before her. The neighbors all praise her and say that she never deserves a beating. Her mother says that when she was only six years old she went to the house of a neighbor and seeing the woman spinning she urged her to teach her to spin. She allowed her to go for many days but did not believe she could learn. She persevered and when she brought the yarn that she had spun to her mother she was greatly delighted.

She was about eight years old when her mother and brother first believed, and they at once began evening prayers. She was always present, but her mother did not know how she felt about it until one night as she sat sewing, Siu Chin said to her, "Mother, do not sew now, I am ry sleepy and want to go to , but I do not want to go un- we have had prayers." This as before she *fully* believed, but after a time she came to school, and when she went home she wanted to pray with them.



One day she said to her mother: "I want to be baptized." Her mother replied, "You are very small, and I fear you do not understand much of the gospel." She repeated, "I positively want to be baptized, and be a disciple of Christ." She soon returned to school, and two communions after the brethren thought her a suitable subject for baptism.

Not long after this she wrote a letter to her father in which she said to him that she felt he ought to know the gospel, and she was writing to exhort him to believe in Jesus Christ and worship God, and to throw aside the affairs of the devil, and interpreting for the false gods. Her father received the letter when there were many heathen present. He was very proud that she had written to him, so he read it aloud, and showed the writing to the company, who declared that the writing was good, but the words were not good. Then the mother, who was also present, told them many things about the gospel, and no one made an answer.

While Siu Chin has been in school she has read the hymn-book, the four gospels, Acts, Corinthians and Genesis in the language of the common people, and she has read Exodus in the letters of the educated people. Every Christian Chinese woman who can read gives hope for the native church, for though as a girl and a woman she be much neglected, as the aged mother she becomes monarch of the household, and as a Christian her influence is felt in everything that pertains to religious worship in the entire household. So we trust that all of our girls in the school are yet to be helpful in the church.

Swatow, June 20, 1882.

Does not this interesting story make you want to help Chinese girls to know the way of life? —*Standard.*

GETTING A SITUATION.

Mr. Silas Brown had advertised for a clerk. He wanted one to begin in the lowest place in the office; but if found competent he would be advanced. Mr. Silas Brown was a sharp, and some said hard, business man. But he was just, and had a really kind heart under his sharp ways.

Edward Clayton had seen the advertisement, and as he wanted to do something to help his widowed mother, he determined to apply for the situation, though he had heard not a little about Mr. Brown's sharp ways. So he presented himself in that gentleman's office, and told him why he had come.

"Your name?" said Mr. Brown.

"Edward Clayton," was the response.

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Ever been in business?"

"No, sir."

"What do you know?"

"My teacher, Mr. Grey, of the High School, will tell you that I stood well in my classes."

"Do you smoke, or chew tobacco?"

"No, sir. My mother would not allow that, even if I wanted to."

"So you are not too old to mind your mother," said the merchant.

"No, sir."

"Go to church?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Yes, sir, and to Sabbath-school."

"If I employ you, will you do exactly as I tell you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Edward, "so long as you do not tell me to do anything wrong."

"Well, that's cool, I declare," said the merchant. "Who is to be the judge, I should like to know, as to what is right and wrong?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Brown," replied the young man, "I must decide by my own conscience. But I do not believe that you would ask me to do anything that was wrong."

"Have you any recommendations?" persisted Mr. Brown.

"No, sir. I have never been in business, and so have no one to give a recommendation."

"Oh, well," said the merchant, something like a smile coming over his sharp features, "I think you have some very good recommendations. A young man in these days who does not smoke or chew, who is willing to acknowledge that he is obedient to his mother, who attends church and Sabbath-school, and who says that he will be governed by his conscience, is, to my thinking, well recommended."

So Edward got the place, and I fancy will be able to keep it, at least until he grows out of it, into a better one.

Good principles, boys, are the best foundation you can have for true success in life.—*Child's Paper.*

MURILLO'S MULATTO.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in the city of Seville, lived one of the greatest of Spanish painters — Bartolemé Estéban Murillo.

Many beautiful pictures painted by this master adorn the palaces of the Old World, while a few may be found in the possession of wealthy art-lovers upon this side of the water.

In the church of Seville one may see four beautiful paintings —one, a picture of Christ bound to a column, St. Peter in a kneeling posture at His feet, as if imploring pardon; another, a superb painting of St. Joseph; one of St. Ann; and a fourth, an exquisite picture of the Virgin Mother holding the infant Jesus in her arms. These paintings are largely sought for and long gazed upon by all art-lovers who visit Spain, and are particularly admired by artists for their truthful beauty, delicate tints, and natural coloring.

But they are not Murillo's

These noble paintings, the pride and glory of Seville today, were conceived and executed by a mulatto, Sebastian Gomèz, who was once the slave, then the pupil, and in time the peer of his illustrious and high-minded master.

The childhood of Sebastian Gomèz was one of servitude His duties were many and constant He was required to grind and mix the colors used by the young senors, who came at the early hour of six in the morning to take their lessons in drawing and painting in the studio of the great Murillo; to prepare and stretch canvas, run errands, and be ready at all times to answer the capricious demands of these high-born and imperious youths.

The poor mulatto boy had, however, in addition to a generous heart and amiable temper, a quick wit, bright intellect, and willing hands. His memory also was excellent; he was not without judgment, and, what was better than all, he was gifted with the power of application.

Intellect, wit, memory, judgment are all good endowments, but none of these will lead to excellence if one has not a habit of industry and steady application.

Sebastian Gomèz, at the age of fifteen, found himself capable, not only of admiring, but also of appreciating, the work of the pupils who wrought in his master's studio.

At times he even fancied that he could detect errors and blemishes which they failed to note in their studies.

It chanced, sometimes, that he would drop a hint of his thoughts, when handing a mahl-stick, or moving an easel for some artist student.

"How droll it is that the sly young rogue should be so nearly correct in his criticisms!" one of the pupils would perhaps remark, after over-hearing some quiet suggestion of the mulatto lad.

"Aye. One might think the slave a connoisseur." would laugh another.

"Truly, it was owing to a cunning hint of his that my St. Andrew's arm was improved in the foreshortening"

"It was Gomèz who detected first the harshness in my coloring of this St Catherine's hands, and noted the false curve of the lower lip. The mulatto has the true eye for color, and, in truth, he seems to guess at form as readily as some of his betters."

Such were the remarks that often followed the lad's exit, as the young senors lightly commented upon his criticisms There came a time, however, when the poor mulatto received from their lordly lips far other than light comment.

One day a student who had been for a long time at work upon a "Descent from the Cross," and who, but the previous day, had effaced from the canvas an unsatisfactory head of the Mater Dolorosa, was struck dumb with surprise at finding in its place a lovely sketch of the head and face he had so labored to perfect. The miracle—for miracle it seemed—was inquired into, and examination proved that this exquisite head, which Murillo himself owned that he would have been proud to have painted, was the secret work of the little slave Sebastian. So closely had he listened to his great master's instructions to the pupils, so retentively stored them in his mind, and so industriously worked upon them while others slept,—his custom being to rise at three in the morning and paint until five,—that he, the servant of the young artists, had become, unconsciously to himself as to them, an artist, also. Murillo, upon discovering the genius of Gomèz, was enraptured, and declared that the young mulatto should be in his sight no longer a slave, but a man, his pupil, and an artist.

DRAWING LESSON.

"Other masters leave to posterity only pictures," exclaimed the glad master. "I shall bequeath to the world a painter! Your name, Sebastian, shall go down to posterity only in company with mine; your fame shall compete mine; coming ages, when they name you, shall call you 'Murillo's mulatto'!"

He spake truly. Throughout Spain to-day that artist who, of all the great master's pupils, most nearly equals him in all his varied excellences, is best known, not as Sebastian Gomèz alone, but as "Sebastian Gomèz; The Mulatto of Murillo."

Murillo had Gomèz made a free citizen of Spain, treated him as a son, and, when dying, he left him a part of his estate. But Gomèz survived his illustrious master and friend only a few years, dying, it is said, about the year 1500.—*St. Nicholas.*

LOCUST EATERS.

The Riff Arabs, when they see a swarm of locusts hovering in the air and clouding the sky, watch them with anxiety, and when they descend near their habitations they receive them with shouts of gratitude to God and Mohammed, throw themselves on the ground, and collect them as fast as possible. The locusts, deprived of their heads, legs, and wings, are well boiled in butter, and served up with a substance called *alcuzcuz* The Riff Arabs consider them delicious food. Their camels also eat them greedily. The Moors use them to this day, by first boiling and then frying them. The Moorish Jews, more provident than their Mussulman neighbors, salt them and keep them for making a dish called *dafina*, which forms the Saturday's dinner of the Jewish inhabitants. This dish is made by putting meat, fish, eggs, tomatoes, locusts, "in fact, almost anything edible, into a jar, placing the latter in an oven on Friday night, and then taking it out hot on the Sabbath." In this manner the Hebrew gets a hot dinner without committing the sin of lighting a fire upon that day.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—*South.*

HE THAT respects not is not respected.—*Herbert.*

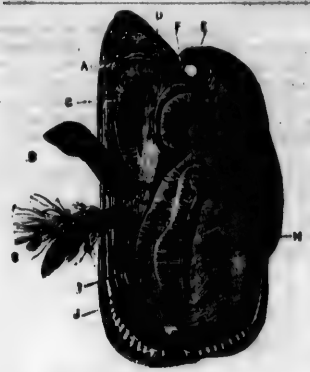


FIG. 1.—EDIBLE MUSSEL.

THE EDIBLE MUSSEL.

The common edible mussel, attracts our special attention on account of its value as an article of diet and commerce.

In the accompanying engraving, Fig. 1 shows the animal laid open to view, the left half of the triangular shell having been removed, while the brim of the mantle has been thrown back a little to allow a better inspection of the inner organs. Both parts of the shell are alike in shape and size. The hinge or lock uniting them is located in the smallest angle of the triangle formed by the shell, and both of the latter end at this point in short conical elevations. At the opposite end there is a small opening in the shell and in close proximity runs a short fringed tube connecting with the inner organs of respiration.

The peculiar digital form of the foot and the presence of a spinning gland or byssus are characteristic, and both are undoubtedly related to the stationary mode of life of the animal. The long side of the shell being the face side of the mussel. A is the brim of the mantle of the latter. On both sides of the mouth, F, will be noticed the long, narrow, folded tentacles, G; J is the exterior, I the interior respiratory muscle; E and D are muscles controlling the foot, B, under and behind the base of which is situated the byssus or spinning gland. From its cavity a groove extends along the lower side of the foot, and ends at its tip in a transverse cavity containing a small plate, perforated by seven small apertures, used for sucking.

By means of the foot and the byssean gland the animal is enabled to spin a net or barb, C, consisting of numerous thin threads, attached firmly to the surface of the rock or other object forming its abode. These threads are produced from a viscid liquid substance secreted in the byssean gland, which is sucked up into the apertures of the end of the foot and drawn out into threads, which become quite firm in a short time. Once attached to a rock or log they resist the action of the strongest current or heaviest gale. Fig. 2 is a correct representation of the mussel as attached to a fixed object.

If the mussel desires to change its residence it draws itself forward as far as possible, and attaches a few threads as far ahead as the foot reaches. At the same time a few of the old threads are severed. This manipulation is repeated until a suitable site is reached. Although this mode of locomotion is extremely slow, the animal nevertheless manages to travel considerable distances in this manner.

The edible mussel inhabits, by preference, those portions of the shore which are laid dry at low tide; and in the neighborhood of the mouths of rivers, where the percentage of salt in the water is low, broad thick bands may be observed covering that particular section and marking it distinctly. Sometimes as many as 2,000 individuals have been counted on an area of one square foot.

As above mentioned, the animal prefers water containing only a little salt. It abounds, therefore, especially in those European waters cut off partly from free communications with the Atlantic, as in the German North Sea, the Baltic, and the Adriatic. They have also been acclimatized in the Caspian Sea, the water of which is not extremely salt.

In the northern waters the edible mussel attains its full size in four to five years, and in the Mediterranean in one to two years. Each individual produces millions of offspring.

Besides being almost indispensable as bait for certain fish, they are extensively used as an article of food. They are largely cultivated in all European waters, in so-called "parks." In the North Sea these consist of large numbers of trees, from which the smaller branches only have been cut, and which are planted in the bottom of the sea at such a distance from the shore that their upper portion is partially laid bare at low water. After four or five years they are raised, stripped, and replaced by others. In the bay of Kiel, Germany, alone about 1,000 of these trees are annually planted and about 1,000 tons of mussels are brought on the market. Bad seasons occur, however, both with respect to quality and quantity, owing to various causes. In the Adriatic the mussels are raised on ropes extended between poles rammed into the ground. The ropes are raised and stripped once in eighteen months.—*Scientific American.*

THE SINNER'S PLEA.

In the days when Napoleon was First Consul of France, a well-dressed girl, fourteen years of age, presented herself alone at the gate of the palace. By tears and entreaties she moved the kind-hearted porter to allow her to enter. Passing from one room to another, she found her way to the hall through which Napoleon, with his officers, was to pass. When he appeared, she cast herself at his feet, and in the most earnest and moving manner, cried, "Pardon, sire, pardon for my father!"

"And who is your father?" asked Napoleon; "and who are you?"

"My name is Lajolis," she said, and with flowing tears added, "but sire, my father is doomed to die."

"Ah, young lady," replied Napoleon; I can do nothing for you. It is the second time that your father has been found guilty of treason against the State."

"Alas," exclaimed the girl, "I know it sire; but I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon. I beseech you, forgive, O forgive my father?"

Napoleon's lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. After a momentary struggle of feeling, he gently took the hand of the young maiden and said:

"Well, my child, for your sake I will pardon your father. That is enough. Now leave me."

Reader, know, that, as a sinner against God, the cry from your lips must always be, "Not justice, but pardon."

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began with disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AN OLD CLOCK'S ADVICE.

An Englishman says that in his great-grandfather's house, as he has heard his mother tell, there was a clock on which was the following inscription:

"Here I stand both day and night,
To tell the time with all my might:
Do thou example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee."

The old clock remained in the family for many years, but the time of which it told so faithfully at last conquers all things on earth. —*Golden Days.*

MANY a strong character was only pulp to begin with; and but for a providential pressure upon it it would have remained pulp to this day.—*Sunday-School Times.*

AS A malarial air may endanger a good constitution, so bad companions endanger a good character.

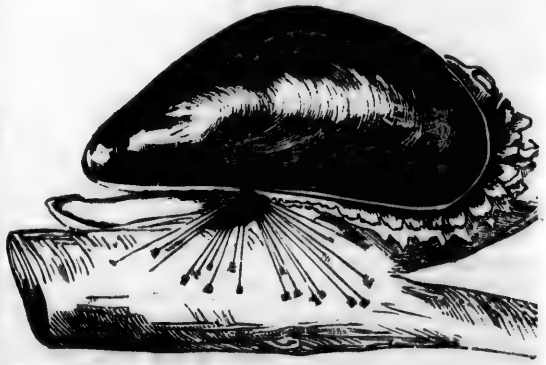


FIG. 2.—EDIBLE MUSSEL.

QUEER CONVEYANCES.

Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be brooded under the mother wings.

When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, off tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs.

Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railway station.

With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start.

The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes,—those who go and those who stay.

No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms.

The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way.

By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time.

Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.—*Our Little Ones.*

DOST thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin*

CHIMNEYS: THEIR HISTORY.

Chimneys seem so natural to us that we forget that there was a time when they were unknown. They were invented about the same time with clocks and watches. No house in ancient Rome or Athens had them. The Greeks and Romans heated their rooms with hot coals in a dish, or by flues underneath the floor. The smoke passed out by the doors and windows. You could always tell when a Roman was about to give a dinner party by the clouds of smoke that came out of the kitchen windows. It must have been very unpleasant for the cooks, who had to do their work in the midst of it.

The tall chimneys that rise over the tops of the houses in New York and Brooklyn, pouring out their clouds of smoke, would have seemed miracles to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Even the pipe of a steamer or the chimney of a kerosene lamp they would have thought wonderful. In England, in the time of the Conqueror (1066), the fire was built on a clay floor or in a hole or pit in the largest room of the house. The smoke passed through an opening in the roof. At night a cover was placed over the coals Everybody was by law obliged to cover up his fire when the bell rang at a certain hour. In French this was *couvre-feu*, and hence the word "curfew" bell.

Chimneys began to be used generally in England in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. No one knows who invented them, or when they first came into use. We find them first in Italy. In Venice they seem to have been not uncommon as early as 1347. In 1368 they had long been in use at Padua. They were at first built very wide and large, so that they could be easily cleaned. The wide chimney-pieces of some of our older houses are very curious.

But as time passed on chimneys were made taller, narrow, and often crooked. When they had to be cleaned it was customary to send boys up into them to remove the soot and ashes. It was then that the saddest stories were told of the little sweeps who were forced to climb up the narrow flues, and come down torn, bleeding, and covered with soot. These poor creatures, who were often not more than seven or eight years old, were sometimes suffocated in the foul chimneys they attempted to clean. When they reached the top they were expected to look out and give a loud shout. No boy would ever become a chimney-sweep from choice, and they were often driven to climb the chimneys by the fear of a whipping. The cruelty of the master-sweeps was fearful.

The little chimney-sweeper has passed away. His place is taken by a patent broom and a colored operator. Chimneys are built two and three hundred feet high. In Birmingham, England, one fell down recently on a large factory, killing and wounding thirty or forty workmen and others. The tallest chimney in New York is that of the Steam-heating Company.

The chimney is one of the most useful of inventions. We can not well understand how the Greeks and Romans did without it. But with us it is everywhere. Our lamps would never burn without a chimney; our steamboats and engines would be helpless without it; our factories are moved by it; it warms our houses, and gives employment to thousands of people.

In the days before chimneys were invented men lived in clouds of smoke. The walls of the finest palaces in ancient Rome were soon covered with soot and filth. It was impossible to keep them clean. The mosaics and the paintings on the walls soon became discolored. In the castles of England and France it was still worse. Here the huge fire blazed in the centre of the great hall. The smoke covered the roof with black drapery, and the sa ge knights and squires were forced either to endure the cold, or to live and breathe in an air that was dangerous to sight, health, and life itself.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE SWEARER REPROVED BY A CHILD.

Some little children were sitting one day on the steps of a door singing, as they often do, some of their favorite hymns. They were suddenly surprised by a half-drunken man, who came up to them, and, uttering an oath, said—

"Does your master teach you nothing but singing those foolish hymns?"

"Yes," said a sharp little fellow, about six years of age; "he tells us it is wicked to swear."

The poor worthless man seemed ashamed of his conduct, and passed on without further remark.

THE RESTORED TEETH.

In the *Messenger* of Nov. 1st, it will be remembered, were given a number of sacred pictures offered by the Japanese to their gods in gratitude for their deliverance from some evil. One of these pictures with its story was crowded out of that number and we give it now.

This woman and her husband have suffered terribly from toothache. The softest food made them jump with pain. But, thanks to their gods, they have not only recovered, but are so strong in their mouths that they can hold between the teeth, without a pang, a four-pronged anchor of a Japanese junk. Why the husband has painted only his wife with this trial in her mouth we cannot tell.

BE NOT simply good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

THE RESTORED TEETH.

FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. J. B. TAYLOR.

One evening, some years ago, on a dark and stormy night, I was summoned to visit a neighbor who was supposed to be near his end. I soon made my way to the designated house, and found the room filled with friends, standing around the dying man. The physician had done all in his power to relieve the patient, and said that he could not last till day.

I took the sufferer's hand and talked to him concerning his hopes for eternity. He said that though not connected with any church, he was not afraid to die; that he had lately been converted, and was trusting in Christ. I congratulated him on being able to exercise such calm reliance in the near prospect of death, and urged on the bystanders the importance of preparation for a dying hour. After reading some appropriate passages from the Bible and offering prayer. I left the room, not expecting to see the young man alive the next morning.

That night an unlooked for and wonderful change took place, and the following morning the man was not only living but improving. He rapidly recovered, and in a short time was able to leave the sick-room. A few days after I had an opportunity for a quiet talk with him Imagine my surprise when, on my having alluded to that memorable night in his history, he expressed himself as utterly ignorant of anything that occurred on the occasion. He said that he had no remembrance of my visit; that he had never knowingly professed conversion, and that had he died, he would have had no well-grounded hope for eternity.

Reader, the explanation is that the sick man's mind wandered. He was "out of his head," and unconscious of all that occurred at the time. And yet had he passed away, I should perhaps have written to absent relatives of their dear one's triumphant death, and friends would have thought of him as "safe in heaven."

I do not mean to say that one may not be converted on a death-bed. God forbid that I should limit the grace of God and the efficacy of atoning blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, I know that whenever a sinner realizes that he has no help in himself and no refuge of his own, and looks to what Jesus has done and suffered, he will be saved. But oh, the guilt, the folly, the danger of leaving.

"To the mercies of a moment
The vast concerns of an immortal state."

And what if that "moment," that last hour or day, should be one when the brain is all disordered!—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

HOME-MADE TELEPHONES.

Please tell me in your question column how I can make a boy's telephone, using wire or string as the conductor of sound. As I would like to run the wire or string at angles, please tell me what I can put for supports for wire or string at the angles so as not to interfere with the passing sound. Please give full particulars in your next paper.

And oblige. A BOY.

"Full particulars" would take a great deal of room, but we gladly do a little more than answer the specific question. A bright young lad of our acquaintance rigged up a telephone which carried sound successfully a distance of some sixty feet. He took a common cigar box, bored a half inch hole in either end, and then sawed the box in two in the middle. He raised the window in his room sufficiently to allow the half box to rest between the sash and the frame, and fitted a board to fill the rest of the opening—the open end of the box being inside the window. The other half of the box was put in the same way at the other end of the line. Through the half-inch holes a fine wire was stretched tight and held in place by being tied around a nail which lay across the hole. It was, you see, a mutual benefit affair; the nail kept the wire in place and the wire kept the nail in place. There were no angles to be overcome, but my young friend thinks he could arrange it so that angles would not materially interfere. He would, as we understand it, fasten a loop of stiff wire to the post or corner of the building making the angle, and pass the telephone wire through the loop in such a way as to pall from the post and not touch it.

The same lad describes to me a telephone which is in operation from his father's house to his store; a distance of some 875 feet. At first they used one which cost about five dollars, but it was too small. They tried a larger one, which they have again replaced by one still larger. In this case there are angles to be overcome, although the path for the wire is made as straight as possible. The only insulators are loops; in the case of the small telephone the top is made of cord, in the one they now use, of stiff wire. The wire loop is bent to form a sort of catch, like that in a lady's brooch, so that the loop may be opened and the wire passed in without the trouble of drawing it through from either end. This loop of stiff wire is fastened to a pole, or other support, by fine wire. So far as appears, the effort is to keep the wire stretched taut, and prevented from lying loosely against anything.—*Christian Union.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think;
True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair.
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while he pondered there,—
"I'll give it up," cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Six brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute:
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who try:
The spider up there defied despair!—
He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And this time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly and want.
—*Child's Companion*

THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumbell," being at the first thumble, and afterward thimble.

It is a Dutch invention and was first brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting. Formerly iron and brass were used, but lately steel, silver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and punched into shape.

In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into dies of about two inches diameter These being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape.

The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color.

A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edge being fastened to a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use.—*Sel.*

DO NOT WADE FAR OUT into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take what the good God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away; for indeed it is but a temporary supply for a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your God. —*Spurgeon.*

IF AN IRREGULAR TEACHER should read this, listen while I whisper to you. You would do the greatest possible good to your class by either being regular or resigning your place at once. You will also please your superintendent by such an act, for he is hoping you will do one or the other without any hint from him.

THE LOTUS.

The singular beauty and usefulness of the large water-lily, called the Lotus, have in all ages attracted to it an extraordinary interest; and, combined with the fables of the Egyptians, the Hindoos and the Chinese have exalted it in the East to honors almost divine.

It was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Representations of it were sculptured upon the monuments; the sun was seen rising from it, and Osiris and other deities sat upon it, or were crowned with it.

In India and Ceylon the flower is held very sacred. When princes enter the idol temple they have this flower in their hands, and when the priests sit in silent thought it is placed in a vase before them. It is related that a native, upon entering Sir William Jones' study, seeing flowers of this beautiful plant lying upon the table for examination, prostrated himself before them.

The Sanscrit name of the flower is Padma, and by that name it is usually known in Buddhist countries. The words *Om Mani Padma houm!* "Oh, Jewel (Precious One) in (on) the Lotus, Amen!" form the most frequent prayer of many millions of mankind "These six syllables which the Lamas (Buddhist priests) repeat," says Koeppen, in his work on Lamaism, "form, of all the prayers of the earth, the prayer that is most frequently repeated, written and printed. They form the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words that the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in his devotions. One meets with them everywhere, wherever Lamaism has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper and so forth.

The Buddhists of China and Japan also greatly venerate the flower, and associate it with all the leading deities, who are represented in the images in the temples as seated upon it.

The power attributed to the Lotus is in nothing more marked than in its imagined helpfulness to the souls of the deceased. It figures in Chinese paintings of the punishment of the dead. In these pictures the deceased are represented as suffering tortures of various kinds. By their children, however, such valuable gifts are offered as to induce Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, to appear upon the scene, and and cast the Lotus upon the miserable sufferers. This at once ends their punishment, and the evil spirits are unable to torment their victims any more! Such pictures are shown by the Buddhist priests to move the compassion, terrify the consciences, and open the purses of the friends of the dead.

But, notwithstanding the sacredness in which the Lotus is held, and the fables and superstitions which are associated with it, many of the Chinese largely cultivate it. The fragrant blossoms reach a diameter of ten inches, and find a ready sale. The seeds or beans are eaten as they are, or are ground and made into cakes; the fleshy stems supply a popular nourishing vegetable; while the fibres of the leaf stalks serve for lamp-wicks.

The ancient Egyptians also largely cultivated the Lotus on the waters of the Nile, the beans, the stems and even the roots being extensively used for food. The seeds of the plant were enclosed in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile. In due season the beautiful petals appeared,

shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds. From which practice the inspired writer enforces the duty of self-denying zeal and faith: "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one."

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of telling anything else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes"

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good-humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him,—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the younger man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother, said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best,', said his mother, "'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'"—*Standard.*

"FOR ME."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands, and said: "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me! and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.—*Morning Light.*

PRAYER will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—*Bunyan.*

PEOPLE look at your six days in the week to see what you mean on the seventh.

THE GIANT HERON.

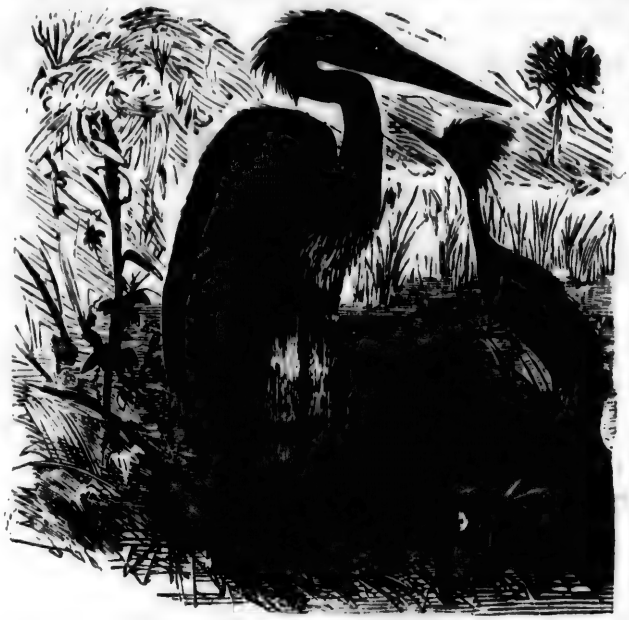
The giant heron (Ardea Goliath gigantodes and nobilis) is found in the central and southern part of Africa. The feathers of the upper part of the head and the tuft upon the top of the head, also the feathers on the curve of the wings and the under part of the body with the exception of the white throat, are chestnut brown. The remaining upper part of the body is ash gray. The loose hanging feathers on the fore part of the neck are white on the outside, and black inside. The eye is yellow, the upper part of the bill is black, the under part is greenish yellow at the point, and violet color at the root. The foot is black. The length of this heron is about one hundred and thirty-six centimeters, the breadth one hundred eighty-six; the length of the tail twenty-one centimetres, and the length of the wings fifty-five.

This bird is found near shallow water. It visits small ponds in the fields, water ditches, and pools, and in winter seeks shallow bays of the sea and waters about the coast, especially where there is a forest in the vicinity, or at least high trees, where it is accustomed to rest.

These giant herons are more timid than any other of the species. Every clap of thunder terrifies them, and they are afraid of men even when seen at a distance. It is a very difficult matter to surprise an old heron, for it seems conscious of every danger, and immediately takes to flight if frightened. They have a shrill voice.

Their food consists of fishes, frogs, serpents, especially adders, young swamp and water birds, mice, insects that live in the water, and earth worms. Naumann says that when a heron reaches the pond, if it does not suspect the presence of an observer, it generally goes immediately into the shallow water and begins to fish. Bending its neck, and lowering its bill, it fastens a keen look upon the water, and moves softly and with measured strides, but with such cautious steps that not the least splashing sound is heard. It circles round the whole pond in this way, seeking food, throwing its neck quickly forward, then suddenly drawing it back, holding a fish firmly in its bill. If the fish aimed at is in deep water, it moves with its whole neck under the water, and in order to preserve its balance opens its wings a little. It seldom misses its aim.

These herons form settlements, the nests sometimes numbering a hundred. In April the old herons make their appearance at the nests, repair them if necessary, and then begin to lay. They are about a metre broad, shallow, and simply put together of sticks, twigs, reeds, or straw. They are lined in a very slovenly manner with hair, wool, or feathers. They lay three or four eggs, which average sixty millimetres in length and forty-three thick. The shells are smooth, the color is green. After three weeks of brooding the young birds are hatched. They are helpless, awkward, ugly creatures. They seem to be constantly hungry and eat an incredible amount. They remain in the nest about four weeks. After leaving the nest the parents care for them for a few days and then leave them to their fate. Old and young then disperse, and the settlement is deserted.



GIANT HERON.—(*One-fifth Natural Size.*)

Baldamus says that the fear which these herons have of all birds of prey, even crows and magpies, is really laughable. The robbers appear to know this, for they plunder the heron settlements with shameless impudence, and expect no greater revenge than a few feeble blows of the wings.

They are easily raised in captivity, their food consisting of fish, frogs, and mice.—*From Brehm's Animal Life.*

A WISE MAN will make more opportunities than he finds.—*Lord Bacon.*

A FEATHERED SHEPHERD.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barn-yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glittering with a metallic lustre.

In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however,—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways,—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and, though very jealous of his affection, endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well-being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but, with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning, it drives the ducks to water and the chickens to their feeding-ground; and if any should presume to wander, they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night, the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with an agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivalled by any dog the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its errors by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil designs, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied.—*From "Benevolent Birds," by Will Woodman, in St. Nicholas.*

TRIMMING THE ELEPHANT'S FEET.

The whole of a day was spent recently at Bridgeport, Conn., by five men in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed, the New Haven *Register* says, once on the road, once in the fall, and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is covered with a thick, horny substance, which as it grows thicker, tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. At the time of trimming the elephant stands on three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a large tub. Two men hold the leg down, and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then with a two-foot drawing knife one man shaves off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. The elephant holds the foot high of his own accord, and after the operation he flourishes his trunk, trumpets, and expresses sincere thanks.—*Scientific American.*

RANAVALONA.

Ranavalona was only a black woman born and bred an idolater, queen of a heathen race despised and invalided by a great Christian nation as a people worth of no respect, possessing no rights. But Ranavalona was every inch a sovereign. Measured by her opportunities, by her steadfast adherance to the right, by what she accomplished for her people and for Christianity and civilization, this black sovereign is worthy to be ranked amongst the good and true of the world's best white queens. Let her name be enrolled with those women of royal position for whom the world has an honorable place in its history.

Ranavalona came the throne of Madagascar in 1868. Her country was just emerging from the most cruel persecution Christians have suffered since the days of Nero. Christianity had been introduced under the reign of Radama, who began the unification of the kingdom. He welcomed the Christian teachers and exhorted his people to receive their instruction. It will help you, he said, it will help the country and it will help Radama. Upon Radama's death in 1828 his senior wife, Ranavalona I. seized the throne, and became the "Bloody Mary" of the Malagasy. A considerable number of converts had been won, and it became Ranavalona's chief object to restore heathenism in its grossest form and destroy utterly the last vestiges of Christianity. Edict after edict went forth against the followers of the missionaries. They were tortured, they were slain with the sword, they were impaled, they were thrown headlong down a precipice, they were burned. They perished by hundreds and thousands, giving as signal proof of their faithfulness as can be found in Fox's "Book of the Martyrs." After the death of the wicked queen, in 1861, there came a cessation of persecution, and some degree of toleration was enjoyed until the coronation of Ranavalona II. in 1863. She was a worthy daughter of a Jezebel mother. She had espoused the cause if not the faith of the Christians, and was crowned with Christian services by a native minister. Her address on that occasion showed that she had been a close student of the Bible, which had been widely scattered before the persecutions. The next year she was married to her prime minister, and both were publicly baptized.

Ranavalona not only became the friend and promoter of Christianity; she caused all the state idols, at a suggestion of a public meeting in the capital, to be burned; yet she did not in turn become a persecutor of the heathen. Under her benign rule all her subjects were protected, and civilization advanced with rapid strides. She began at once to lighten the burdens of the people. The oppressive features of the military system were removed; officers were deprived of their feudatory rights; the revenue, or rather the system of public plunder, was reformed; the importation of Mozambique slaves was prohibited; domestic slavery was humanized, the breaking up of families being prohibited; the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were forbidden; the peaceful arts were fostered, and education was promoted in every possible way.

MARGARET, MOTHER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

It is not pretended that all these reforms have been perfectly carried out. The evils of slavery and the rum traffic are still, no doubt, crying evils. Malagasy society, it must be remembered, is still very imperfectly organized; and these are evils which more enlightened nations have found it difficult or impossible to get rid of. But the queen was a wise and liberal ruler, leading before her people a life of blamelessness, of true Christian piety, of devotion to the interests of the kingdom. Her Christian spirit brought shame to the representatives of a nation which has been professedly Christian more centuries than hers has years. When the French Admiral bombarded Tamative the Queen was urged to expel all his countrymen from her capital. Her reply was:

"We are Christians, and must remember at this trying time that we are so to act as becomes Christians. They gave our friends at Majanga an hour. We will give them five days, and not a hair of their heads, remember, is to be harmed."

When then panic-stricken foreigners left Antananarivo, the natives could not be induced to go with them to Tamative for fear of being detained as prisoners by the invaders. Under these circumstances the Queen furnished bearers and gave the French safe conduct.

What a contrast is presented by this woman only half a generation removed from heathenism and the representatives of the oldest and best beloved son of the Church directly descended from Christ and the Apostles! Queen Ranavalona II. is dead, and her neice succeeds her. The world can ask nothing better of the new ruler, who is said to be hostile to the French pretensions, than that she may be a worthy successor of Queen Ranavalona II.—*Independent.*

MOLLYS'S WHITE ROSE.

Molly Nelson had a white rosebush which was the pride of her heart. Never was there a bush which was more dearly loved nor more constantly cared for; and happy was little Molly when she had a bud from it to lay beside her mother's plate, or a cluster of roses and geranium leaves to take to her teacher as a gift.

"I have been to see Jessie Hunter," said sister Nell one night. "I think I never felt so sorry for any child as I do for her.

"What has happened? Are the Hunters in any greater trouble than usual?" asked mamma. Everybody knew that Mr. Hunter drank, and Mrs. Hunter was cross, and the children often went hungry.

Sister Nell went on. Jessie fell through a hole in the floor at the mill yesterday, and has hurt her back. The doctor says it is not likely she will ever be able to walk again."

Molly's brown eyes opened wide with horror, and then filled with tears. Poor, poor Jessie!

A day or two afterwards mamm asked her to carry a little basket of dainties to Mrs. Hunter's There was a cup of custard, a glass of amber jelly, and a loaf of bread. Robbie brought a half-dozen eggs, laid by his hens, and Nell slipped over everything a double napkin, inside of which was a beautiful Scripture card with a lovely picture and a lovelier text.

"I wish I had something of my very own to give Jessie," said Molly to herself, "but I haven't a thing. Not even a bud is out on my rosebush."

So away she tripped. The basket was a little bit heavy, but that she did not mind. Her feet were light, her hands were strong, and her cheeks were as red as health could make a girl's cheeks.

When she came to Jessie's house, and went into the little crowded room, at one side of which was Jessie's bed she felt, as she said next day, "just dreadfully." To see Jessie lying there so white and thin and still, not able to turn, and not able to lift her head from the pillow, a cripple for life! Molly left the nice things she had brought, and went soberly home keeping up a very busy thinking.

Two days later any one entering Jessie's apartment would have seen in the window a certain thrifty rosebush turning its leaves to the sun and holding up two or three buds ready to bloom. The sick girl watched it with delight.

Molly had kissed it and bidden it good-bye, and when it was gone she missed it sadly; yet there was a happy feeling in her heart, for she had done what she could, and she knew she would receive the Master's blessing.—*Ex.*

THE GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE.

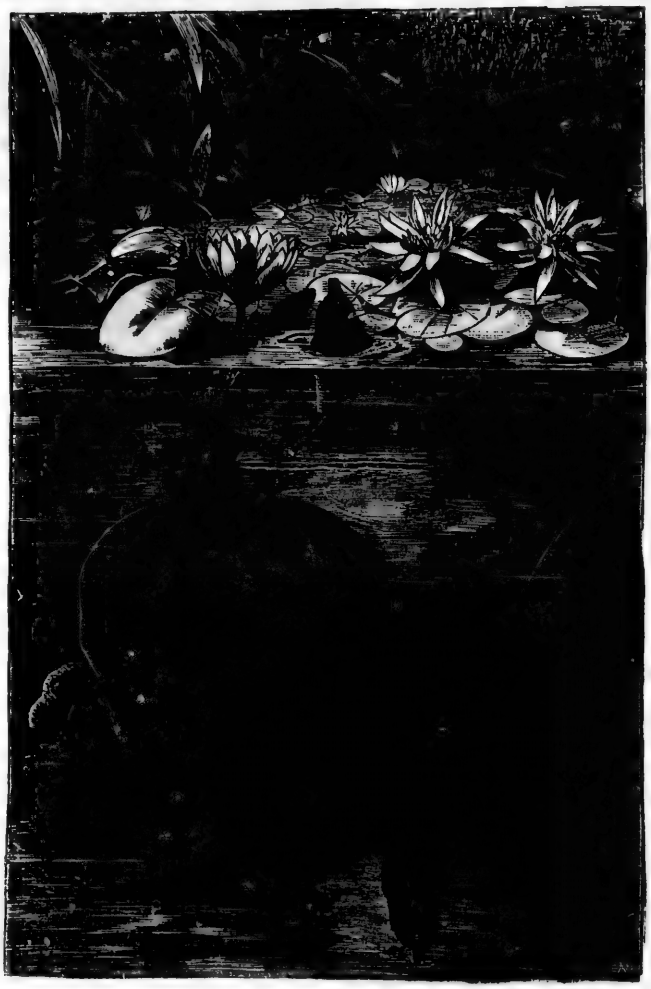
In the accompanying engraving is represented the North American giant snapping turtle (*Trionyx ferus*). It attains a weight of about 60 to 80 lbs., and specimens nearly six feet in length have been frequently caught. The back is of dark slate blue color and covered with numerous yellow and reddish dots. The belly is white and the head covered with dark spots. A light band connects the eyes and descends on both sides along the neck to the shoulders. The chin, feet, and tail are marbled white; the iris of the eye is of a bright yellow color.

This turtle inhabits principally, according to Holbrook, the Savannah and Alabama rivers, also the northern lakes, and even the Hudson River; but it is missing in all rivers entering the Atlantic between the mouth of the Hudson and that of the Savannah. Into the great lakes of the North the turtle was probably brought from the great Southern rivers, in which it is indigenous, by the great inundations, by which the Illinois River is brought in connection with Lake Michigan, the Peters River, and Red River. Into the State of New York it probably emigrated through the Erie Canal, as before the completion of the latter it was unknown in New York waters.

In most of these rivers, especially those of the South, this turtle is very common. In clear, quiet weather they appear in large numbers at the surface or on the rocks in the water sunning themselves. When watching for prey, they hide under roots or stones, and lie motionless, till some small fish, lizard, or even a small water bird, approaches its hiding place. Then the somewhat elongated neck darts out suddenly; it never misses its aim. In an instant the prisoner is swallowed, and the turtle resumes its old position to repeat the same operation, when opportunity offers. They are also great enemies of the young alligators when these are just hatched. Thousands of them are devoured by the voracious turtles, which again fall prey to such of the grown up alligators as were happy enough to escape.

In May the females select sandy spots along the shore, mounting hills of considerable size if necessity requires it. Here the eggs are deposited. Their calcareous shells are very fragile, more so than those of the eggs of other sweet water turtles. Very little is known of the early life of the young, which are hatched in June.

Among all North American turtles this species is, for culinary purposes, the most valuable, and it is therefore extensively hunted. They are either shot or caught in nets and with the hook. Grown specimens must be handled with care, as they defend themselves desperately, and can inflict dangerous wounds.—*Ex.*



THE GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE.

TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS

"Oh, papa, see what a great ugly toad! Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden along with his father.

"Why do you wished him killed?" said his father.

"Oh! because he is such an ugly thing and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed several bugs and worms here last evening. I am sure this toad is much worse than they.

"We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place; besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our gardens are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug, place it near him and see what he will do."

Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see the result. Soon the bugs began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward motion of his head. He darted out his tongue and instantly drew them, one by one into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

"How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

The next evening Tommy went again into the garden and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed his food near him.

Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he soon lost all fear, and became a great pet. Tommy named him Humpy, and says he would not have him killed now for anything.—*Ex.*

A PLAN IN LIFE.

"What is your plan in life, Neddie?" I asked a small boy, turning from his big brothers, who were talking about theirs, to which he and I had been listening; "what is yours, Neddie?"

"I am not big enough for a plan yet," said Neddie; "but I have a purpose."

"That is good; it is not every one who has a purpose. What is your purpose, Neddie?"

"To grow up a good boy, so as to be a good man, like my father," said Neddie. And by the way he said it, it was plain he meant it. His father was a noble Christian man, and Neddie could not do better than follow in his steps. A boy with such a purpose will not fail of his mark.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE love of God is the source of every right action and feeling, so it is the only principle which necessarily ennobles the love of our fellow-creatures.—*Hannah More.*

PRAYER should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

"I'LL DO IT;" OR, THE BROKEN JAR.

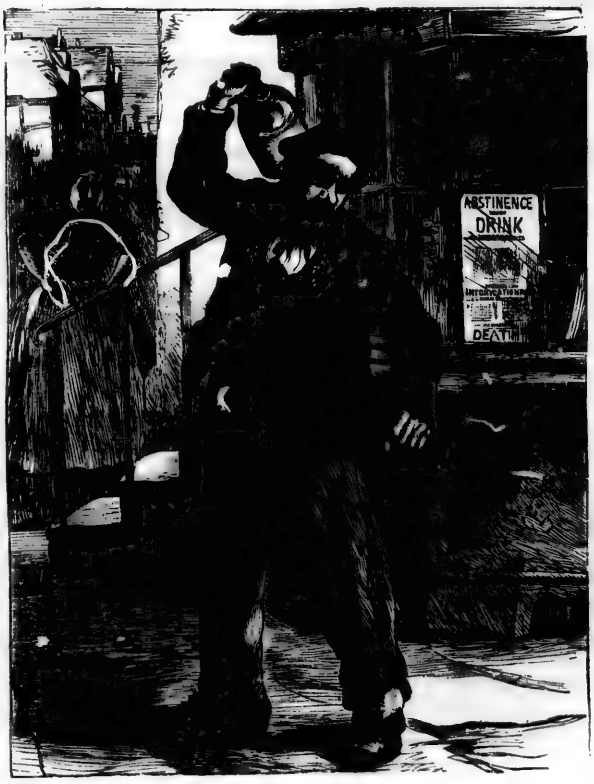
In the early days of the temperance movement, Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, issued some striking broadsheets, which he desired should be posted on the walls of thoroughfares, and, when practicable, placed in the windows of shopkeepers, so that passers-by might read the letter-press.

A worthy tailor in Glasgow, whose shop was near to some of the crowded closes, said to himself, "I cannot help this good cause by public speaking, I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my window day by day, I will put one of Mr. Livesey's bills in one of the panes of my window. That pane shall be given up for bills, tracts, or other papers, with the hope that by God's blessing, some passers-by may be induced to read, and to turn over a new leaf in life."

In the above-mentioned close lived a man who was noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jar in his hand on his way to the whiskey-shop, where it was daily refilled. He had to pass the tailor's shop. His eye rested on the bill. He stopped and read it through, and then passed on to the whiskey-shop. This occurred several mornings, and the tailor from his inner room was able to scan the man's face without being himself observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the paper increased, and by the twitching of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised by seeing the man with the brown jar again reading the bill, and then heard him say, "I'll do it; I will, I will;" at the same time raising the brown jar high over his head, he dashed it down on the flags into a thousand pieces, which drew the tailor to his shop-door.

It was the turning-point in the man's life. With the abandonment of the whiskey, the man's mind was turned to better and higher things. The tailor, who was a Christian man, took him kindly by the hand, prayed with him, and cheered him in his new course, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted character.—*From Illustrated Fly Leaf No.* 164.



"I'LL DO IT; I WILL, I WILL."

WITHOUT STRENGTH.

A large company of people were gathered at the end of a wharf on the look-out, when one of the number fell into the deep water. There was great excitement, but no one dared to jump in. But there stood an able-bodied sailor right over him as he struggled in the water. He could swim, but he stood coolly, doing nothing. The crowd were amazed and indignant. "Why does he stand looking," they said, "and not jump in and save him?" The drowning man had sunk twice, and was about to throw up his arms and go down for the last time, when, to the surprise of the people, the sailor jumped in and bore him to the surface and to safety.

Now the people could understand the sailor's apparent indifference, and the wisdom of his course. The fact is, the drowning man was too lively and heavy to make it prudent to plunge into the water after him. He waited until the man had no strength even to struggle, and then rescued him.

Now this affords an illustration of God's way in saving a sinner God's way may be to wait—and not with indifference surely?—until the sinner finds out that he has no strength to save or help save himself.

It is one thing to own oneself a sinner, and quite another to confess that one is without strength to save himself. But such is the ruin of man, and such his impotency, that though he struggles and strives, works and weeps, he can no more save himself from hell than the drowning man could from the watery grave that was inevitable but for the strong arm of the brave and wise sailor. It is this that the Word of God states so distinctly, clearly, and constantly: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

"Without strength" is the Divine statement as to man. This leaves the ground clear for Christ to come in and be a perfect Saviour. And as the sailor saved the man when he had given up, so does God through Christ, and His precious atoning death, save every one who comes to this conclusion, that he is not only a sinner, but also without strength. Such a one will readily appreciate the strong arm and saving grace of the Saviour of sinners, and allow Him, in every sense of the word, to be the Saviour, and to give Him all the glory for saving him "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—*Word and Work.*

HEAR instruction and be wise, and refuse it not.—*Prov* viii, 33.

THE GRAY HEAD BY THE HEARTH

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says: "The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast,—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree They were very simple for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned

"Is there a bride in this house?" I asked of my landlord.

"'Ach, nein!' he said 'We do not make such a pother about our young people It is the grandmother's birthday'

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers"—*Youths' Companion.*

THE RANGE OF HUMAN knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edged men,—the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else,—who accomplish the hard work, of the world, and who are in demand when hard work is to be done."

WILLING HEARTS.—The smallness of our gifts need not deter us from giving, for the Book does not tell us that as many as had plenty gave, but as many as were willing-hearted, "and every one whose heart stirred her up and whose spirit made willing." It is that willing-heartedness we need most of all, that heartstirring that will make us not willing, but anxious to give all that we have and all we are to Him who hath loved us.

GREBES AND THEIR NESTS.

A fierce warfare is continually waged against these beautiful birds, which threatens them with extermination, not for their flesh, which is generally coarse and fishy, but for their brilliant plumage, which is a favorite adornment for ladies' bonnets and dresses. There are more than twenty species of the grebe, in all parts of the world. They are aquatic birds, walking with great difficulty on the land, and are usually found in small flocks on the sea-coast and the shores of fresh-water lakes. They migrate in summer to the arctic regions to breed and rear their young. Their nests are made of grasses lined with down, which are placed among the reeds, and rise and fall with the water. The eggs are three or four in number. They are excellent swimmers and divers, swimming under the water for a considerable distance in pursuit of game, and sinking beneath the surface, leaving only their bills out, at the approach of danger. They feed on aquatic animals and plants.

GREBES AND THEIR NESTS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK AND HIS ANTS.

The London *World* says that one of the best rooms on the first floor of High Elms (the residence of Sir John Lubbock) is devoted to work, and at the present time contains a menagerie of ants. Between 30 and 40 species are represented by separate nests, placed under glass, carefully shaded from light, and surrounded by water to prevent the interesting insects from escaping and overrunning the house. It is pleasant to see Sir John, arrayed in his working suit of gray stuff, gently uncovering the nests and replacing the screens quickly lest the animals should take alarm at the influx of light, and be thrown into disorganization by the thought that their nest is attacked It is curious to observe that these tiny creatures have animals with them. which, it may be presumed, are useful to them in some way, as the ants forbear to attack them. They are mostly of the beetle race, and some, like the little *claviger*, are quite blind, possibly from confirmed subterranean habits, and are only found in ants' nests, the proprietory of which take as much interest in them as they do in their own young. Apparently ants have a considerable variety of domestic animals, among which the blind *Platyarthrus* is conspicuous, as well as the *Beckia albinos*, the latter of which was fully described by Sir John Lubbock, who suggests that perhaps these two act the part of the Constantinople dog and the turkey buzzard—making themselves useful as scavengers. A chat with the proprietor of this workroom soon dispels the illusions of the unscientific mind as to the industry of the ant. It is an industrious animal in the main—but there are ants and ants. The large red species found in Central Europe is not industrious at all, being a purely fighting aristocrat and slaveholder. She (the fighting ants are Amazons) makes predatory excursions and carries of the pupæ of another species, and brings them up as slaves. As Sir John Lubbock points out, the slaveholders present a striking instance of the degrading tendency of slavery. They can neither wash nor feed themselves. They have lost the greater part of their instincts; their art of building; their domestic habits (for they take no care of their young); their industry (for they take no part in providing themselves with food): and if the colony changes its nest the rulers are carried to the new one by their slaves. Even their structure has altered; their mandibles have lost their teeth and have become mere nippers, terrible in war, but useless for other purposes. So helpless have they become, except for fighting purposes, that if deprived of their slaves they actually die of starvation. These curious facts, which sound almost like the romance of natural history, have all been verified at High Elms by observations which confirm those of Huber in almost every case.

YE DID IT NOT.

Not to do that which ought to be done is just as sinful as to do that which ought not to be done. If one who had not before given serious thought to this subject, were to go through the Bible, concordance in hand, for the sake of finding out how largely sins of omission are made the grounds of condemnation, the result would probably startle him. Over and over again the accusation comes in the form of a negative: "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost." It is not enough to live a respectable life, doing no particular harm to any one; the Bible demand is that every one should do all the good that he properly can. The final ground of condemnation, as shown in the inspired description of the last Judgment, hinges on the words, "Ye did it not." Unless one is ready to do all the good that he rightly can, he is not free from this condemnation.

FINE FEATHERS.

The Hemlock Street Sunday-school, to which Florrie Warren and Mabel Chandler belonged, was a thoroughly live school; it gave liberally to all missions, but was especially interested in the poor of the city The boys were ready to give their torn books or discarded toys to some little urchin, who would appreciate them very highly, and the girls exhibited a kindly rivalry in the many stitches they took for the ragged orphans or the neglected waifs.

And not content with feeding, clothing, or amusing their less fortunate neighbors, these boys and girls used their utmost efforts to assist their teachers and superintendent in gathering into the Sunday-school numbers of the untaught children. It was a point of honor with them to greet every tattered or shabby new-comer with a smile and pleasant word, to find the hymns for them, or to explain what was to be the topic of the lesson for the day.

I presume it is needless to say that the refreshments which were served at the Christmas tree and the annual June picnic were of a quality that gladdened hungry eyes, and a quantity that supplied both yawning stomachs and pockets.

One beautiful Sunday in spring, Florrie and Mabel (who lived in adjoining houses) started together for school, both of them dressed in handsome new garments. Florrie, who was fair, looked exceedingly pretty in a soft gray cashmere polonaise, elaborately trimmed with blue silk and looped over a blue skirt, and her golden curls were covered by a gray chip hat ornamented with long blue feathers. Mabel was a decided brunette, and her costume was of *ecru* cashmere and cardinal silk; her hat matched it. Two handsomer costumes or two prettier little girls could not be found in the city

"Shall we call for Emma Miller?" asked Mabel, as they drew near the narrow, dismal street where poor Mrs. Miller and her five children lived.

"Have we got time?" Florrie asked, thus generously giving Mabel a chance to consult her new watch.

"Plenty! If we do not call for her, somebody may think we are too proud to go there in our handsome dresses."

Emma was not quite ready, but the two girls waited for her; when she at length appeared she seemed annoyed or embarrassed about something, and hardly spoke one word in answer to their friendly chatter Whatever the cloud upon Emma's spirits may have been, it seemed to affect all the rest of her class; Florrie and Mabel were the only two out of Miss Grace's seven pupils who appeared at all cheerful

The next Sunday was as bright and charming as its predecessor; yet Miss Grace had only three girls in her class, Emma being one of the absentees.

"Where could the Lowell girls have been? And Susie and Jessie?" said Florrie, referring to the absent scholars, when she was walking home between her cousin Lizzie and Mabel Chandler.

"They must be sick, I think," replied Mabel.

"Suppose we go now and find out. If they are, perhaps we can do something for them."

"Very well. And you will go with us, will you not, Lizzie?" Mabel asked.

"I think not; mamma will expect me at home."

"By the way, Lizzie, what has become of your lovely new spring suit? I was surprised to see you in that plain old gray dress these two lovely Sundays. Did'nt the new dress fit you?"

"Oh yes, beautifully! Mamma says I look as if I had been melted and poured into it."

"Then for pity sakes why did'nt you wear it? The one you've got on is real dowdy!" cried Florrie.

"It is clean, is'nt it?" laughed Lizzie.

"Of course it is *clean*. But why wear it? I am just dying to find out; are not you, Mabel?"

And Mabel too, in the extravagant fashion in which girls talk professed herself "dying" of curiosity.

"You see we've got so many poor girls—*real* poor girls who never have nice clothes—in our Sunday-school, that mamma don't like to see me put on my handsome dresses or hats to wear there; she says that poor girls have feelings as well as rich ones, and that their shabby apparel will look shabbier than ever beside my silk or velvet. She says that she has heard poor people say that they were ashamed to go to church in their rags and sit beside elegantly-dressed people; I know I should feel so too. And it is not right to do anything, especially in God's house, which will hurt people's feelings."

"Oh Mabel!" exclaimed Florrie, with blushes in her cheeks, "can it be that our finery was the cause of those girls staying away to-day?"

"I am afraid so. And never again, summer or winter, will I wear such costly clothes as these to church or Sunday-school."

And she was as good as her word.—*Frances E. Wadleigh in Child's Paper.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"—*Chris. Woman.*

CASTING ALL YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

In the summer of 1878 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides Beyond the service of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wrap and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hinderance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpine stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

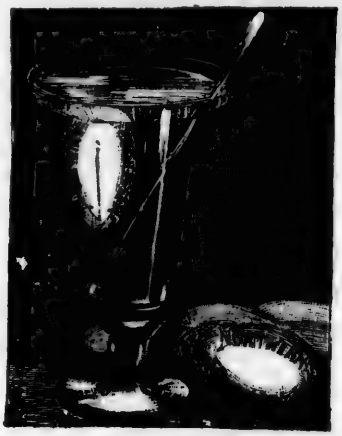
Then a voice spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah Smiley.*

A SHATTERED TESTAMENT—A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

During the battle of Tel-el-Kebir Private William Room of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch-bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him, This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet, which otherwise would have gone through his stomach. As it was the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Mr. Room is now doing well.—Our engraving and the above particulars are taken from a photograph published by Messrs Hills and Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a framed copy has been sent to Her Majesty—*Graphic.*

WAYS TO DO GOOD.

Pray for individuals by name. Send well-selected tracts by mail. Loan "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Invite your neighbor to church. Persuade the unsaved to attend prayer-meeting. Be fearless in expressing Christian views. Visit the sick, and pray with them. Benefit the poor, then win them to Christ. Urge church-members to take religious papers. Seek the conversion of thoughtful children. Remind the "backslider" of his solemn vows. Show the "reformed" man his need of Christ. Converse of Jesus at length with willing hearers. Exhort the convicted to yield and turn. Look after new converts. Keep near the Saviour yourself. To general consecration add the special consecration of one-tenth of your income, one-seventh of your time, and all your thoughtfulness.—*Am. Messenger.*



ENGRAVED EGGS.

Some time ago there was a man who stood upon the street corners and in the public squares selling egg shells upon which were engraved names, devices, or flowers. The art of engraving upon eggs is connected with a curious and little known historical fact.

In the month of August, 1808, at the time of the Spanish war, there was found in the patriarchal church of Lisbon an egg upon the shell of which was announced the approaching extermination of the French. This fact caused a lively fermentation in the minds of the superstitious Portuguese population, and came near causing an uprising.

The French commander remedied the matter very ingeniously by distributing throughout the city thousands of eggs that bore engraved upon them a contradiction of the prediction, The Portuguese, deeply astonished, did not know what to think of it, but thousands of eggs giving the lie to a prediction engraved upon one only, had the power of the majority. In addition, a few days afterward, posters put up on all the street corners pointed out the manner in which the miracle was performed. The mode of doing it is very simple.

It consists in writing upon the egg shell with wax or varnish or simply with tallow, and then immersing the egg in some weak acid, such, for example, as vinegar, dilute hydrochloric acid, or etching liquor. Everywhere where the varnish or wax has not protected the shell, the lime of the latter is decomposed and dissolved in the acid, and the writing or drawing remains in relief. Although the *modus operandi* presents no difficulty, a few precautions must be taken in order to be successful on a first experiment.

In the first place, as the eggs that are to be engraved are usually previously blown, so that they may be preserved without alteration, it is necessary before immersing them in the acid to plug up the apertures in the extremities with a bit of beeswax; and, moreover, as the eggs are very light, they must be held at the bottom of the vessel full of acid by means of a thread fixed to a weight or wound round the extremity of a glass rod.

If the acid is very dilute, the operation, though it takes a little longer, gives better results. Two or three minutes usually suffice to give characters that have sufficient relief.—*La Nature.*

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me. They like to dig holes in some place where they can put out their heads to see if danger is near. I thought, now I shall have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal to come out, so that I might kill it. I was soon pouring water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle, and said:

"Ah, my fine fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me: "Well my boy, what have you got there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long, white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Well," said I, "there is a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he: "When I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a squirrel; and an old man, such as I am, came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy. Now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you. Why torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He added: "I have never forgotten that, and never shall. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this as long as you live; and when tempting to destroy any little animal or bird, to think of what I have said. God does not allow us to kill his creatures for our pleasure."

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good old man said, nor have I ever wantonly killed the least animal for amusement since.—*Selected*

THE CAPE BUFFALO.

The Cape buffalo is a formidable animal, a little larger than an ordinary ox, but possessed of much greater strength. It is morose, lowering, and ill-tempered; terrible in outward aspect and a dangerous neighbor. It has an unpleasant habit of remaining quietly in its lair until the unsuspecting traveller passes close to its place of concealment, when it leaps suddenly upon him filled with rage.

When it has succeeded in its attack it first tosses the unhappy victim in the air, then kneels upon his body in order to crush the life out of him, then butts at the corpse until it has given vent to its insane fury, and ends by licking the mangled limbs until it strips off the flesh with its rough tongue. Sometimes the animal is so recklessly furious in its unreasoning anger that it actually blinds itself by its heedless rush through formidable thorn bushes, which are so common in Southern Africa.

Although frequently found in large herds on the plains, the buffalo is principally a resident of the bush; here he follows the paths of the elephant or rhinoceros, or makes a road for himself. During the evening, night, and early morning he roams about the open country and gorges, but when the sun has risen high, or if he has cause for alarm, the glens and coverts are sought, and amidst their shady branches he enjoys repose.

The flesh of the Cape buffalo is not in great request even among the Kaffirs, who are in no wise particular as to their diet. The hide, however, is exceedingly valuable, being used for the manufacture of sundry leathern implements where great strength is required without much flexibility.—*Scientific American.*

AMONG the many beautiful things seen at Rome is a bit of glass like the solid rim of a tumbler, a transparent glass, a solid thing, which, when exhibited, is lifted up so as to show that there is nothing concealed; but in the centre of the glass is a drop of colored glass, perhaps as large as a pea, mottled like a duck, finely mottled with the shifting colored hues of the neck, and which even a miniature pencil could not do more perfectly.

I FEEL convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is, the single eye that we may see what our work is, the humility to accept it, however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.—*Norman McLeod.*

CAPE BUFFALO.—(*Bubalus Caffer.*)

HOW PINS ARE MADE.

When you look at one of those little insignificant pins, do you ever think that a great deal of trouble was taken to get it just right? Well, it takes a great deal of work to make a perfect pin.

First, a reel of brass wire is taken of suitable thickness. The wire passes over a straightening board, after which it is [illegible] by two jaws, and a cutter [illegible] and cuts it off, leaving a projecting part for a head. On the withdrawal of the cutter a hammer flies forward and makes a head on the pin; then the jaws open and the pins drop on a finely ground metal plate, with the heads upward, until the end to be pointed comes into contact with a cylindrical roller with a grinding surface, which soon puts a fine point on the pins. They then fall into a box ready to receive them, and are ready for the second stage. After they are yellowed or cleaned, they are tinned, or whitened, as it is called. The pins are now ready to be placed in papers. One girl feeds a machine with pins, and another supplies the machine with paper. The pins fall into a box the bottom of which is made of small, square steel bars, sufficiently wide apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. As soon as the pins have fallen through the bottom of the box and the rows are complete, the bottom detaches itself, and row after row of pins is sent at regular interals to be placed in the papers. Meanwhile the paper has been properly folded and pierced to receive the pins, which by the nicest imaginable adjustments come exactly to their places.

Pins were first used in England in the 15th century. They were first made of iron wire, but in 1540 brass pins were brought over from France by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. At first pins were made by filing a piece of wire, and by twisting the other end.

There were several inventions previously for holding together parts of the dress, such as buckles, brooches, clasps, hooks, etc. They are very costly to make, but our readers think nothing now-a-days of a pin, unless they happen to sit on the point of it, in which case they usually say what they think without being questioned.—*Treasure Trove.*

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Samuel Johnson.*

MAKING GLOBES.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radical pieces, from centre to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mould and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sand-paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coating of paint or enamel that will take a clean, smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world, printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly as though the peel of an orange was cut through from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland generally, although there are two or three establishments otherwheres which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe-making, and yet it appears to be easy because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fulnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—are finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.—*Scientific American.*

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.
(*From a photograph*).

BUOYS.

Many of our young readers will be likely to take excursions by water this summer, and they will notice that upon entering any harbor there are buoys of different colors, on either side of the channel. Those on the right hand are invariably painted red and those on the left, black. A buoy with horizontal stripes of both red and black indicates the centre of a very narrow channel, to which a vessel should keep as close as possible. Red and black vertical stripes show the locality of spits, or small points of land running into the sea, and of reefs. A buoy having red and black checks is to give warning against a rock or some other obstruction. In case of two such obstructions, with a channel between, the buoy on the right will have red and white checks, and the one on the left, black and white checks. A green buoy is used to mark wrecks and has the word "wreck" painted in white letters upon it. By the way, would it not be a nice plan to have boys so marked that one could tell at a glance what they are good for? Indeed we believe they are if one looks sharp.—*Congregationalist.*

THE KITCHEN-GOD.

Among the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen-god. They put up a new one every New Year's Day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen; and if the fire don't burn, or the bread is baking to fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god. When he is burned, they think he goes to heaven, and tells all that has happened in their kitchen for a year; so sometimes they daub molasses on his mouth before they burn him, and they think then he can't tell. What sad ideas these people have of God and of Providence!

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A PINE-APPLE FIELD IN BERMUDA.

Our graphic illustration shows this most luscious of all the tropical fruits at home, in its native Bermuda, where it is cultivated in large fields, the slips being planted wherever there is earth enough among the rocks. The pine-apples grow on stems about a foot high, with a crown of long spiked leaves, and the fruit in the middle. They are ripe in May, when the whole field is cut down. In addition to the large numbers that are exported both to domestic and foreign ports, considerable quantities are canned for exportation. Fine as are the West Indian pine-apples, those grown under

[illegible]cel them in flavor, and [illegible]d a much higher price in market, even in England, where their cultivation in hot-houses—which was once regarded as the highest triumph of the horticultural art—is now comparatively easy, and is one of the luxuries of wealthy establishments. They are propagated chiefly by means of suckers, and also by the crowns, while new varieties are obtained from seed from the partially wild plants.

FUN WITH A SPIDER.

Spiders in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many other lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the right side of them.

One day I had been reading in a book how spiders managed to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray, sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in a large tub of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get to the "land," which was the edge of the tub, without any help. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; each time he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his foot as a cat does, he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—on an island, in fact. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of the stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes little fine strings of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little one of these threads touched the edge of the tub and stuck fast, as all spider webs will do.

This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next moment he took hold of his web and gave it a jerk, as a sailor does a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is or to make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued castaway saved by his own ingenuity.

Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly; and He who made all things has a care and thought for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.—*Christian at Work.*

THE COLUGO.

In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward; but as evening comes on they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fify feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to them or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palms, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.—*C. F. Holder, in St Nicholas for April.*

GULLING THE PELICAN

The seagull has two prominent characteristics, wit and impudence, which it exercises for its own benefit at the expense of its fellows. It is not at all nice in its choice of victims, but practises its rogueries with regard only to its own safety and profit. If the victim be small, then force alone is resorted to to obtain the coveted object, which is always something to eat; if strong, then wit is brought into play; and if stupid, then impudence accomplishes the same result. Nor is the gull unaware seemingly of the ludicrousness of the part it so often plays of making others do the work it ought and can do itself, as may be seen in its dealings with the pelican.

The brown pelican though its numbers have been greatly lessened, is still plentifully found along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and in Florida especially may be encountered without difficulty. It is indefatigable in two pursits—first fishing and then eating.

It is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish-spear and lunch-basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is hung with an elastic pouch into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As it has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish, just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish and by the impetus of its fall disappearing under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skilful toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed. And so the game is played with regularity by the whole grotesque line. The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward.

Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

GULLING THE PELICAN.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evidence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty.

It might be supposed that the pelicans would learn wisdom in the course of time, but they do not seem to have done so yet, for day after day along the coral reefs of the Florida coast may be seen long lines of gormandizing pelicans entertaining gulls in this way.—*Scientific American.*

THE VIRTUE OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

In one of the boarding schools situated in a densely-populated district of Glasgow, Scotland, on the morning immediately succeeding the short vacation at the New Year time, the young lady and gentleman teachers at the head of the "infant" section were made the delighted recipients of a present from their young charges. The gifts, which were entirely unlooked for, consisted of two of those highly ornate short-cakes, with appropriate sentiments in sugar which we were all as children familiar with, and which as "old fogies" we do not entirely taboo. The purchase, doubtless, had been made at one of the neighboring confectioners, and the young donors laid their offerings blushingly and in childish fashion, without a word, before their teachers. Both were alike astonished, but the gentleman managed to stammer out some thanks. The young lady's delight was more lingering, and she, blushing, inquired what she had done to merit such kindness. For a time no response was made, until at last a chubby boy on a back bench chirruped out, "'Cause you're aye smilin' Miss." It was a day of smiles after that.—*Ex.*

A PLUCKY BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Ladd, sent about two years ago by the American Missionary Association to make arrangements for establishing missions in the region of the Upper Nile, gives the following account of an adventure with a snake on his way down the river. "Doctor and I were sitting on the bridge seeing what we could see, when I discovered a huge snake in the water swimming slowly and trying to cross the river. I rushed for the shot-gun, and although we had almost got beyond range, gave him both barrels with good effect. I jumped into the small boat with a number of men; the steamer put about and we went after that snake. As we neared him, however he began to show signs of life, and Doctor, fearing he might get away, fired two shots at him with the rifle from the bridge. The second ball struck, but glanced, leaving not the slightest trace of a mark, but stunned him so that he turned over on his back. We picked him up and found that we had got hold of a boa-constrictor. As soon as he was landed in the boat he came to again, and made it lively for us. His strength was something remarkable. He ran his head a little way under a board, and six men pulling with all their might and main could not get him out. He came out when he got ready, but then we had a rope around him, and hauled him on deck. There was a scattering of the crowd then. We choked him to death, cut his teeth out, and put him away. He came to life again, and broke one of the supports of the water-jar. Then Ibrahim stood on that snake's head till he was dead. We hung him up. He came to life again and nearly got away. Then we beat him on the head with a club till he was "as dead as a door nail," He came to life again! No use! We determined to conquer him this time, and proceeded to skin him. This was too much for him, and he concluded to remain dead He measured 9 ft. 6 in. in length, and 11¾ in. around. I have preserved the skin and hope to have it stuffed. The sailors will eat the flesh."

A BIRD THAT HELPS ITSELF TO OYSTERS.

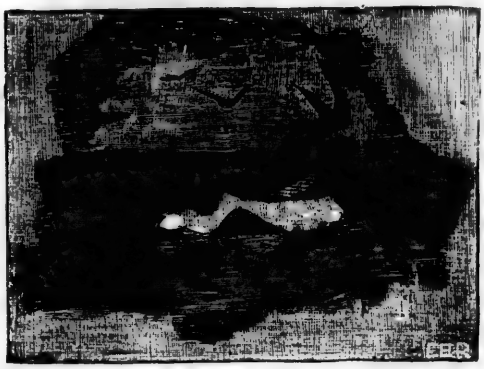
This wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust between the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the

SIDE-VIEW AND TOP-VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE SCISSOR-BILL.

shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up whatever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.—*St. Nicholas.*

BABIES IN SCANDINAVIA.

The peasants like grand names for their little ones, such as Adolph, Adricin, Gotfried, Gustavus, for boys; and Josephina, Thora, Ingeborg for girls; and if they have no name prepared they seek one in the almanac for the particular day of baby's birth. It is "baptized" the next Sunday and taken to church by the godmother, who provides the christening garments, which are often trimmed with colored bows, while the infant has beads around its neck and wears a cap with very little border. The clergyman holds it well over the font and pours water over the back of the head three times, and then wipes with a towel. As the baby is swathed in six-inch-wide bandages so that it cannot move its legs and sometimes not even its arms, it is obliged to lie very passive during this ceremonial. The peasants have their reasons for this swathing, the first of which is that they think it makes the limbs grow straight; the second that it turns baby into a compact bundle to carry. When swathed thus, infants have been said to resemble the tail of a lobster, or even its whole body. In the north they are often hung from a long, springy pole stuck in the wall, to be out of the way; and, being by nature quiet, they are supposed not to mind it. Their cradles, which are very primitive, are also frequently suspended by a spiral spring from the roof, which must be more comfortable than the pole. Both in Swedish and Norwegian Lapland, people take these "swaddlings" to church. But instead of carrying them into church they make a hole in the snow outside in the churchyard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breaths. As soon as a peasant boy can walk, he is put into trousers, buttoned inside his jacket; and these are so baggy behind that it is often amusing to see him. This bagginess is frequently due to the fact that the trousers originally belonged to his father, but were cut off at the legs and simply drawn round the boy's waist without reducing their size. Add to this that the feet are shod either with little jack-boots or wooden shoes, and we have a strange picture. Their stockings either have leather heels or no heels at all, so that the mother is spared the trouble of mending them. Neither has she much labor with their heads, the hair of which is cropped as close as a convict's. The girls also wear wooden shoes, but they have gingham kerchiefs or caps on their heads, frocks down to their heels and quaint pinafores.—*Little Folk's Magazine.*



HELPING HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

NO WEIGHTS.

"Let us lay aside every weight."—Heb. 12: 1.

If you were going to run a race, you would first put down all the parcels you might have been carrying. And if you had a heavy little parcel in your pocket, you would take that out and lay it down too, because it would hinder you in running. You would know better than to say, "I will put down the parcels which I have in my hands, but nobody can see the one in my pocket, so that one won't matter!" You would "lay aside every weight."

You have a race to run to-day, a little piece of the great race that is set before you. God has set a splendid prize before you, "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," a crown that is incorruptible.

Now what are you going to do about the weights, the things that hinder you from running this race? you know some things do seem to hinder you; will you keep them or lay them aside? Will you only lay aside something that every one can see is hindering you, so that you will get a little credit for putting it down, and keep something that your own little conscience knows is a real hinderance, though no one else knows anything at all about it? Oh, take St. Paul's wise and holy advice, and make up your mind to lay aside every weight.

Different persons have different weights; we must find out what ours are, and give them up. One finds that if she does not get up directly she is called, the time slips by, and there is not enough left for quiet prayer and Bible reading. Then here is a little weight that must be laid aside. Another is at school, and finds that he gets no good, but a little harm, when he goes much with a certain boy. Then he must lay that weight aside. Another takes a story book up to bed, and reads it up to the last minute, and then her head is so full of the story that she only says words when she kneels down, and cannot really pray at all. Can she doubt that this is a weight which must be laid aside?

It may seem hard to lay our pet weight down; but, oh, if you only knew how light we feel when it is laid down, and how much easier it is to run the race which God has set before us!—*Morning Bells.*

HOW WOODEN SHOES ARE MADE.

An industry that cannot last many years more, thanks to the rapid cheapening of leather shoes by means of machinery, is the manufacture of wooden shoes, still the only wear of thousands of French peasantry. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* pleasantly describes the manner in which this industry is carried on. The surroundings are certainly picturesque. An encampment has been formed in the beech woods, and suitable trees are selected and felled. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabots* roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cuiller*.

The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy house-wife who is treading the washhouse, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.

A CELEBRATED GERMAN writer mentions "an antique, the whole size of which is but one inch in length, and one-third of an inch in breadth, and yet it contains in mosaic the picture of a Mallard duck, which, in brilliancy of coloring, and in distinct representation of parts, even of wings and feathers, equals a miniature painting. And what is most wonderful, on being turned, it presents the same picture without a discoverable variation on the opposite side."

NEVER ENTER upon the duties of the day without "casting all your care" upon God and seeking His guidance and blessing upon all things. In answer to this prayer many minutes, nay, hours, may be given you, and thus you may find "a minute to spare."

OUTER WALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

Syria abounds in names of illustrious cities. All are ancient, but some have retained importance to the present day. Such especially are Damascus and Beirut. Others, like Palmyra and Baalbec, have lost their importance and are chiefly interesting for their wonderful ruins.

Baalbec lay on the route of an opulent commerce between Tripoli, Damascus and the far East. It was adorned with vast temples, in which false deities were worshipped with great pomp. The Great Temple extended 1,100 feet from east to west, and had a breadth of 370 feet. The peristyle of its principal court was composed of fifty-four columns. Each stood 62 feet in height, and was eight feet in diameter at the base and five feet at the top. Only six of these columns now remain upright, and they are shown in our second picture. They are generally formed of only three stones each, united by iron dowels. See with what rich Corinthian capitals they are crowned, and how finely they are wrought in every part.

The external walls of the temple are built of massive stones. There are three which measure each 63 feet in length by 13 feet in height. They are built into the wall at a distance of 20 feet above the ground. They may be seen in our first picture. So famous were they that the temple was called after them Trilithon, or the Three Stone Temple.

You have often been impressed by the strong denunciations of the Old Testament against the idolatry of the nations of Syria, and you have wondered that the people of Israel should have fallen under their influence so many times, in spite of the Divine warnings. These massive ruins will partly explain the great power and influence of the worship of Baal in those early days. You see how the name Baalbec is derived. Get your Bible and your Concordance, and look up the references to that religion. Then, in imagination, restore the great temple to its original grandeur, and fill it with all the pomp of the ancient worship, the thousands of votaries, the smoking sacrifices and the cruel practice of parents burning their own children, and you will not wonder at the Divine judgments against idolatry.

Though so firm and so beautiful, this and all the edifices of Baalbec have fallen to decay. The worship conducted in them was idolatrous and no one cares to restore it. But all about in the land missionaries are blessed of God in establishing churches of our Lord Jesus and winning the people to love and serve him. It will be far more acceptable to Him, and far more serviceable to the people of Syria, when hundreds of unpretentious edifices are scattered throughout the land, and when in each village congregations can gather for His worship every Sabbath day.—*Foreign Missionary.*

A SEA CANDLE.

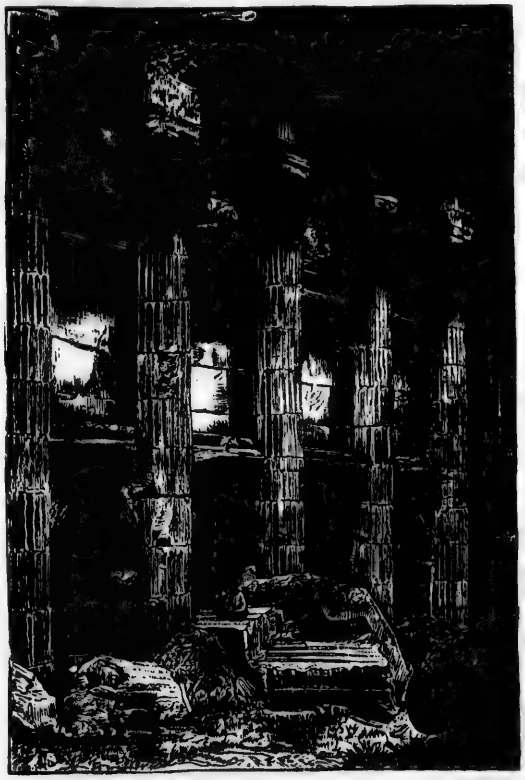
In these days of gas and electric lights it seems very strange to hear of burning whale-oil in lamps, or even to use petroleum, but an actual candle that grows in the sea and is alive, too, is still more strange.

This candle is the fattest of little fish, and it is found in the Northern seas, the very region where it is most needed. It is quite ornamental by moonlight, and glitters like pearls in the water because of its shiny armor. The Indians of Russian America and Vancouver Island catch the little fish—which are about as large as smelts—with immense rakes, having teeth made of bone or sharp-pointed nails, and every time the rake is swept in one fish at least, and sometimes three or four, will be found fast on each tooth.

To make them into candles the women take a long wooden needle, and thread it with a piece of rush pith, which is drawn through the fish from head to tail. When this wick is lighted the fish burns steadily in its rough candlestick—only a bit of wood split at one end to hold the candle—and gives a light bright enough to read by. Large quantities of these useful little fish are turned into oil—but not to be burned in lamps. It is the favorite supply of winter food, and helps to keep out the terrible cold of those long Northern winters. When Mrs. Indian has oil-making on hand the children probably find it worse than washing-day or house-cleaning and are glad enough to take their little bows and arrows or spears and go off until things are quiet again around the lodge.

First the squaw makes five or six large fires, and throws a number of large round pebbles into each to be heated very hot. Four large square boxes of pine-wood are ready by each fire, and in every box she piles a layer of fish, which she covers with cold water, and then puts in five or six of the heated stones. When the smoke has cleared away pieces of wood are laid on the stones, then more fish, water, stones and wood, until the box is filled. The liquid from this box is used for the next one in place of water, and the floating oil is then skimmed off from the surface. This oil is put into bottles which are also found in the sea. An immense sea-weed with hollow stalks that widen like a flask at the root is gathered for the purpose, and each bottle will hold nearly a quart of oil. Candle-fish is the every-day name of the oil-giver, but on great occasions it is *Salmo pacificus.—Harper's Young People.*

In "Wanderings in a Wild Country," a book lately published in London, the author tells how a queer bird called a morroop or cassowary manages to get its fish dinners. One day the man saw one of these great fowls come down to the water's edge and watch the water for some minutes. It then waded in to where the water was about three feet deep, and partly squatted, with spread wings, ruffled feathers and shut eyes. It kept perfectly still for as much as a quarter of an hour, then suddenly closed its wings and stepped to the bank, where shaking itself thoroughly a quantity of small fishes fell from under its wings and from among its feathers. These were picked up quickly and swallowed. The fish had mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed in which they hide from the larger fish that prey upon them.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH

George and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the telegraph office. One day, after school, these boys went into their father's warehouse, just opposite the telegraph office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do; but the little machine was so busy that there was no opportunity to gratify them.

"Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click," went the little pointer. By and by it ceased for an instant; but just as the agent was going to put in his claim it began again. After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and 'Ay, ay,' was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the magnetic telegraph.

"Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful.

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible that you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than when I say yes to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph?"

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without an interruption or hinderance."

"So *that* is an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires or electricity, or machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak, and what is more wonderful than all is the fact that you need not even *express* the nature of your communication, as before you do so your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favorable reception for your request. Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert, on the trackless ocean, in the crowded city, on the mountain top, by night or by day, in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in the Bible."

"In the Bible!" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons, and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the twenty-fourth verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that, before they call, I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."

Next George found and read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shall thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, ninth chapter, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third verses."

"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of the people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God, . . . yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, . . . being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee—"

"I see father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other, for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."—*Standard*

MORAL.—CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS WISELY

JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE.

One night, a father was roused by the cry of fire from the street. Little imagining the fire was in his own house, he opened his bedroom door and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and fly for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door where the maid was sleeping with five children. They snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three eldest did so, but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped,—some through the windows, others by the garden door; the mother to use her own expression, "waded through the fire." Just then, John was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed upon a chest that stood near the window, and was seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another. And thus he was taken out. A moment after the roof fell in.

When the child was rescued, the father cried out: "Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children, let the house go. I am rich enough." John Wesley always remembered this deliverance with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits published during his life is a representation of a house on fire, with the scriptural inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"—*Christian Intelligencer*

WOULD NOT DO FOR A LINEN MANUFACTURER.

There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory; and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted, to be sent out, which was short of the quantity it ought to be, but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!"

"I cannot, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home.

But the boy became the learned and famous Dr Adam Clark.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college; and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Sel*

THE HELMET CASSOWARY.

The cassowary (Casuarius), of which not less than nine distinct species have been discovered, differs from the emu in having a somewhat more slender body and hair-like feathers. The helmet is quite remarkable, and is composed of a cellular bony substance. It is barely perceptible in the young bird, not reaching its full development until the bird arrives at adult age. The plumage of the body is hair-like, with a tuft of down at the root of each shaft. The short, thick foot has three toes. The height of the bird is about five feet. These birds are found in the Malaccas.

The helmet cassowary (Casuarius galeatus, Struthio casuarius), shown in the engraving, has been the longest known of this family. The plumage is black, the back part of the head green, the neck is colored with blue, violet, and red, the bill is black, and the foot a yellowish gray. The young birds are brown.

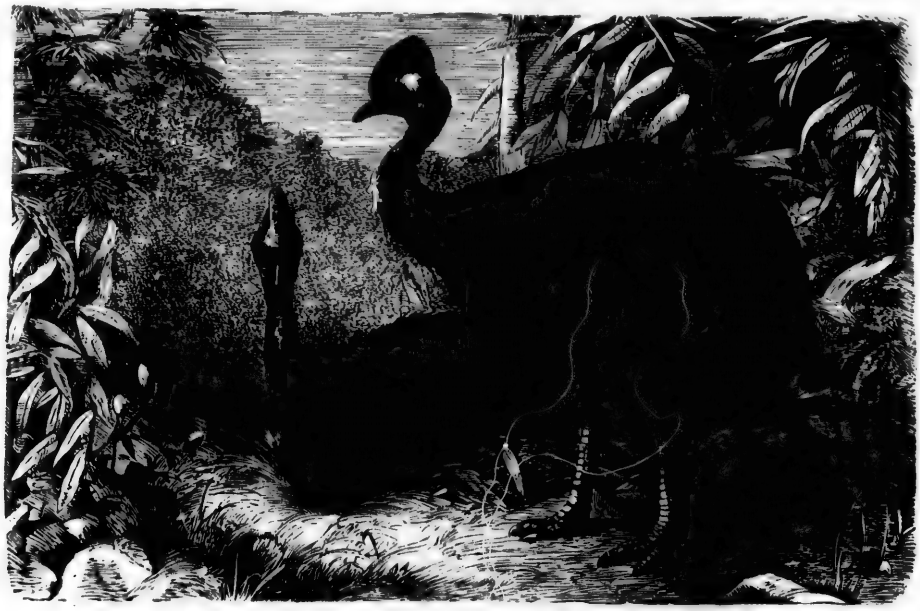
All travellers who tell us of the wild life of this bird agree that it inhabits the thickest forests, and leads a very retired life, and at the least appearance of danger it hastens away, and seeks to withdraw itself from the sight of men. How difficult it is to observe them may be seen from the fact that Miller never had the opportunity of seeing a cassowary, although he found their tracks and heard the noise of the bird fleeing through the thicket, and Wallace in Ceram could not make a single capture, although he sought for the bird in all its accustomed haunts. He says:—"These birds wander through the great mountain forests of Ceram, and subsist chiefly on fallen fruits and herbage. The female lays from three to five large beautifully granulated green eggs, and male and female sit alternately upon them for the space of a month.

All the cassowaries which have been taken to Europe were captured when young by the natives and brought up by them. This is perhaps the reason that many of them are tamed and appear to be gentle and confiding, although their original disposition is the reverse of this. They are naturally fierce, and take offence without any provocation. They are greatly excited by the sight of a scarlet cloth, and have a great antipathy toward ragged or unclean persons, sometimes attacking them.

They sometimes become ungovernable in captivity, and the keepers of zoological gardens say that one cannot be too cautious with the cassowary. "When irritated, they are formidable antagonists, turning rapidly about and launching a shower of kicks, which may do no small damage, their effect being heightened by the sharp claws with which the toes are armed." In confinement they often swallow whole apples and oranges. In the gardens they are given a mixture of bread, grain, cut up apples, etc., but it has been observed that young fowls or owls which come accidentally in their way are destroyed.

They often lay eggs in captivity, but it is very seldom that any young are raised. It is not often that a pair can be obtained that will live together in peace.

Another species of cassowary was discovered in the island of New Britain. Its native title is mooruk. A pair of these birds were purchased by Dr. Bennett in 1857 from Captain Devlin, and were sent to England. They were very tame, and ran around everywhere in the house and yard without fear. In time they became so obtrusive that they disturbed the servants in their work, for they would crowd through doors left ajar, follow the servants step by step, rummage in all the corners of the kitchen, spring upon the table and chairs, to the great disquiet of the cook. If any one attempted to catch them, they would run quickly around or creep under the furniture, defending themselves vigorously with bill and feet. If left free, they would go back of their own accord to their accustomed dwelling place. Sometimes, when the maid attempted to drive them away, they would strike out at her and tear her clothes. They would run into the stall between the horses and eat with them from the manger. Often they would push open the door of Dr. Bennett's study, run quietly around, look at everything, and go their way. Dr. Bennett says: "It was dangerous to leave any object around which was capable of being swallowed. The servant was starching some muslin cuffs, and hearing the bell ring she squeezed up the cuff, threw it into the starch, and attended to the summons. On her return the cuff was gone, and she discovered that the mooruk was the thief, its beak and being covered with the starch." The height of this bird is about five feet when standing erect.—*From Brehm's Animal life.*



THE HELMET CASSOWARY.

THE ARTILLERY FERN.

The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florists' green houses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seeds, be dipped into water and then held up to the light there soon commences a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross, too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess very rare and delicate beauty.—*Christian Union.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAMMA!

One idea was uppermost in three little minds when bedtime came on a certain 24th of December. Ethel thought of it first, but the younger ones quite agreed that very early in the morning they would get up and rush into their mother's room with the cry of "Merry Christmas."

"I suppose she won't mind," said Dora, who was the thoughtful one of the family; but the suggestion was scouted. When had mamma been known to "mind" her children going to her at all times? And it seemed such an ordinary, common-place sort of fashion to say "Merry Christmas" at the breakfast-table; they wanted some new way of giving their good wishes: and then Ethel had this lucky thought, and proposed that they should dress themselves quietly before nurse made her appearance, and be the first in the household to welcome the happy day.

The prospect was so charming, that it kept them awake for more than an hour after their usual time. "Oh, Ethel, suppose we should not wake till nurse comes," said Reggie, in an awe-struck whisper. It seemed indeed a distressing possibility.

"You had better go to sleep at once," replied Ethel, in her elder-sisterly way, which was copied a little from nurse. "If you don't, Reggie, I expect you will sleep on till breakfast."

It was a good advice, but neither giver nor receiver seemed able to profit by it. "Oh dear," sighed Dora, presently, "my eyes will not shut, at least they won't keep so. Nurse says sometimes thinking of running water, or counting a flock of sheep, sends one to sleep, but it is no use to me. I've counted sixty-three now, and I'm just as wide awake as ever."

Presently mamma came to give her usual good-night kiss. "All awake!" she said, looking round the nursery and at each little white bed. "What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing, mamma. It's only Christmas that keeps us awake."

"Then I am glad that it comes but once a year," said Mrs. Selwyn, smiling; then bidding them good-night again, she went away, wondering a little as a soft laugh came from the children. Of course they laughed with the consciousness of the secret which no one had found out.

I cannot tell you exactly when those three pairs of eyes closed; I can only say it happened at last, and also that before daylight next morning Ethel's had opened again, and she was tiptoeing to the other two beds with a "Get up, Dora," "Get up, Reggie." Softly and swiftly each little white-clad figure slipped to the ground, and then there began such a fumbling with buttons and strings, such work with curly heads, that it seemed surprising nurse (who slept in the adjoining room) did not hear them.

But at last they were dressed—after a fashion—and down the stairs they tripped to their mother's door, which Ethel opened gently, that they might peep in. No! she was not asleep, she was really thinking of her little children, and of how she might best train them to love and to follow Him who once came as a child to earth, when they ran forward with their glad shout of "Merry Christmas, mamma!"—*The Child's Companion.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAMMA!

TABLE MANNERS.

Everybody said that Fred was a bad boy at table. He spilt the salt, he upset his mug of milk, and he knocked over his glass of water. He found fault with whatever was set before him: the bread was too old, the soup too hot, the milk too rich. In fact, he never came to the table without grumbling about something, and making everybody uncomfortable. He clattered his knife and fork, and made faces. He talked loudly and acted so much like a little clown, that it made his father and mother very miserable. They had often to send him away, or punish him. At the same time he talked a great deal about what he would do when he was a man. He used to put on his father's hat and take his cane and strut about, just to see how it would seem to be a real man.

"I hope you won't spill your soup over your jacket when you're a real man," said his little sister.

"Men don't wear jackets," Fred answered, "That's all girls know about it."

One day, when his father was late to tea, Fred slipped into his place, and began to ask the other children what they would have, in a big voice.

Presently his father came in and took Fred's seat; but he was hardly seated before he astonished Fred by pushing his plate away and snarling out that he did'nt want any of that stuff. Then he twisted in his chair, and overturned a dish in his neighbor's lap. He cried out that he wanted to be helped to a big piece of cake. "Give me some marmalade, I tell you!" he roared; "I will have some; I won't eat my supper if I don't have it." And he began to eat with his mouth open. "Dipped toast," he cried, "I hate it." And he made such a horrible face that it almost caused Fred's hair to stand on end.

"He's acting just the same way you do, Fred," said one of the children.

From that time Fred began to mend his table manners He now behaves like a gentleman. He does not roar for what he wants. He does not make a mess on the table-cloth. He does not slop his milk about. He does not get spots on his clothes, or tipover backwards in his chair. You would never know but he was already a grown man.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Our Little Ones.*

A FAMILY MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We have a family missionary society of which I am president, Mr. S—— vice-president, Everett the secretary, and Gertie the treasurer, while Florence and the baby are honorary members. We have monthly meetings and a family box for collections. Everett conducts a paper called the *Missionary Gleaner*, and has prepared some editorials of which his parents are quite proud. The others have recitations, — except the baby,—and we sing of course. Now, I do not suppose our children are unusually bright, but we have really been surprised to see how much interest they take, and how well they succeed. I will send something which I prepared for Florence, and which she speaks with great gusto:

"There are many little children
Away across the sea
Who do not know that Jesus
Once died for them and me.
"What shall I do to help them?
I'll tell you in a minute:
For when you pass the box around
I'll put some pennies in it."

A MINISTER'S WIFE.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE BEST APPLICATION for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon and night.

THE TEMPERATE are the most luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Simms.*

HOW DOLLY LEARNED HER LESSON.

"Dolly!"

Mrs Miller waited somewhat impatiently for a response, but none came.

"Dorothea!"

Now, the young lady addressed was sitting in a cozy little bedroom, which bore unmistakable evidence that its owner was not the neatest individual in the world Dolly was bending, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, over the adventures of a no less interesting and high-born personage than "Ivanhoe," and it required a third summons from her mother to transport her from the horrors of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf to actual every-day life.

"Dorothea Miller!"

"Yes'm, I am coming."

Now, Dolly's face was usually a very pleasant one, but it must be confessed that it was rather a pouting little girl who stood beside Mrs. Miller a few minutes later.

"Is your room dusted and put in order, dear?" asked Mrs. Miller, glancing at "Ivanhoe," which Dolly still surveyed with longing eyes.

"No, mamma; I got to reading and forgot to dust it."

Mrs. Miller sighed wearily; her forgetful little daughter was a great trial to her energetic, wide-awake nature.

"You may as well put away your book at once, Dolly, for Bridget has gone home for a day or two to see her sister, who is sick, and I want you to take care of Toodles this morning. First you can wash the breakfast dishes and put them away, then put your own room *thoroughly* in order, and by that time I shall have to go to market, and you can play with Toodles till it is time for his nap. If I am not home by eleven, you can put him to sleep."

Down on the table went "Ivanhoe" with a bang, and Dolly turned crossly toward the pantry, slamming the door as she entered, and stepping on Hero's tail in a manner that brought that usually peaceable dog to his feet with a vicious growl that displayed two rows of gleaming teeth, and warned his little mistress not to vent her displeasure on him.

"I don't believe Rowena ever had to wash dishes because the cook's mother was sick," grumbled Dolly, making a great deal of unnecessary noise, and splashing as she dropped the silver into the pan of hot water "I'd just like to break every one of these hateful dishes; and I'd do it too, only papa would make me pay for them out of my Christmas money, and I want to buy a silver bangle with that. O dear! I'll never finish these dishes!"

But "never" is a long day; and in scarcely more than a half hour the dishes were put away, Dolly's room dusted, her clean clothes folded neatly away in the bureau drawer, and Dolly herself ready to amuse Toodles — otherwise Master Huntingdon Miller—till it was time to put him to sleep.

For a while Toodles was restless and noisy, insisting on Dolly's playing she was a horse, so that he could have the pleasure of driving her around the room with his new reins and whip; but presently he became so absorbed in his endeavors to discover what made his woolly dog bark, that Dolly, who was breathless from running, had a chance to rest for a moment.

"Ivanhoe" still lay on the sitting-room table, and the temptation was too strong. "Just to see how Rowena escapes from the castle, and then I won't read another word till I put Toodles to bed," said Dolly to herself, as she opened at the fascinating chapter, with the firm resolution to only read a few minutes.

The town clock was just chiming half-past eleven when Mrs. Miller, having finished her errands, came quietly up-stairs, expecting to find Toodles taking his nap, and Dolly ready to help her to prepare dinner; but as she passed the sitting-room door, she glanced in to see a sight calculated to exasperate the meekest woman in the world—which Mrs. Miller was not.

It had long been the ambition of Toodles' life to obtain possession of the ink that stood on his mother's writing-desk; and finding that Dolly was too deeply interested in reading to notice him, he had succeeded in lifting down the coveted treasure, and had conceived the delightful idea of dyeing all the animals in his Noah's Ark. Noticing the streams of ink that fell on the carpet, he had wiped them up with his dress, but finding that too small, was proceeding to use Dolly's silk handkerchief for a towel, when his mother's exclamation of displeasure startled both him and Dolly.

"Go into the cellar, Dorothea, and bring me a cup of milk to take out these stains; then turn on the hot water in the bath-room and give Toodles a thorough washing and put him to bed. Then come to me and give an account of these proceedings this morning."

Mrs. Miller was still working over her ruined carpet when Dolly came creeping in to tell the wretched little story of her carelessness and disobedience.

"Please take 'Ivanhoe,' mamma, and keep it till you think I deserve to finish it; and indeed I will truly try never to be so thoughtless again if you will forgive me this once," sobbed Dolly penitently.

"Yes, dear, I forgive you; and I think my little daughter has learned a lesson she will never forget," answered her mother gently.

Dolly is a woman now, but she has never forgotten that day's experience; and when her own little Dorothea is absent-minded, or forgetful, her mamma tells her of the day "when I was a little girl and let Uncle Huntingdon spill the ink."—*Presbyterian.*

"GRANDPA, YOU DO LOOK SWEET."

BY M. E.

Just think of it, dear Grandpapa,
This day belongs to me
My birthday 'tis—I'm four years old—
Last time I was but three.
And six small girls and five small boys
Are coming here to tea,
And you must be as beautiful
As ever you can be.

Teresa Grover's grandpapa
Has got no hair at all;
His head shines—though he's very nice—
Just like an iv'ry ball
And I guess she'll be awful s'prised,
And all those other girls,
And small boys too, when they see you
With lots of pretty curls.

For to my party you must come,
And help us play and laugh;
I wouldn't have a birthday, dear,
Unless I gave you half.
And you shall have the very best
Of everything to eat.
And now your hair is done, and, oh,
Grandpa, you do look sweet!

—*Harper's Young People.*

FAITH.

I am often reminded, in my daily intercourse with the little ones, of our Saviour's words, "Unless ye have faith as a little child."

A few months since the grandmother of the family quietly breathed her last in this world, and as the baby of the family, my little six-year-old niece, was being led from the room, I explained to her that we were not crying because dear mother had gone to Heaven, but because we would not have her with us any more. She immediately replied, in most cheering tones:—

"Oh, but you know, auntie, her *time* had come, and God sent for her; don't you know?" And then added, rather exultingly, "Oh *won't* you be *glad* when *our* time comes, auntie?"

I felt ashamed to think how how much stronger her faith was than mine. I often am reminded how true it is that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—*Word and Work.*

PRAY FOR HIM.—Gelele, King of Dahomey, is one of the bloodiest of tyrants. The Rev, T. W. Winfield, who had been endeavoring to re-establish a school at Whydah, recently received the following message from him: "The king wishes to inform you that his people cannot be allowed to read your book, and you cannot have a school here to teach the children about the white man's God. If you talk to the people about this book of yours, they will not worship the fetish, and we cannot do without fetish in this country. If you like to come here to trade, to sell cloth, and guns, and rum, we shall be glad; but we cannot have your book."

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Selected.*

WILLIE'S CARRIER-PIGEON.

Willie's father was a sea-captain, and sailed all over the world. When he came home from a long voyage one fall, among other things he brought Willie a carrier-pigeon. This is a bird that looks like the dove about our streets, only it has been taught to carry letters from place to place.

Willie was very fond of his pigeon, and loved it more than his dog or kitten. Often when he went to see his aunt, who lived a few miles away, he took the pigeon with him. Then he would send it back home with a letter for his mother.

Willie would tell his aunt what to write Then he would tie the letter around the bird's neck, and away it would fly toward home.

One day the pigeon got lost in a storm.

Willie had sent his bird home with a letter, not seeing the great black clouds that were filling the sky When his aunt came in from a neighbor's, she said, "Have you let the pigeon go, Willie!"

Willie told her it had just gone.

"I am afraid you have done wrong," said his aunt. "It sprinkles, and there will be a gale."

"Willie looked out and saw how dark it was. "I wish I could call him back," he said. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" But the bird was far away.

It flew over a large wood where there was a big boy hunting. The boy fired at the pigeon, but it flew on unhurt.

Then the wind and rain struck the bird, and drove it from its course. The poor little thing tried to keep on, but it was no use. It had to seek shelter among the limbs of a large tree.

The next day it cleared away, and Willie went home. The first words he said to his mother were, "Did my pigeon get home all safe?"

Then he saw by his mother's look that it had not come.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said, "what made me send it? Perhaps it has been blown out to sea." For the sea was not far away

All that day Willie would not be comforted His eyes were red with crying for his pet.

Before night, as he was standing in the door, looking up into the sky, he saw a bird flying toward him.

Was it his?

"Yes, it's mine, it's mine!" he cried. "O mother, my birdie's coming back!"

Nearer and nearer it came, till at last, weary from its journey, it nestled, panting, in Willie's arms.

Back from the wind and rain!
Birdie, lost, is found again!

And Willie never let his pigeon go out into another storm.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE BLOODTHIRSTY hate the upright: but the just seek his soul.—Prov. xxix, 10

INSTANT IN SEASON.

At one of the Friday night boys' meetings in the Tabernacle a lad of about sixteen years, an orphan boy, was the first to lead in prayer. His testimony, shortly afterwards, was noticed by all for its earnestness and words of encouragement to those just starting in Christian life, and seemed to come from one who was advanced in the way although it was but a year since he began. At the "after-meeting" he was observed to be busily engaged in leading the young inquirers to the Saviour, and in the last one to whom he spoke he showed an unusual interest. After the rest were gone we hastened to speak to one who seemed likely to make an excellent worker in the meetings, and with a heart full of interest he made plans for the next week's work. Sunday evening two boys came to one of the workers, and the elder said.

"Here's a boy that's found Jesus,"

"I am glad to hear that; and where was it that you found him?"

"Right here, sir, in the room," said the little fellow, earnestly; and then, in a hushed voice, he added, "and the boy that talked and prayed with me, and led me to Jesus, was killed Saturday morning."

Inquiries were made, and it was learned that the lad was coming to his work Saturday morning as usual, and becoming confused in some way, stepped in front of an approaching railway train and was instantly crushed to death.

Monday morning, as we stood by the side of that coffin, and looked upon the bruised and mangled form of that young disciple, we gathered therefrom a lesson of *instant* service. By the side of the dead, with bowed head, we prayed God that we might be faithful ever to the living, and withal came the thought, "It is well! His last night's work was for Christ, and it was well done. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"—*Little Christian.*

A PRAYER.

THE COMMAND.

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. v. 17, 18.

THE PROMISE.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—John xiv. 14.

THE THREATENING.

"Pour out thy fury upon the families that call not on thy name."—Jer. x. 25.

Lord, teach me to pray. Send thy Holy Spirit to take away my heart of stone, and to give me a new heart; that I may feel myself a sinner, and my need of Christ to be my Saviour. Wash away my sins in his precious blood; clothe me in the spotless robe of his righteousness; and, O Lord, sanctify me, by thy blessed Spirit, that I may be enabled to serve thee spiritually on earth, and be fitted for thy presence in glory. O make all sin hateful to me. Deliver me from the temptations of Satan, and an ensnaring world, and teach me to watch and pray against them. As my blessed Saviour left me an example, that I should follow his steps, may I oftentimes ask myself during the day, if thinking, how he would have thought;—if speaking, what he would have said;—or when acting, what he would have done. O teach me to love prayer, and to love to read and obey thy holy word. Bless all my friends with every needful blessing, especially with the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I thank thee for the blessings of health, and food, and clothing; but, above all, I desire to bless thee for the gift of a Saviour, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us. I ask every blessing in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has taught us to pray,—Our Father which art in heaven, &c. &c.—*The Religious Tract Society,*

PRAY, AND HANG ON.

A venturesome six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load.

When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a very steep hill.

"Yes, a little," said he, "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!"

The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray but do not hang on; some hang on but do not pray. The safe way and right way is to join prayer and labor, faith and works, zeal and patience, and so give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.

SHELLS.

There, I have just tipped over my shells again! I will pick them up one by one, and put them back in the basket. They remind me of many a pleasant ramble I've had on the seashore and the lake-side, where I have gathered them from time to time.

Each one, too, has a little story about itself to tell. Shall I write down some of the stories of these children of the water? I think you will like to read them.

Here is one of the bivalves. It is in two pieces joined by a hinge, like an oyster-shell. It wears a shining dress of many colors But I must let the univalves speak first; for they have smaller mouths than bivalves, and cannot talk so fast.

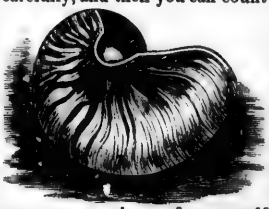
Here is one that says, "I am the shell of the snail, a tiny animal that built me little by little, as he grew. He belonged to a large family. He had cousins on the land, and cousins on the sea, but could not travel far to visit them and he carried me with him wherever he went.

"When he saw any thing that he was afraid of, he would draw his head and foot under me very quickly, and cling close to my side. He spent most of his life under the lily-pads in a lake. Sometimes he would take a short journey up the stem of the lily, to where the great leaf rested on the water; then he would turn and have a ride on the ripples, using me as a boat. One morning a giant bird, called a crane, made his breakfast of the snail, and I was left empty on the shore."

"That is a good story," says this shining coil, "for the shell of a fresh water snail I am the shell of one of his cousins who lived in the deep sea. I am a thicker and harder shell, and my colors are far brighter..

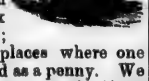
"My home was among the seaweeds, and the waves were my carriage. I rode often to the bright sand on the beach, where my snail roamed with me at will. But we ventured, one day, too far from the water, and were left behind. My snail died, and I was put in your basket I should rather be in the sea.

"And so should I," says the shell that I next take up; "for I was the queen of all the shells. I lived in the warm, sunny waters, near the land where the palm-tree grows. I have a great many cells lined with pearl. They were made by a brave little boatman named Nautilus, who grew so fast that he needed a larger room every year. You will break me, some day, if you don't handle me more carefully, and then you can count



my rooms, and see for yourself that my story is true."

"How do you do?" says a dainty white shell, not very pretty, but plain and neat. "I am the money-cowry. Members of my family are carried about and used for money in some countries. We are sought for like silver and gold. You may not think much of us here; but there are places where one cowry is as good as a penny. We are prized for our worth, if not for our beauty."



The shell that I now take up is one of the limpet family. I pulled it off a rock one day after the tide went out. It is beginning to talk. This is what it says: "I know all about limpets, for I am a limpet-shell; and I [illegible] to tell you that limpets and children are very much alike in some things.

"A limpet will often cling to a homely weed or stick until its shell grows into the same ugly shape. Just so a child will sometimes be spoiled by clinging to a bad habit. Limpets have eyes, as well as children, and should know better."

With these wise remarks from the limpet the talk of the shells ended for the day. I had not time to let the bivalves say a word. The pearl-oyster and many others wanted to speak; but they submitted quietly while I put them all back in the basket.—*The Nursery.*

SON, go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matthew xxi. 28.

CHARLIE'S PRESENT.

Charlie's father had been gone a whole week, and Charlie had tried very hard to be good, and do all his chores well and promptly. Living on a farm many things had to be done which required a great deal of patience, and as Charlie's father said before leaving, "Boys at ten years of age were not always faithful in doing chores." Charlie had tried harder than ever to succeed this time, and his mother had told him, the day before his father came home, that everything had been done properly and in order, which made Charlie happy.

Little Max, his youngest brother, was a constant care to his mother. He was three years old, and just the right age to be up to all kinds of mischief. Charlie was very patient with Max, and tried hard to do all he could to amuse him, and in the evening Charlie would take him on his knee, and make funny shadows on the wall, until Max would laugh in high glee, and try his own chubby little fingers at making shadows.

One evening Charlie made the shadow of a rabbit, and Max wanted to take it in his hand. Charlie tried to explain why he could not, but it did not seem to satisfy Max, and the last words he said before going to bed were, "I can take him in the morning, can't I, Charlie?"

In the evening, Charlie's father came home, and was quite pleased to hear how well Charlie had done all things intrusted to his care, besides being helpful to his mother in taking so much care of little Max.

"I have brought you a present, Charlie," said his father, "and if you will go out to the waggon, you will find a large basket which you may bring in."

Charlie started at a quick pace, but before he got half way to the waggon, he thought he heard a scratching noise. Yes, there it was again. When he lifted the basket out of the waggon, thump against the cover of the basket went something which made Charlie come very near dropping the basket. Charlie wondered what it could be, it was so heavy. When he reached the house his mother opened the door, and as he set his basket on the floor, his father untied the cover of the basket, and out jumped a beautiful white rabbit.

Charlie was delighted, he had wished so many, many times for a rabbit. Charlie found a box, and made a nice bed for Bunny, and after seeing him safely tucked away for the night, Charlie went to bed to dream of the nice times they would have together. In the morning Charlie's first thought was of Bunny. Quickly dressing himself, he came down stairs and looking into the box found Bunny gone. Charlie hunted high and low, but without success. At last, little Max came down stairs, and after hearing the story of Bunny's flight, tried to help in the hunt for him.

"'Spose him on the wall, Charlie, I go see," said Max, and off he toddled, which made them all laugh, and Max, not liking to be laughed at, slipped into the corner where hung his father's overcoat, and in trying to pull a part of it over his face, the coat fell to the floor, when out jumped Bunny from one of the pockets, which caused Max to laugh heartily, and when Charlie caught Bunny and gave him to Max, his joy knew no bounds, and with a satisfied look at Charlie, he said, "I can take him now, Charlie, 'cause he is so tired staying on the wall," and as Charlie always shared his little pet with Max, they enjoyed many happy hours together.—*Irene Lunt in Household,.*

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools some time ago. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of about seven years, had in their play of bat and ball broken one of the neighbors' windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports—to the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one could see, and there was no one present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose in his seat, and said—

"Miss Low, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Jones' window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the whole," said another boy rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my share."

"And I," "And I," said several voices.

A thrill of pleasure ran through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

At the close of the last century, a poor fisherman named Shumarhoff lived near the mouth of the Lena River, which flows through the cold Siberian country and is lost in the icy waters of the Arctic Sea In the summer, he plied his vocation on the sea-coast, and during the long winter lived far up the river, where it was, perhaps, a little warmer. It is safe to say that Shumarhoff would never have made a great noise in the world—in fact, would never have been heard of—had it not been for a wonderful discovery he made while coming down the river one spring. The river-banks of this cold country are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which, viewed from the sea or river, look exactly as if they had been built by man. In the summer, these strange formations are free from snow, and to a depth of ten feet are soft; but below this they are continually frozen, and have been for untold ages. They are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

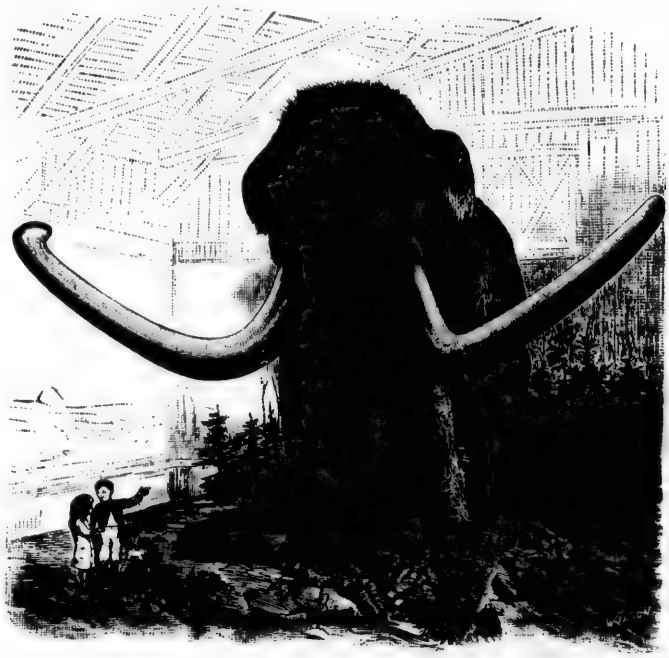
It was before such a mound that our fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, so many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow-fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on close inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years,* more or less; but so well was it preserved, that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years later the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the mammoth where it originally fell, but much torn by animals, especially by the white bears and foxes. The massive skeleton, however, was entire, with the exception of one fore leg, while all the other bones were still held together by the ligaments and flesh, as if the animal had been dead only a few weeks. The neck was still covered by a long mane of reddish wool, and over thirty pounds more of the same colored wool or hair were collected by the scientist from the adjacent sand, into which it had been trodden by bears and other animals of prey. In this condition the mammoth with the tusks, which were repurchased in Jakutsk, was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Our illustration depicts this very specimen, representing it as it appeared when alive and moving along with ponderous tread through the scanty woodland of the northern countries. Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And, as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

Imagine the spectacle of a large herd of these mighty creatures rushing along over the frozen ground, the reverberation of their tread sounding like thunder. When enraged, their wild, headlong course must have been one of terrible devastation. Large trees were but twigs to these giants of the north, and everything must have given way before them.

Tusks of this animal had been discovered previous to Shumarhoff's find, and have been found since in such great quantities that vessels go out for the sole purpose of collecting them. Eschscholtz Bay, near Behring Strait, is a famous place for them, and numbers have also been found in England. It is stated that the fishermen of Happisburgh have dredged up over two thousand mammoth teeth during the past twelve years—a fact showing that a once favorite resort, or perhaps burying-ground, of these great creatures, is now covered by the ocean. In the cliffs of Northern Alaska remains of the mammoth are often seen, and the New Siberian Islands recently visited by the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjold, are liberally supplied with these, as well as remains of other and equally interesting extinct and fossil animals. The mammoth was so called from a curious belief among the Siberians that this enormous animal lived in caverns under the ground, much after the fashion of a mole. Many of the tusks and bones were found buried in the frozen earth, and it was the natural conclusion that the animal lived there when alive. They believed it could not bear the light of day; and so dug out with its tusks great tunnels in the earth.—*St. Nicholas.*



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

* According to Sir William Logan, from five hundred thousand to one million years ago.

THREE BLACK RATS.

The Rev. J. Yeames tells an anecdote of a drunkard reclaimed by the curious means of a dream. The dream was of three black rats; one was a fat one, the second a blind one, and the third a poor lean one. The man could not get the dream out of his head, and at length his son gave him the interpretation of it in this wise:—The fat rat was the publican, the blind one was the father, the victim of drink, and the poor one was the family, the prey of misery and want.—*The Freeman.*

WHOEVER searches the biographies of our most eminent and useful men and women, will be surprised to find how many of them got their best start in life in the way in which, early in life, they were moved to spend their winter evenings.—*Congregationalist.*

LEGEND OF THE ELEPHANT.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or waggons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulties they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied:

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could never reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather reluctantly. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a brass gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the brass gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or leaning against the trees and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.—*St. Nicholas.*

A SAVAGE PAIR.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SNAKES?

C. C. Hopey, in his very interesting work on "Snakes," writes of their usefulness as follows:

"Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, 'What is the use of them?' In one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of 'going on their belly,' lies one of their great uses, because that, together with internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die, and produce pestilence.

"Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, etc, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limit while the latter perform their part among the lesser creatures.

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

Last autumn, I saw an oak-tree bearing what seemed to be small brown apples. I picked one of these, split it, and found that it was a woody ball, with hollow thorns which reached to its centre and stuck out their points beyond the rind. In each thorn was a grub, or else a small fly.

Afterward, I found out that the fly is called "Saw-fly," because of a little saw which it has, and that, in the spring, it finds its way out through the tip of the thorn, which the winter storms manage to snap off.

Once free, the saw-fly alights on some juicy branch of an oak-tree, and in this cuts a groove with its saw, and lays eggs. Then it pours into the groove a magic fluid which makes the branch change its way of growing; for now it swells into a lump, inclosing the eggs, which it wraps in cases. As the eggs grow and change to grubs, the cases become long and pointed, and the grubs feed on the woody centre of the lump. There they live, safe and undisturbed, until the time comes for them to to turn to flies and begin work in the open air.

The picture shows just the look and size of the branch, the fruit, the grub in the fruit, and the saw-fly; and at the foot are a grub and a fly drawn large to show them clearly.

Branches of the trees, with the galls on, may be gathered while the insects are yet in the first stages, and, if the stems are put into a phial of water, under a glass shade, the galls may be kept until the perfect insect comes forth.

Now, when you find an oak-tree, this fall, with these apples, or gall-nuts growing on it, you will have a chance to look into the matter, and see if all this is exactly so.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstacy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace under-ground. A great many people came into the garden then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunchbacked, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain and began to wish.

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

"'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

"'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds and she wished again.

"'I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags and never have good times, could came here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

"'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"'I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own."

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it was well it was lost. When one has many wishes some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

TURTLE'S EGGS.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

When little Gertie and Ruth were at their grandma's in the country last summer, they saw something that they never saw before.

What do you think it was? I don't suppose you could guess if you tried a week, so I will tell you.

One day their Uncle Peter came in with a lot of small, round, white eggs, a little larger than the pretty glass marbles you have to play with.

He had them in his hat, and called to the little girls to come and see them.

They dropped their tins—for they were making mud pies—and started for their uncle. They looked at the small white eggs, and wondered what kind of eggs they were.

"These are turtle's eggs," said Uncle Peter.

"Was the old turtle on the nest when you found them?" asked the children.

At this question he was very much amused, and you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when he told them that his hired man had ploughed them out of the soft earth, back of the barn, not far from the creek.

Uncle Peter broke one of the eggs, and in it was a little turtle, perfect even to the "house on its back."

There were fifty-six eggs in all. Only think, if the eggs had not been disturbed, what a band of little turtles would have found their way to the creek!

The mother turtle scoops out with her hind feet a hollow in the sand or dry earth, in which she lays her eggs, and the heat of the sand or earth hatches them. She never gives herself any trouble about her children, and they take care of themselves as soon as they come out of the sand.

The children's uncle told them of the different varieties of turtles, and that some of them were used for food.

They listened with the closest attention, and when he had finished they scampered off. Gertie to finish their baking, and Ruth to "get the turtle soup going for dinner."—*Zion's Herald.*

If I Have Faith in Christ, I shall love him; if I love him, I shall keep his commandments; if I do not keep his commandments, I do not love him, I do not believe in him.—*Thomas Adam.*

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

One of those prying fellows, the naturalists, has been bringing queer live things from more than half a mile deep in the ocean, where there are no voices, and the day is almost as dark as the night. Of course, he himself did not go down for them, but he sank a dredge, or open-mouthed bag, fastened to a rope, and dragged it along the bottom. The things shown in the picture came up in this dredge, not very long ago.

The lower of the two beautiful filagree marvels is a sponge, and its stalk is a bundle of about three hundred threads of glassy stuff called silica. Indeed, this material glistens as if it were in reality the finest spun-glass; and, although the silvery web is so delicate, it is able to withstand the tremendous pressure of the water all about it. The other sponge, with its spreading roots, has been dragged out of the mud and is floating in the water. Those too-many-legged shrimps once frolicked about in their cold, sunless, soundless home, among myriads of just such lovely forms as these.—*St Nicholas.*

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

FURS USED FOR LADIES' CLOAKS

Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*, gives the following information as to whence the skins used for lining ladies' cloaks are derived. Fur lined cloaks are now quite abundant and fashionable. The skins used as linings are of various kinds. The commonest of all is white rabbits': these are not English, but imported from Lissa, Poland, where they are dressed by the furriers, and manufactured into linings for cloaks. It is not certain whether these skins are from wild or tame rabbits. As many thousand skins are annually used, it is very probable that they are rabbits bred for the purpose. Besides rabbit skins, many cloaks are lined with what are called "squirrel bellies." These are literally bellies of squirrels, These animals are skinned in a peculiar manner so as to make the most of the fur. The squirrels used for this purpose are of various kinds and prices. The most expensive squirrel is the Siberian squirrel, The general color of this is blue, some light blue, some dark blue; the dark blue are the most valuable, particularly if it is void of the red stripe down the back. These squirrels are killed by thousands in Siberia. they are mostly shot with a small bullet. Those from Sweden and Norway are caught in traps, probably pitfalls baited with food; they are also intercepted when in the act of migrating. The Swedish squirrels are very large. Some of the squirrel skins are of a red color; these are the same squirrel in the summer dress. Squirrels are also imported in large numbers, especially from Kasan, in Russia, but they are rather inferior to other sorts. There are various modes of dressing squirrel skins. The Russian skins are pickled in salt, and in consequence are apt to feel damp in wet weather. They do very well in Russia, as the weather there is always dry. In this country the skins are dressed with butter or lard, and it is a remarkable thing that the Russian furriers cannot use butter dressed skins, because in Russia the skins thus prepared become quite hard in very cold weather. For years past the trade of dressing squirrel skins has had its head-quarters in Saxony, principally at the town of Weissenfels. Leipsic is celebrated for its fur market, especially at Easter, when the great fair takes place From Leipsic furs are sent to China, Russia, Turkey, Greece, etc.,—in fact, all over the world. Large numbers of common wild rabbit skins and silver grays are exported from England for use in Russia. Cats are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; it is possible that they are fed on fish The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet black color is worth half a guinea. The Dutch cat killers have a most peculiar and clever way of killing their cats. It is a fallacy to suppose that cats are skinned alive. In the first place, to skin a cat when alive would be utterly impossible; and secondly, it does not make any difference in the quality of the skin. The origin of the fallacy is probably that a cat is easier skinned immediately after death than if allowed to become rigid. It is very remarkable how fashions set by English ladies influence wild and tame animals even in the most distant parts of the world. It is fortunate that ladies have made cats fashionable, as at last some use is found for these animals, which, being untaxed, are so abundant that any night and in any weather cats—many of them half starved—swarm in the London streets, and the poorer the neighborhood the more abundant are the cats.

CELLULOID.

The *Journal of the British Dental Association* quotes from *Le Progres Dentaire* a description of the process carried out at a factory near Paris for the production of celluloid.

A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and is at the same time saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two of nitric, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into pyroxyline (gun cotton). The excess of acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed: it is then reduced to pulp, and passes on to the bleaching trough. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from 20 to 40 percent of its weight of camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated under millstones. The necessary coloring matter having been added in the form of a powder, a second mixing and grinding follows. The finely divided pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated from one another by sheets of thick blotting paper, and are subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres until all traces of moisture have been got rid of. The plates thus obtained are broken up and soaked for twenty-four hours in alcohol. The matter is then passed betwen rollers heated to between 140° and 150° Fah., whence it issues in the form of elastic sheets. Celluloid is made to imitate amber, tortoiseshell, coral, malachite, ebony, ivory, etc., and besides its employment in dentistry is used to make mouthpieces for pipes and cigar holders, handles for table knives and umbrellas, combs, shirt fronts and collars and a number of fancy articles.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE APE.

A HINDU FABLE.

An elephant named Grand Tusk and an ape name Nimble were friends.

Grand Tusk observed, "Behold how big and powerful I am!"

Nimble cried in reply, "Behold how agile and entertaining I am!"

Each was eager to know which was really superior to the other, and which quality was the most esteemed by the wise.

So they went to Dark Sage, an owl that lived in an old tower, to have their claims discussed and settled.

Dark Sage said, "You must do as I bid that I may form an opinion."

"Agreed," said both.

"Then," said Dark Sage, "cross yonder river, and bring me the mangoes on the great tree beyond."

Off went Grand Tusk and Nimble, but when they came to the stream, which was flowing full, Nimble held back; but Grand Tusk took him up on his back, and swam across in a very short time. Then they came to the mango-tree, but it was very lofty and thick. Grand Tusk could neither touch the fruit with his trunk, nor could he break the tree down to gather the fruit. Up sprang Nimble, and in a trice let drop a whole basketful of rich ripe mangoes. Grand Tusk gathered the fruit up into his capacious mouth, and the two friends crossed the stream as before.

"Now," said Dark Sage, "which of you is the better? Grand Tusk crossed the stream, and Nimble gathered the fruit."

Each thing in its place is best.

GOOD MANNERS.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's self altogether The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishment, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy.

DO IT NOW

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you can do
Some other time. The present is
For doing what's before you.

PHOEBE CARY.

HOW TO GET RICH.

There are two ways to get rich—the right way and the wrong way; the easy way and the impossible way, the common way and the rare way. And of course the wrong and impossible way is the common way

To be rich is to have all the money you want, is it not? And the common way of trying to get rich is to try to get money enough for one's wants. The ineradicable and unconquerable difficulty in this way is that the wants always grow faster than the money pile. You want to be rich enough to hire a horse and buggy, when you begin to hire, you want to own a horse, when you drive your own horse, you want to own a span; when you have a span, you want a pony for the children. A hundred millions ought to be a comfortable competence; but Mr. Vanderbilt has lately been a large borrower of money When a man buys railways as other men buy horses, he may be in straitened circumstances though he has fifty millions in U. S bonds. The more money a man has the poorer he is, if he has not learned to moderate his desires as well as to accumulate his supplies. Baron Munchausen's horse, cut in two by the descending gate as his rider was escaping from the castle, drank unceasingly at the spring by the roadside, to the amazement of his rider, till looking back he discovered that the unfortunate beast was cut off just behind the saddle, and that the water he was taking in in front was running out behind. An insatiable spirit is worse than Baron Munchausen's horse; the more it drinks the thirstier it grows.

The only way to be rich is to keep one's desires within his income. If one wants what five cents can buy, and he has ten cents, he is wealthy A bright dime to a street arab is greater wealth than a thousand dollars to a merchant prince. The right way to be rich is never to want what you cannot buy; then you always have as much money as you want. This is the easy way. No man can regulate the contents of his purse; every man can regulate the quality of his desires. Capital is not within every man's attainment; contentment is. He is wealthy who has learned two arts; first, how to be contented with what he can get; second, how to use what he has. Abraham Lincoln had a better library in the single coverless book which he read by the light of the pitch-pine knots in the Kentucky cabin than the man who has lined the walls of what he ironically calls his library with calfskin bindings at so much a square foot. It is always easy to have plenty of money; spend less than you earn. It is always easy to have all the money you want; want less than you have. The cases of actual suffering from cold, nakedness or hunger are in this country very rare In all other cases Paul's prescription for wealth is the best that was ever devised: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. The lesson he learned in prison in Rome is worth all the lessons taught in college—business or otherwise—since the world began: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.—*Christian Union*

A BOY TAKES HIS TURN.

IT MAY BE FUN FOR THE DOGS.

Did any of our young readers ever see a dog running through the street with a tin-kettle tied to his tail? If so, were the boys chasing, and throwing stones at him? Were they laughing and enjoying the sport? Perhaps they did not think how the dog was worried and frightened, and how much pain he felt by the tightness of the cord around his tail, and by the bouncing of the pail sometimes striking him on the back, and sometimes catching against a lamp-post or waggon-wheel, and throwing him down In the picture the artist endeavors to show how it would be when the boy and dog change places.

"CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY."

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

Two colored women stand talking in the street. At length they separate with a taunting word from one, who calls the other "a slave to work." A quick retort comes from the lips of the other, "No, no. I am no slave. I am free, soul and body." A business man hurries by, oppressed with toil and care, but the words just spoken arrest his attention for the moment. He turns back a step or two and asks the woman what she means by saying she is "free, soul and body" She replies, "O sir, I mean that I have no master but Jesus, and He has made me free, soul and body" "God bless you, my good woman, your words remind me that I, too, belong to that kind master God bless you again." And they part, both again to care and toil, but each with renewed courage. The chord of Christian sympathy was struck between them, and in some way it seemed like a bugle blast heard in the thick of the fight, thrilling the heart and nerving the arm. Bless God for the communion of saints.—*Christian at Work.*

A FLY'S MOUTH.

If you examine a common fly under the microscope as he alights upon a piece of sugar, you will see unfolded from the under surface of the head a long organ which looks quite like another leg. It is really his under lip, and is beautifully adapted for licking up fluids and for scratching solids also, being rough like a file. This organ expands at the end into a fan shape, and is supported on a firm tubular frame-work acting as a set of springs to open and shut the fan. When a fly alights on the hand or face in the heat of summer, to sip the perspiration which oozes through the pores of the skin, the movement of this little file causes a tickling sensation.—*Selected.*

A NOBLE REPLY

A boy was once tempted by his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you. "For that very reason," replied the boy, "I ought not to touch them; for though my father may not hurt me, my disobedience would hurt my father."

KINGLY CONDESCENSION

Louis IX. of France was found instructing a poor kitchen-boy; and being asked why he would do so, replied, "The meanest person, hath a soul as precious as my own, and bought with the same blood of Christ."

JOHN BUNYAN'S readiness to give an answer to those who questioned his right to use his great gifts, is seen in the following anecdote related in the words of his friend Charles Doe: As Mr. Bunyan was upon the road near Cambridge, there overtakes him a scholar that had observed him preaching and said to him, "How dare you preach, seeing you have not the original and are no scholar?" Then said Mr. Bunyan; "Have you the original?" "Yes," said the scholar. "Nay, but," said Mr. Bunyan, "have you the very selfsame original copies that were written by the penmen of the Scriptures, the prophets and apostles themselves?" "No," said the scholar, "but we have the true copies." "How do you know that?" said Mr. Bunyan. "How?" said the scholar, "how? Why we believe that what we have is a true copy of the original." "Exactly," said Mr. Bunyan," and so I believe that our English Bible is a true copy of the original." Then away went the scholar.—*Christian Herald.*

THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

There was a Sultan of the East
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;
A marvel of the donkey-kind,
That much perplexed his owner's mind.
By turns he moved a rod ahead,
Then backed a rod or so instead.
And thus the day would pass around,
The Sultan gaining little ground.
The servants on before would stray
And pitch their tents beside the way,
And pass the time as best they might
Until their master hove in sight.
The Sultan many methods tried:
He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied,
And stripped a dozen trees, at least,
Of branches, to persuade the beast.
But all his efforts went for naught;
No reformation could be wrought,
At length, before the palace gate
He called the wise men of the state,
And bade them now their skill display
By finding where the trouble lay.
With solemn looks and thoughts profound,
The men of learning gathered 'round,
The beast was measured o'er with care;
They proved him by the plumb and square,
The compass to his ribs applied,
And every joint by rule was tried;
But nothing could the doctors find
To prove he differed from his kind.
Said they: "Your Highness! It appears
The beast is sound from hoof to ears;
No outward blemishes we see
To limit action fair and free.
In view of this the fact is plain
The mischief lies within the brain.
Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,
A sail upon his back you fix,
Of goodly size, to catch the breeze
And urge him forward where you please."
The Sultan well their wisdom praised.
Two masts upon the beast were raised,
And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,
With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,
In proper shape equipped was he,
As though designed to sail the sea!
And when the Sultan next bestrode
The beast upon a lengthy road,
With favoring winds that whistled strong
And swiftly urged the craft along,
The people cleared the track with speed;
And old and young alike agreed
A stranger sight could not be found,
From side to side the province round.

—*Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas*

DANGER CLIFF.

There was once a gentleman, it is said, who was very wealthy. He had a large family of beautiful children; and he loved his wife and sons and daughters very dearly; and daily he would have his coachman take them out to ride.

Away they would go through country and city, and forest and park. But near one of the pleasantest drives there was a deep chasm, and its sides were rocky and steep, so that to go too near it would be almost certain death.

But the coachman would often see how close he could drive to the edge of the abyss without dashing his precious load to destruction. This he continued to do day after day; though he did not mean any harm. He only wanted to show how near he could come to danger and yet escape. But one day he came just a little nearer, when in an instant he became dizzy as he looked down into the dark chasm, and whirled from his high seat and was gone.

But horses, coach and family all escaped and came safely home.

Then another coachman must be found; and the gentleman sent word all about, and advertised for a good, safe, skilful man. And many came and he questioned them, each by himself, in order to get the right one.

"How near can you drive to Danger Cliff"—so that chasm was called—"without driving over?" asked the gentleman of the first who came.

"Ah, your honor, it's not every coachman that can do the likes o' me. Sure, I've driven as near as your finger's bridth minny's the time, and 'twas as the sim as though 'twas a mile or more. I've niver hurt a hair o' the hid."

"You may pass out," was the answer. "I do not wish your services."

Then came another, and he was asked the same question about driving near the chasm. And he said he could come within six inches, but feared to go nearer.

"I do not wish you," was said, and he passed out, wondering how near the gentleman wanted his coachman to drive to this place of danger.

So they came and went, till one answered:

"Sir, I think I could drive very near, even to the edge, if necessary; but I always make it a point to keep as far away as I can."

"And you are the very man I wish, sir. Keep far away from that and all other dangers as you drive the coach about the country. Remember, my family are in your keeping, and for their sakes, as well as for your own, do not take one risk unless you must."

Many's the boy who has said:

"I'm not afraid to taste cider, or beer, or wine, just this once. I know where to go, and where not to go, and what I can stand. And I don't need any pledge. And if I want to smoke a cigar, I can smoke one, and there stop. And I can read one bad book, and no more, if I set my heart upon it. And I can spend an hour with Jim Brown and not swear, even if he does. What's the use of a fellow's going to excess every time? Why can't he have a little of these things, even if they are not quite so good, and stop just where one wants to?"

Yes, but nine chances to one, the boy will keep coming nearer and nearer to Danger Cliff, and then in an instant his head will whirl, and over he will go and disappear in darkness forever.

Yes, but who ever plunged over Danger Cliff who kept as far away from it as possible?

Keep far away from every Danger Cliff.—*The Pansy.*

SEEING THE GOSPEL.

"Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" asked a missionary at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not seen in his mission room before.

"No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you and curse you for two days and two nights, without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good!"—*Word and Work.*

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

IN A CHURCH AT LUBECK IS THIS INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL

You call Me the Master . . . . and you do not question Me.
You call Me the Light . . . . and you do not look to Me.
You call Me the Way . . . . and you do not follow Me.
You call Me the Life . . . . and you do not wish for Me.
You call Me the Wise . . . . and you give Me no attention.
You call Me the Fair . . . . and you love Me not.
You call Me Rich . . . . and you ask Me nothing.
You call Me the Everlasting . . . . and you seek Me not.
You call Me the Merciful . . . . and you trust Me not.
You call Me the Noble . . . . and you serve Me not.
You call Me the Almighty . . . . and you honor Me not.
You call Me the Righteous . . . . and you fear Me not.
I condemn you . . . . and you cannot blame Me.

—*Sunday at Home*

THE SWEARER CURED.

A gentleman once heard a man swearing most dreadfully, in the presence of a number of his companions. The gentleman told him that it was both a wicked and a cowardly thing to swear so; especially in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man boastfully replied that he was not afraid to swear, at any time, or in any place.

"I'll give you a sovereign," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths there, when you are alone with God, as you have just uttered here."

"Agreed," said the man; "it's an easy way of earning a sovereign."

"Well; come to me to-morrow, and say that you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; the hour of midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a dark night. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard. All was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "Alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had done, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like the lightning's flash.

He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees; and, instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done, and said that, by God's help, he would never swear another oath as long as he lived. There is hope that this event led to his becoming "a new creature in Christ Jesus."—*S. S. Messenger.*

NINE BOYS applied, not long since, for a situation in a commission house, where the proprietor is not a Christian. He selected the one who was a regular attendant at church and Sabbath-school, saying: "Such boys rarely turn out to be rascals."

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.—Prov. 28: 26.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

OR, A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

As a further illustration of Mr. Morwood's Dog Story," given in our June number, a correspondent sends us the following singular narrative related to him by a Canadian missionary some years ago:—

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of a respectable farmer who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow—a very amiable and pious woman—and three children to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off, except a little furniture. After the sale was over, I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy.

"'O no,' she said, 'not unprotected—far from it! You forget,' she continued, with a mournful smile, 'that I am now under the special protection of Him who careth for the fatherless and the widow, and I feel quite confident that He will protect us.'

"And He did protect them, and that very night, too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful and, I may add, miraculous manner.

"The farmhouse was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard in the pauses of the tempest some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently The maid was a determined and resolute girl, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw, through the open door, two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated. and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelping of the noble animal that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till the widow could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening at the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

"They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time, before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk at full length beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which, nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward.

"They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. They could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale.—*British Workman.*

DRAWING LESSON.

From Sir Edwin Landseer's painting. In outline by Mr. Harrison Weir as a drawing lesson for the young.

CARELESS TOMMY.

Tommy Lee was a very careless little boy. His mother often told him that he must not leave his playthings about the room, but must put them away in the closet when he had finished playing with them. But Tommy did not mind. He would run off to play in the yard, leaving his toys on the floor or the table for his mother or sister to pick up and put away.

"We must cure Tommy of this fault," said his mother, "but I do not know how to do it. He doesn't seem to mind being punished in the least."

On his birthday Tommy's father gave him a box of lead soldiers, with a little cannon, and a handful of small peas for cannon balls. His mother gave him a pretty silk ball, and his sister gave him a china mug with a wreath of flowers painted on it. Tommy was very happy. He had a fine time shooting down the soldiers and bounding the ball, and he liked to drink out of his pretty mug.

At first he was very careful to put his new toys away as soon as he grew tired of playing with them. But one day, when he had all his soldiers out of the box, and was shooting them down, a little boy came to ask him to help make a snow man in the yard, and off ran Tommy, leaving his soldiers on the table, his ball on the floor, and his pretty mug on a chair.

When he came back an hour later under the table lay Towser, gnawing something that had once been bright and pretty, but was now all in pieces and very wet.

"What have you there, Towser?" asked Tommy, and he crawled under the table to see. He began to cry when he saw that it was the silk ball which Towser had.

"Why didn't somebody put my ball away?" he asked.

"That is something you must always do for yourself," said his mother.

As Tommy came out from under the table he stepped on something hard. It was a red-coated soldier. All the rest of the soldiers were on the floor too, and all were broken.

"You have all been treading on my soldiers," said Tommy, crying harder.

Just then Tommy's little sister crawled over to the chair on which lay the mug. She grasped it with her baby hands, it fell and with a loud crash broke into twenty pieces.

Poor Tommy! He cried until he had no tears to shed. But he had learned a good lesson, for he never again left his toys about the room.—*Household.*

CAPTAIN BOXALL'S SUGGESTION.

Captain Boxall had lived many years in India, where it is understood Europeans look on the natives very much as children, who do not know how to do anything until they are told the way. Since he had returned to his native village, where he had settled down to spend the remainder of his days, he had gone on treating the people there in just the same manner. He could not pass a lad in the street spinning his top without asking him why he did not wrap the string round in some different way. For it was a peculiarity of Captain Boxall's suggestions that they were always novel; in fact just the very contrary of what anybody else would have thought of. He was encouraged in his habit by the only person who lived with him, his maiden sister. In everything that happened she turned first of all to him and asked, "What do you suggest, Captain Boxall?"

Late one night there came a sudden knock on Captain Boxall's door; and before he could reach it the door opened and the grinning face of a neighbor was thrust in.

"Captain!" the neighbor said, "there is a thief in your woodshed! I have turned the key on him, so you have got him safe."

The Captain's sister, who had begun to scream at hearing the words "thief," rallied on learning that he was in the distant woodshed, not inside the house. Facing round, she said, "Captain Boxall, what do you suggest?"

Certainly here was a case where the need for counsel had come closely home.

"Well," replied the Captain, trying to be prompt, though all his habitual briskness was not quite forthcoming, "anybody could suggest the police. It must be something very different to that if the thief is to be reformed." Taking up a lantern, he bade the still grinning neighbor to go home. "I shall know how to deal with the case," he added.

And it was very likely that he would know, for Captain Boxall's heart was right, if his head was rather flighty.

When half-way down the dark yard, his sister, standing at the door, saw, by means of the illumination of the lantern her brother carried, that he knelt down in the open air and prayed. This was not a bad preliminary.

"He is asking God's blessing on his suggestion," Miss Boxall said.

Turning the key back, the captain passed into the woodshed, and there he found the thief crushed up close against the wall, trembling in every limb, and with a face as white as that of a ghost. On the ground beside him, tied fast with rope, ready for carrying away, lay a large bundle of wood.

"Ah, my friend," began the captain, "this is a late visit. Why did you not come earlier? You might have visited us during the day at a better hour. But come with me; I will show you the way into the house," turning about with the lantern.

The thief evidently could not believe his own ears. He stood stockstill rooted to the spot. But on the captain, who had walked straight toward the open door, repeating, "Come, do not keep us both out in the cold here," he had to follow. But Captain Boxall spoke again. He saw that the thief had, as might have been looked for, left the bundle of wood behind him. "Nay," he said, "I beg you to bring the wood with you." The thief shook his head, but would not touch the bundle. "You must bring it," continued the captain. "It is not mine. Make haste with it."

"It is yours," was the man's stammering answer.

"No, it is God's. He only lent it to me. Do you not know the eighth commandment?"

"More and more bewildered grew the thief; large beads of sweat oozed out on his white face. But the captain stood there, firm and unyielding. At length the man had to take up the load and totter with it across the yard after his leader, who carefully showed him the way with the lantern. Captain Boxall marshalled him straight into the kitchen.

"Sister!" cried the captain, "we have a visitor. Order bread and cheese and a jug of beer instantly."

It happened, however, that the servant was just cooking his evening meal over the fire, and this was soon put upon the table, the maid being sent elsewhere. But the guest had no appetite; he could not speak, much less eat. However, the captain would not be denied, and his sister, who happened to come in, backed him up as usual, though she looked much amazed at this last suggestion of her brother.

The thief had to try to eat, despite his throat being too dry to swallow. In the meantime Captain Boxall went on talking in the same mild way. He asked after the man's family, the names of his children, if he got on well with his wife, and so on. To every answer the man gave he attended patiently and sympathetically. At last the meal was over, and although the man had mustered a little courage during its progress, how he wished he was now outside the house! The beads of sweat again shone upon his face.

"I think you had better stay with us the night over," afresh began the captain. "Still, just as you will. We could make you up a bed on the sofa, for it is a dark night without, and the roads are none of the best. I can promise you a comfortable shelter; still, as I said before, if you wish to go, no one hinders you from doing so."

"I should be glad to go home," faltered the thief, with tears starting in his eyes.

"Then go, in God's name," was the prompt answer.

The wretched man did not need a second bidding. Shamefacedly muttering good-night, he was making hurriedly for the door when Captain Boxall put himself in his way. "You are not," he said, "taking the wood with you," pointing to the bundle on the floor. "You must not leave it behind you."

In abject humiliation the thief prayed to be forgiven. The captain told him that he had nothing to forgive He continued, "Set it right with God. It is God you have offended. He alone can forgive you the sin. But you must take the wood; I wash my hands of it."

There was no reply for it; the thief had to take up the wood and carry it off with him. Ah, how it pressed upon his conscience as well as his back! As he bore it home it felt tons' weight.

In the very break of dawn next morning there was a timid but insisting knock heard on Captain Boxall's door. The captain rose and opened it; there stood his guest of the previous evening.

"Why are you here so early?" asked the captain.

"I could not rest without coming to you," replied the thief. "All night I have been tossing on my bed, repenting that I robbed you and sinned against God. How shall I ask Him to forgive me?"

"That is speaking rightly," gleefully said the captain. "Come in."

He read the Bible with him, beginning with the passage which so solemnly asserts that thieves shall not enter into the kingdom of God, but going on to the blessed words which speak of pardon and peace. From that day he who had been a thief became a reformed man, and after a long trial of his honesty had been successfully gone through, his friend the captain got him admitted into the membership of his church.

In this one instance, certainly, great success attended the suggestion which occurred to Captain Boxall.—*Day of Rest.*

HOW CHARACTER GROWS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble generous kind man—a gentleman.—*Christian Helper.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To The Christian at Work:

I was interested in a recent article in the *Christian at Work* concerning this eminent man, as I am in everything pertaining to him. The late Hon. Edward Curtis, of New York, was his intimate friend. In an interview that I had with him many years ago I made some enquiries of him concerning Mr. Webster, one of which was whether he was in the habit of using profane language. He emphatically replied in the negative. He said that he would regard the habit as vulgar and beneath him. H. S.

HAWLEY, Mass., Jan. 26, 1882.

WRONG DOING.

A little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves.

The severest punishment for an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no suffering is keener than that which belongs to repentance for past wrong-doing.

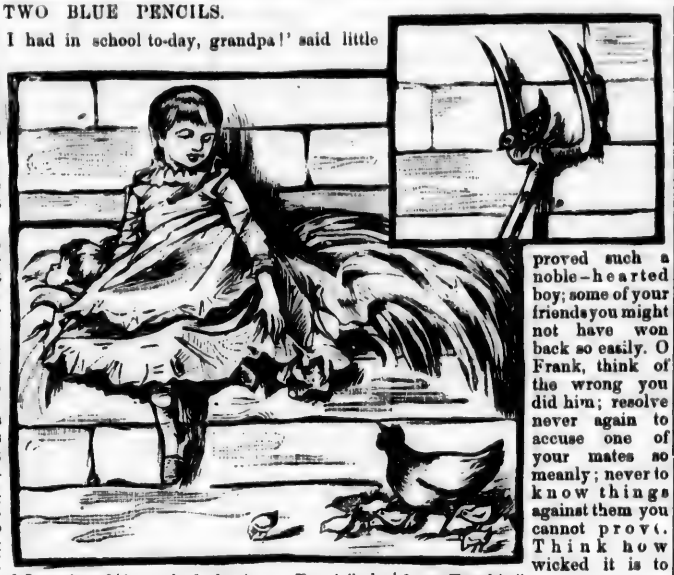
THERE IS A STORY that the late Prince Suwaroff, who was a great favorite of the Russian Court, had at one period of his early life Nihilistic tendencies, which came to the knowledge of the Czar, who sent for him and said: "Prince Alexander, I have here a complete list of the conspirators. In it I find a name which I can scarcely bring myself to believe could ever be found among a band of rebels—the name of Suwaroff. I cannot believe it now. It cannot—must not be!" So saying, the emperor tore the list and threw the pieces into the paper basket. Overcome by the emperor's magnanimity, Suwaroff threw himself at his feet and made a full confession. "From that moment I was cured!" he told a friend.

REST follows labor!
Even so;
Yet side by side
They likewise go,
Each to the other
Near akin,

For life well spent
Brings peace within;
This is the rest
That all may win.

TWO BLUE PENCILS.

"Such a time as I had in school to-day, grandpa!" said little Frank.



Frank was sitting, as he loved to sit in the twilight, on a low stool at grandpa's side

"A very happy time, I hope," spoke grandpa's pleasant voice.

"Oh, no, grandpa, a very bad time indeed. But I didn't make it; I was doing sums, trying to be real good, when all of a sudden I missed my little blue pencil, and looking round I saw George Parsons writing his words with it. I just didn't like it, grandpa; I'll always lend my things but I don't like folks to take 'em without asking; and so I pulled his sleeve, and I motioned to him to give it to me, but he only stared at me and went on writing words. And then I couldn't stand it any longer; I forgot the rule and all, and called out real loud: 'George Parsons, you've got my pencil, and you know it, and I just want you to give it back to me!' And—O grandpa! what do you think I had to do then? Go and sit on the front bench, and lose five minutes of my recess! I had to do both those dreadful things, all through George Parsons. But just the minute I got out, I went after him, and I told him I wanted my pencil straight, and—do you know, grandpa?—he wouldn't give it to me; for all I asked and asked, he's got it yet; he went home with it in his pocket. But he'll have to give it to me, wont he, grandpa?"

Frank paused with a big sigh.

"But what did he say?" asked grandpa thoughtfully.

"Oh, he said it wasn't mine, it was his; that his mother gave it to him, and he guessed he wasn't going to give it to me."

"Then you really think this was your pencil, and George took it? So he must have told a story too," continued grandpa, in the same thoughtful tone. "Did you ever detect him in one before Frankie?"

"N—o, grandpa."

"And you looked thoroughly for the pencil, of course; in your desk, and all around?"

"Why, no, grandpa! What was the use when I knew that George had got it?"

"You knew, Frank? How? You did not see him take it."

"N—o. But then it was gone, and—and George never had a blue pencil, and—I know—"

Grandpa shook his head. "This is a bad business, Frank," he interrupted gravely. "You accuse George Parsons of taking your pencil, and then of lying about it, all on a mere supposition, without any proof at all. A bad business, my boy, but there is only one thing you can do now. Promise me to look for your pencil to-morrow."

"Yes, grandpa."

"And if you find it—'

Frank understood. "Of course," he broke in with a little flush; but, "of course, I know he's got it," he said softly to himself.

So Frank said to himself over and over next morning on his way to school. But—

Long before the twilight hour he came to grandpa with a drooping head and deeply flushed face.

"O grandpa," he faltered, "I am more ashamed than I can tell. For almost the first thing I saw this morning was my pencil sticking out of a crack inside my desk. It must have dropped in there. And George saw it too, and—"

"And!" echoed grandpa anxiously.

"Oh, I did," continued Frank quickly; "I took my slate right off, and wrote: 'Dear George, I'm so sorry! Can you ever forgive me?' And George wrote back right off: 'Dear Frank, yes; only I wish you wouldn't act so mean again until you know.'"

"Well, that was the right way to do," said grandpa. "And I am glad George Parsons proved such a noble-hearted boy; some of your friends you might not have won back so easily. O Frank, think of the wrong you did him; resolve never again to accuse one of your mates so meanly; never to know things against them you cannot prove. Think how wicked it is to do so, Frankie."

"O grandpa," replied Frank brokenly, "I'm sure I never will again."

Dear children, do any of you accuse your mates thus unkindly, and unjustly? Oh, think how mean, how wrong such ways of dealing are.—*Child's Paper.*

NO WEIGHTS.

"Let us lay aside every weight." (Heb. xii. 1).

If you were going to run a race, you would first put down all the parcels you might have been carrying. And if you had a heavy little parcel in your pocket you would take that out and lay it down too, because it would hinder you in running. You would know better than to say "I will put down the parcels which I have in my hands, but no one can see the one in my pocket, so that won't matter!" You would "lay aside every weight."

You have a race to run to-day, a little piece of the great race that is set before you. God has set a splendid prize for you—"the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"—a crown that is incorruptible.

Now what are you going to do about the weights—the things that hinder you from running the race? You know that some things seem to hinder you; will you keep them or lay them aside?

Different persons have different weights; we must find out what ours are, and give them up. One finds that if she does not get up directly she is called the time slips by, and there is not enough left for quiet prayer and Bible reading. Then there is a little weight that must be laid aside. Another is at school, and finds that he gets no good but a little harm, when he goes much with a certain boy Then he must lay that weight aside. Another takes a story book up to bed, and reads it while nurse is brushing her hair, and up to the last minute, and then her head is so full of the story that she only says words when she kneels down, and cannot really pray at all. Can she doubt that this is a weight that ought to be laid aside?

It may seem hard to lay our pet weight down; but oh, if you only knew how light we feel when it is laid down, and how much easier it is to run the race which God has set before us!—*Word and Work.*

HOW TO BE GOOD AND HAPPY.

"How is it that Freddy is not as cross and fretful as he used to be? I have not heard one ugly, fault-finding word from him for for ever so long," said his auntie.

"It is because I have given my tongue to God," said Freddy, "and I cannot speak bad words any more."—*Herald of Mercy*

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, say! what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

TRUE POLITENESS.

There is a difference between politeness and etiquette. Etiquette can be defined, classified, formulated. You can tell young people to take their soup from the side of their spoons; to eat with their forks; not to make a noise in eating; and all these and countless more such injunctions are important. But I would rather eat a hundred dinners with my knife than laugh one malicious laugh at some one else who did so.

No error in conventional good-breeding—mortifying as such errors are—is one-quarter so serious as the least rudeness which has its root in the heart, and springs from innate disregard of the rights or the feelings of others. It was not the least royal act of good Queen Caroline when, seeing at one of her little tea-parties two ladies from the country who poured their tea into their saucers to cool, she looked with stern reproof at some of her maids of honor who were laughing behind their fans, and reassured her country guests by tranquilly pouring her own tea into her saucer and drinking it.

Good manners are to a person what perfume is to a flower; something individual and charming; something which is necessary to make even beauty lovely. Their very essence is sympathy. I do not think a true Christian could possibly be anything but well-bred, though there are plenty of gruff and uncivil members of churches. But no one who has taken the gospel of Christ into his heart, who loves his neighbor as himself and blesses even his enemy, can be anything but truly polite, however he might, through lack of social experience, offend against some of the canons of etiquette.

To learn to put yourself instinctively in another person's place is the grand secret of true politeness.

Two ladies had met often at the houses of their common friends, and had been introduced to each other once or twice on such occasions. Of course, according to strict etiquette, such an introduction does not bind people to recognize each other afterward.

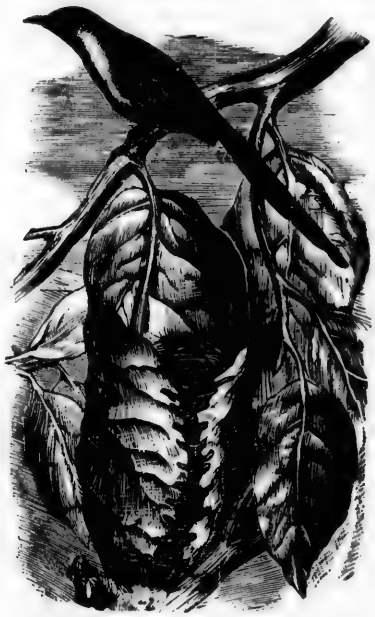
One day, these ladies of whom I speak met in the midst of a little group of people.

"Good-morning, Mrs. B.," said Mrs. A. "I think you must be very near-sighted, for you never know me, though we have met so often."

"You mistake," was Mrs. B.'s reply, "I am not at all near-sighted," and with the coldest of bows she moved away.

Her object, no doubt, was to resent what she considered a liberty and teach Mrs. A. a lesson; but she succeeded only in leaving on the by-standers the impression that she herself, whatever her social position, was not really a lady.

To go into society with the distinct object of making other people happy is to ensure that you will be not only at ease, but well bred.—*Youth's Companion.*



THE TAILOR BIRD.

The tailor bird, which is found in India and the Indian Archipelago, is a sober little creature, not more conspicuous than a common sparrow, and is chiefly remarkable for its curious nest, which is made in a singular and most ingenious manner. Taking two leaves at the extremity of a slender twig, the bird literally sews them together at their edges, its bill taking the place of the needle, and the vegetable fibre constituting the thread. A quantity of soft cottony down is then pushed between the leaves, and a convenient hollow scraped out, in which the eggs may lie and the young may rest at their ease.

Sometimes, if the leaf be large enough, its two edges are drawn together, but in general a pair of leaves are needed. A few feathers are sometimes mixed with the down. This curious nest is evidently hung at the very extremity of the twigs in order to keep out of the way of the monkeys, snakes and other enemies which might otherwise attack and devour mother and young together.—*Wood's Natural History.*

A HORSE WHICH MADE A SENSATION.

Tahiti is one of the Society Islands, a small group in the Southern Pacific, lying many hundreds of miles away from any mainland. The Spaniards claim to have discovered them first, but it was famous Captain Cook who explored them thoroughly, and carried the story of their wonderful tropical fruits and strange inhabitants back to England.

Some years after, the good people of England began to send missionaries to the islands. They were well received and among their converts was King Pomare.

Now neither King Pomare nor any of his subjects had ever seen a horse, and as they were curious to know something about an animal which the English people described as so noble and willing and useful, it was finally decided that one should be sent him as a present. So among the cargo of a vessel sent to Tahiti from New South Wales was a splendid horse, with a silky coat and flowing mane and tail, for King Pomare.

It was originally intended that the horse should be taken ashore from the vessel in which he had made his voyage in a large canoe which had been sent alongside for the purpose, but the slings in which he was fastened gave way as he was being lowered, and the poor animal fell into the sea. He at once struck boldly out for the land; but the natives no sooner saw him than they plunged into the waves and swam after him like a shoal of porpoises; they seized his tail and his mane, and nearly pulled him under. The King shouted and the Captain screamed at them in vain, while the terrified horse struggled as hard as he could. As soon as he reached the land the crowd there fled for their lives in every direction, climbing rocks and trees, and hiding behind bushes. One by one, however, they returned when they saw a sailor slip a halter around the creature's neck and led him along.

Next morning, in the presence of a great number of admiring natives, the Captain put a saddle on the horse, and rode him up and down before the King's tent. As he cantered, galloped, and trotted, obedient to the rein, the people shouted and danced, crying *Buaa-hora-fenna* and *Buaa-afai-taata* (land-running pig, and man-carrying pig.)—*Harper's Young People.*

INTELLIGENT HENS.

A correspondent of the Brunswick (Maine) *Telegraph* relates the following.

A hen and a large flock of chickens were in the habit of coming round our north back door and were rather troublesome. One day Miss C. put out a favorite cat, saying: "There, Julia, if you can catch one of these chickens you shall have the whole of it." No sooner said than done—the chicken was caught and eaten. The hen came as usual next day with her chickens, but never after that day did she come without the company of another hen, who invariably took her position between the hen and chickens and the house-door, and marched like any faithful sentinel back and forward in the space. If the cat made her appearance, she would fly at her, and drive her away with such vigor that the cat was glad to run. "Julia" never got another of those chickens. Now, how did this mother hen communicate and make the other hen comprehend her loss and the service she required?

OVER THE FALLS.

Often we read of men being carried over Niagara Falls, never to be seen again alive. Usually the reason is that they have been drinking, and before they awaken to their terrible position they are in the swift, smooth current that they cannot master, and which bears them away to destruction. It is time for prayer, when men find themselves so near the boiling falls; it was time for prayer long before when the boat first felt the current, smooth yet swift; it was time for prayer when the fatal draught that takes away the brain was first placed to the lips; it was time for prayer when the temptation to stray from the right path was first presented; it is time for all readers of the *Messenger* to pray with deepest earnestness "Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

A THOROUGH JOB.

Judge M——, a well-known jurist living near Cincinnati, was fond of relating this anecdote. He once had occasion to send to the village for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplaned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will pay you only a dollar and a half."

The Judge went to dinner, and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job out of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were planed and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished, there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The Judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. "No; I'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

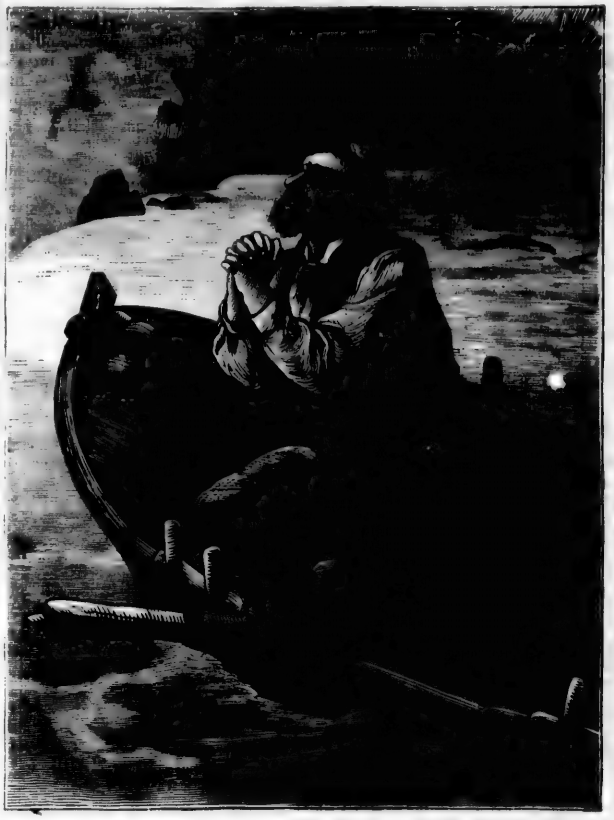
Ten years afterward, the Judge had the contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made him a rich man."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success only belongs to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—*Golden Censer.*

GLADSTONE'S HEART.

Soon after Mr. Gladstone's wonderful campaign in Scotland, and just when Her Majesty had called him to be Prime Minister of the Nation, he found time to seek out a poor, aged man who used to earn his bread by sweeping the street-crossings near the House of Commons, and who had been missed from his place by the keen eye of the first ruler of the land under the Queen, and visited with so much benefit that when the city missionary called, he found the old man's room made comfortable by medical attendance, nursing, etc., and also that the evening of the old pilgrim's days had been made brighter than his morning, her extremity, to tell her trouble to Mr. Gladstone. On the first opportunity she did so. He listened kindly and attentively to her story, and then said to her, "Send the boy to my study."



She sent him accordingly, and in due time the boy appeared there. Mr. Gladstone received him kindly, and then said to him: "Before we proceed to the matter for which I called you here, let us join in a few words of prayer." Then the Premier of England, on bended knee, implored help from the Almighty for the son, and for his mother, the poor charwoman. Some earnest words of advice and warning and also encouragement, were then given to the astonished boy, and the interview ended. But it was not in vain. The son became obedient, and the mother's heart overflowed with joy.

When such men are at the helm of affairs of state or empire, we ought not to forget to be devoutly thankful. It surely is no time then to show any appearance of a want of capacity for appreciating such an example of Christian faith, and the thoughtful Christian life to which it naturally leads, both in g[illegible]d in little ones.—*Religious [illegible]ald.*

In the New York *Tribune* of October 11th was published an extract from a London letter stating that on Mr. Gladstone's estate in Wales there was a poor charwoman, a woman of the humbler class, earning her living by day's work. This poor woman had an unruly son. He had outgrown her authority and had become the affliction of her life. She had come to be well-nigh in despair concerning him.

It occurred to her one day, in

BIBLE PRAYERS AND ANSWERS.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions.—Psa. 25. 7.

Answer.—I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.—Isa. 43, 25.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.—Matt. 8. 2.

Ans.—I will; be thou clean. —Matt. 8. 3.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalms 51. 7.

A[illegible] new heart also will I gi[illegible], and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezek. 36. 26.

Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Psalms 51.7.

Ans.—Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.—Isa. 1. 18,—*Living Epistle.*

A NEWSPAPER SCRAP.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon relates in the *Sword and Trowel* for the current month an interesting incident. Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas, in a letter recently written to his mother from Auckland, New Zealand, inclosed a portion torn off an old Australian paper, concerning which he says: "This scrap of newspaper has been given to me by a town missionary here, who regards it as a very precious relic. It came to him from a man who died in the hospital; he bequeathed it to his visitor as a great treasure. It is a portion of the *Melbourne Argus*, and contains a portion of father's sermon, 'Loving Advice for Anxious Seekers.' The man found it on the floor of a hut in Australia, and was brought by its perusal to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He kept it carefully while he lived; it was discolored and torn when he found it, and on his death-bed he gave it to the missionary as the only treasure he had to leave behind him."

THE MUSIC-BOY MISSION.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

It was a birthday present, and Bertie was never weary of looking at its many beauties or of listening to the sweet tunes it played.

"My own lovely music-box, my treasure; I could kiss you!"

He was very softly to himself saying this over and over again, when he suddenly became conscious of somebody looking at him; and sure enough, there was little Maggie Dolan crouching in the doorway. Crouching, I say, because, being a poor, all-out-of-shape little creature, she could not stand upright.

Mrs. Dolan, "Honest Kate," was a washerwoman, and whenever she worked for Bertie's mother was told to bring Maggie, in order that the afflicted child might have one happy day at least in the long week.

The instant Bertie spied Maggie, he said,

"Come in, and I'll make my beauty-box play all its tunes for you, if you'd like."

She needed no urging, but creeping in quickly, she curled her wee, twisted form close to his feet, and fixing her large, unnaturally bright eyes upon him, prepared to listen. Bertie wound the box up, and with a happy smile watched for its effect upon his visitor.

Wonderfully soft grew the brown eyes, a faint flush tinted the white cheeks, and then, to the boy's unspeakable surprise, slowly the tears began to fall.

"What makes you cry, Maggie? Does it make you feel badly? I'm ever so sorry."

"Indade, it's not that. I could just go on a-hearin' the like uv it for iver. It's the swate sound uv it that makes the tears come, I'm thinkin'."

This child's emotion was a revelation to him. Again and again did he "set" the music-box in order that she might enjoy the sweet tinkling notes.

Some time after, Kate Dolan, seeking her child, came upon the two, happy as two innocent birds, listening to the "beauty box." Thus it came about that every time Maggie came with her mother she also came into the sitting-room, and Bertie gave her a music feast.

But the very best part of the story is this, Maggie Dolan's enjoyment of the sweet music set our Bertie thinking. He talked with his mamma a great deal about his thoughts. Shall I tell you what they were about?

Well, he thought that in the city where he lived there were a great many sick children who would like to hear his music-box, and couldn't get to his house, even if they were to know that he would play it for them. That was his first thought. But that thought grew, and more thoughts were added to it. And, as the result of all this thinking, one day dear little Bertie and a cousin, who also had a music-box, and whose name was Charlie, started off upon a sweet mission.

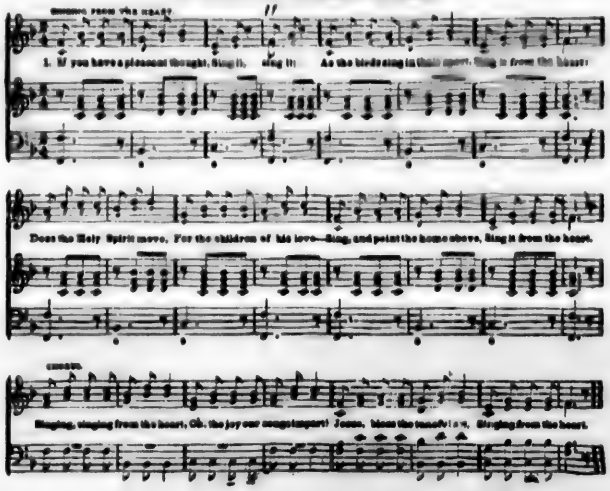
They took with them a number of tiny bunches of flowers, and they sought out the darkest, dingiest streets where the poor people lived. Here they asked for any sick children, and having found some, they first cheered them with the soft, tinkling tunes of the "beauty boxes," then gave each some flowers to give them pleasure when they left their miserable homes.

In one day's loving labor they found six dear suffering ones, and the next day two more; and then seeing that they could spend but a little time with each if they went together, they separated and each took half. After a while a gentle little girl who sang sweetly joined them, going first with Bertie, then with Charlie.

The parents of these dear little missionaries furnished all the dainties, clothing, medicine, and other needful things, as the children ascertained the necessity of the afflicted ones. They were visited, comforted, and in many ways cheered by the older people, to whom the children talked continually of their "poor sick" little ones. By means of this persevering trio, who did not grow weary in well-doing, but found new delight in their mission day by day, more unfortunate ones were discovered from time to time. In the course of time a new field was opened to Bertie and his little helpers. It happened in this way. The older people thought best to secure places for some of the more complicated cases of hip and spinal disease thus brought to light in the City Hospital, and thither the "music-boxes" followed, and you may be sure that the newly-arrived patients were not the only ones in that dreary place whose hearts were gladdened by the presence of these little messengers of the ever blessed Lord. Twice a week the sufferers in that hospital listened, all who wished to at least, to the sweet child-voices singing and the soft notes of the little music-boxes; and the tired eyes were cheered by the sight of beautiful flowers, while the wasted bodies were helped on to recovery, or relieved temporarily by the kind gifts of the older people quickened and urged on to increased acts of Christian charity by the loving zeal of these dear child-workers.

Year by year the "Music Box Mission" increased in number of patients and in new devices for the relief of the sick poor, especially the afflicted children of the lower classes. If the parents grew forgetful, the eager children reminded them; if they waxed cold, the children warmed them. A great, noble work of benevolence grew out of little Bertie's childish thoughts over his beloved music-box. Anything may be used for the Lord if only it be given cheerfully to him, with the desire that he use it as he thinks best—anything, even a little "music-box."—*Christian Weekly.*

IF YOU HAVE A PLEASANT THOUGHT.



A loving heart.
If you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
As the birds sing in their sport,
Sing it from the heart:
Does the Holy Spirit move,
For the children of his love—
Sing, and point the home above,
Sing it from the heart.

Every gracious deed of his,
Sing it, sing it;
Nothing sounds so well as this,
Sing it from the heart:
How the Lord walked on the wave—
Rescued Lazarus from the grave—
Died for guilty souls to save—
Sing it from the heart.

Are you weary, are you sad—
Sing it, sing it:
Make yourselves and others glad,
Sing it from the heart:
Angels now before his face
Sing of Christ's redeeming grace
Give the Saviour endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.

—R. MORRIS.

KIND TREATMENT OF HORSES.

It has been observed by experienced horse-trainers that naturally vicious horses are rare, and that among those that are properly trained and kindly treated when colts they are the exception.

It is superfluous to say that a gentle and docile horse is always the more valuable, other qualities being equal, and it is almost obvious that gentle treatment tends to develop this admirable quality in the horse as well in the human species, while harsh treatment has the contrary tendency. Horses have been trained so as to be entirely governed by the words of the driver, and they will obey, and perform their simple but important duties with as much alacrity as the child obeys the direction of the parent.

It is true that all horses are not equally intelligent and tractable, but it is probable that there is less difference among them in this regard than there is among the human masters, since there are many incitements and ambitions among men that do not affect animals.

The horse learns to know and to have confidence in a gentle driver, and soon discovers how to secure for himself that which he desires, and to understand his surroundings and his duties. The tone, volume, and inflection of his master's voice indicate much, perhaps more than the words that are spoken. Soothing tones rather than words calm him if excited by fear or anger, and angry and excited tones tend to excite or anger him. In short bad masters make bad horses.—*Scientific American.*

THE CRIME of constructive as well as actual murder is recognized even in human law. Much more in the law of God. A lady in Indiana called a certain rum-shop a "murder-mill." She was prosecuted for slander; but being able to prove that her allegation was true, she won the suit. "Murder-mills" are to be found, not only in Indiana, but in every state and in every city.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CURED HATTIE.

Was Hattie, then, sick; and was Santa Claus turned physician? Not exactly; and yet a very troublesome complaint had seized hold of Hattie. It affected her in this way. When her mother said, "Come, Hattie, it is time for you to go to bed," Hattie seemed to be stricken with a sudden paralysis of the limbs; that is, she appeared to lose the use of them.

She never sprang up from her play to run at once for her night-dress and wrapper; although, generally, no little girl could be found more nimble and quick. If she happened to be reading a book, her hands moved so slowly to lay it down, that one would think they had grown to it. Three and four times her mother was obliged to speak to her before there would be any movement toward obeying her.

"Come, Hattie," the patient mamma would say once more, and think that now her little girl would soon be undressed. But Hattie must stop to caress Rover a minute on her way to the nursery; or frolic a little with Freddie, who was kicking up his baby feet in the crib; or dollie was discovered lying, face down, under the rockers, and must be made comfortable.

When, at last, the process of undressing was commenced, and Hattie's reluctant fingers slowly essayed the task of unfastening her dress or untying her shoes, it was really surprising how sore Hattie's thumbs suddenly grew, and how many knots there always were in those troublesome strings. Sometimes she would be found sitting like "my son John—with one stocking off and one stocking on"—gazing idly into the fire for minutes together; or, with one sleeve hanging, and the other slipped half way off her arm, she would seize Maltee, the kitten, and drag her through a series of waltzes, unmindful of her own condition and of her mother's long waiting. It seemed as if she *never* would get ready for bed.

Now, Santa Claus had seen this—how sorely Mrs. Reed was tried by this bad habit of Hattie, and how Hattie herself was growing up with a very hurtful disease preying upon her character. He resolved upon a cure.

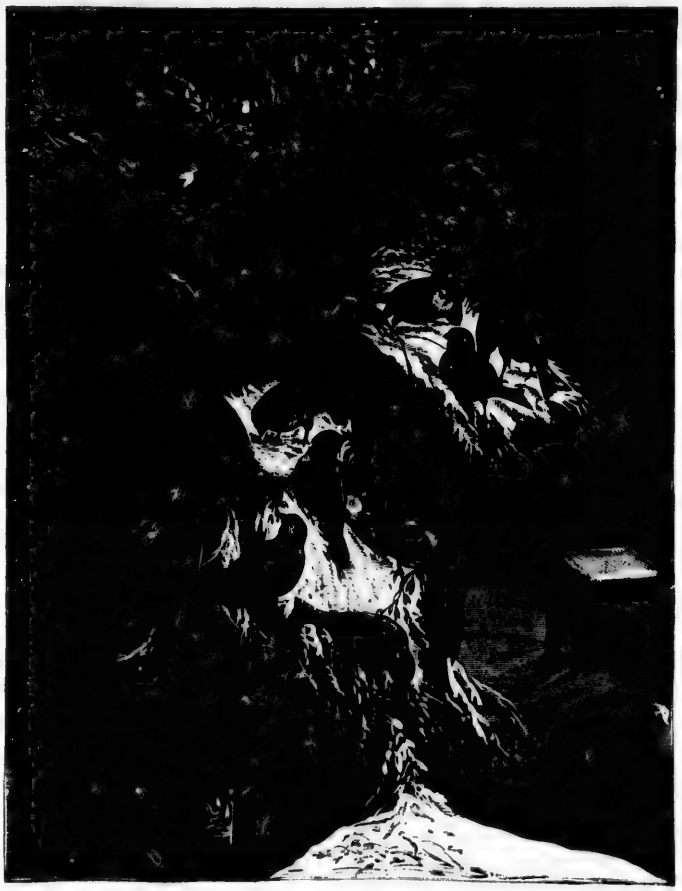
Christmas was approaching. He had held several private interviews with Hattie's papa and mamma, and found out what their little daughter most wished for. For a whole year, she had been wishing for a set of rosewood furniture for her dollie—like the one Gracie Mills received last Christmas—and had not been slow to express the desire in her mother's hearing. More than anything else, she longed for a new box of water colors, and to possess that beautiful picture, the "Babe of Bethlehem"; for Hattie was a young artist in her tastes, and, in fact, in practice.

All these things, and a great many more, including story-books and games, she ventured to hope would be laid on her Christmas table; for this was the way her presents always came. When she came down stairs Christmas morning, there it always stood, in the middle of the room—a little table, to be sure, but well filled with pretty things, and she had only to guess from whom they came.

So, "the night before Christmas" Hattie went to bed, as usual, with a light heart, and visions dancing through her head if not of sugar plums, of things quite as pleasing, and less transitory. Full fifteen minutes longer than usual, even, was she in getting ready to retire, and only went at last upon a hint from papa that Santa Claus was sometimes known to punish dilatory children.

This puzzled her a little, but did not prevent her from indulging in the most delightful anticipations for the morrow.

Bright and early she rose, eager to get down stairs, but checked her impatience till perfectly and neatly dressed, and then flew to see her expected treasures.



THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

But, on entering the room her countenance suddenly fell. The little table stood empty—quite empty—save a note that lay on it, addressed, in fair-printed character, to "Miss Hattie Reed." The "Merry Christmas" to her papa and mamma died on her lips; and she looked from one to another in bewilderment.

"Read your letter, Hattie," said papa. "Perhaps that will explain matters."

So Hattie, just ready to burst into tears, opened the small envelope, and read:

My Dear Hattie:—You know I am rather an eccentric old fellow, but punctual. When was I ever known to fail of calling round at your table on Christmas Eve? You think, maybe, that I was not there this year; but I was.

Owing to the very long journey I had to make, I was obliged to start early—just as soon, in fact, as the sun was down; and, as your father's house came among the first on my way, I drew my coursers up to his chimney just as you commenced to undress for bed. "Just in time," I said to myself. "Whoa, Comet! Whoa, Cupid! I'll be down there and back in a minute."

But I wanted to wait till you should be fairly out of sight. After a little, I started down the chimney, sure that you were, by that time, snug between the sheets. But I heard you talking to the cat, and your mamma saying, "Come Hattie, make haste." So I went back to my tiny reindeer, who were getting very restive, standing there on the frosty roof "Wait a bit," I said.

By and by, I went down again. There you stood, in your bare feet, all dressed in white, the echo of your good-night kisses just coming up the chimney; and I thought, "Now, in a minute more, she will be gone; then I'll straight to my work, and be off;" for, on looking at my watch, I found I had wasted twenty-two minutes and a half waiting for you. So I took another peep, expecting to see your figure disappear through the nursery door; but on the way you had picked up a pair of scissors, and squatted on the floor to cut your toe-nails.

I could not possibly wait any longer. Dunder and Blixen were pawing away with their eight little hoofs, anxious to be on the road again; for they knew, as well as I, how many hundreds of little stockings and tables just as deserving as yours were waiting to be filled.

So I sprang up the chimney, and left you. I don't know whether you got to bed at all or not. The gray morn was beginning to dawn before I got home from my journey; and I had only time to scribble this note, and send it by my servant, Jack Frost,

who will leave it on your table, with my good wishes.

I am sorry for your disappointment this morning; but you understand it is all your own fault, —a fault of which I hope you will be cured before another merry Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS.

Poor Hattie! Long before she got to the end of this letter, her little heart broke; and, without waiting to see how truly good Santa Claus was her friend, after all, she buried her face in her mother's lap, and cried bitterly.

The punishment was almost too much for her to bear. Santa Claus' prescription was a good one. If he watches Hattie how from night to night, he will see, that, when the hour for retiring comes she goes quickly and quietly to bed; and her mamma never has to say, "Come, Hattie, make haste," He will find that Hattie has formed a determination to break up entirely her old, bad habit; and I should not be surprised if, next Christmas morning, her little table should prove quite too small to hold all that generous old fellow will heap upon it.—*Christian Banner.*

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

A new year has begun. What kind of a year is it to be to you, boys and girls? Is it to be indeed a "happy" one? That will depend on yourself. "On myself?" some little one asks with surprise. Yes, my dear, on your own little self.

Don't you believe that God wants you to have a happy year? Indeed He does; and He is ready to do all He can to make it so. But even God, who, we are accustomed to say, can do everything, cannot make a happy year for you unless you help Him.

And how can you help Him? By doing just as He wants you to do in everything. He wants you to speak the truth, to be obedient to your parents, to be kind and loving to every one, to be industrious, pure-minded and honest. He wants you to keep the Sabbath holy, to read the Bible, to pray to Him every day, to confess and forsake sin, to trust and love Jesus.

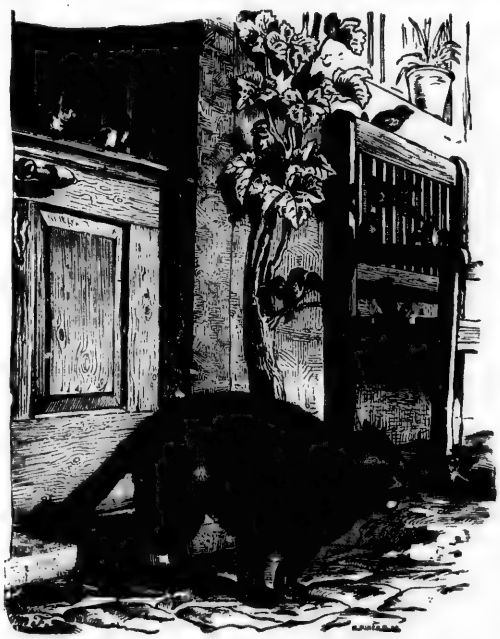
Now, are you ready for all this? If you are, your year will begin with God's smile, and His loving face will beam on you to the very end. And what a happy year you will have! You will say when you come to its close that you never had such a happy one before.

Ah, God knows very well what will make us happy. It is to have no naughty will of our own, but to do His will. It is to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

Dear children, we are all by nature sinful, and so we do not love to do this. We choose to go on in our own way, and so we are not happy. We need *new hearts;* that is what we need most, every one of us. We must go to our heavenly Father and ask Him for Jesus' sake to give us the new heart, washed from sin in the precious blood of Christ, and made soft and pure and tender and right. Then we shall love to please God, to do His will, and shall be happy.—*Child's Companion.*

WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What is this cat doing? What are there so many birds around her for? Who ever saw so many birds hopping around so near to a cat? How many boys and girls will write and tell us all about it? To the boy or girl who sends us the best story about this picture



we will send whichever of the following books he or she may choose:—Poems of Sir Walter Scott, complete with notes, "Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes, the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning or the poems of Jean Ingelow.

For the second best story on this picture will be given a handsomely bound volume of the "Swiss Family Robinson," or "The Scottish Chiefs."

Those who try for these prizes must be over twelve years of age and under sixteen. The story must be written on one side of the paper only, and the spelling and writing will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. The stories must be sent in before the first of February and addressed "Puzzles, NORTHERN MESSENGER, WITNESS Office, Montreal." In sending the stories be sure and give your full name and Post Office address.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Here is something for the little ones to do. How many of them have done what the little boy and girl in the picture on the last page are doing. We wish that every boy and girl under twelve years of age who reads the MESSENGER would tell us just what these two are doing and how they do it.

For the best story about this picture, written by a boy or girl under twelve years old, we will send a beautiful illustrated volume of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, and for the second best story a volume of "Chatterbox" for 1882, a large book full of pictures and delightful reading. The same general rules will apply to this as to the story for the older ones.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

Do you know what people do in Norway? Why, at harvest time they put aside one sheaf, just as it is, in a corner of the barn, and there it stays till Christmas comes, and on Christmas Eve they bring it out, and they get their ladders and hang their sheaf of corn right over the barn door. Sometimes the sheaf is put on the top of a tall pole, and great is the rejoicing amongst the children when they see the expectant birds begin their meal. And they take all this trouble on purpose for the birds, for they think *they* ought to have a merry Christmas as well as we.—*Child's Companion.*

SALT MACKEREL.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, is well known as a most enterprising and honorable business man, and as also deeply interested in every good work and work. He finds, or makes time, amid all the pressure of an extensive business, to conduct one of the largest Sunday-schools in our country.

In one of his addresses, at the late London Sunday-schools Centenary, Mr. Wanamaker illustrated the importance of giving God what costs us something, by the following incident:—

"God forbid that our church work—our Sunday-school work—shall come when we have nothing else to do. A gentleman was with his little boy attending a service where the minister gave a wonderful missionary sermon that stirred the man's heart as he listened to it. He went home—sat down to the frugal meal with his boy, and after a while he said to his son:

"'Was not that a wonderful sermon? We have got to do something more for the missionary cause than we have ever done yet. It is astonishing I never thought of giving anything more for this work.'

"The son said: 'You cannot give anything more. We have a hard time as it is.'

"'I must,' said the father, 'do something in this cause, now. I am prepared to give up the butter on my bread, and, if necessary—the sugar out of my coffee.'

"Wonderful sacrifice!" said Mr. Wanamaker. "I am afraid I could not be led to that myself.

"'Now,' said the father to his son, 'Bob, what will you do?'

"'Well, father,' said Bob, 'I can't do anything.'

"'Ah,' said the father, 'you can give up something, just as I have done.'

"'I don't know about that,' said Bob. He paused a little and then said—'I will; I will give up salt mackerel. You see we don't have it very often and I don't like it much, anyhow.'

"Well, now," said the speaker, "that is a simple story, but it illustrates precisely what I mean. It seems as if we give God and his work the last few minutes of the day, or a little shred of time here and there. Rather let us bring our best. I don't believe it possible that a man who will take an hour or two hours of the heart of the busiest day for God's work will ever regret it. I am ready to say deliberately, I don't believe that God is willing that any of us shall be indebted to him."—*Church and Home.*

THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I don't know what the almanac man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest, and Dan was certainly the one who understood the matter best.

It began pretty much like other days, only that there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps if his mind had not been already made up, he would not have minded it so much when his father said at the breakfast table:

"We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready to go at it."

Daniel's appetite was gone at once. How he hated to turn that heavy, creaking old grindstone! and how sure his father was to find a dozen things to do first, and keep him waiting all the morning! He went around by the sink drain and dug his bait; he examined his fishing-pole; he put up his lunch; he even tried a worm on the hook; and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the mill-pond, and in the middle of the road near by stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth, round stone from the wall and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise top tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed—at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nannie Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chaise, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the mill-pond.

"Daniel! Daniel! Come on now, and be spry about it!" called his father, as he moved toward the grindstone; and Dan obeyed, though he felt as if his feet had all at once turned to lead.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "*Crrr-crrr-crrr,*" rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dane. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "I reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell everybody. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased. Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded along.

"Git up, Whitey," urged the Deacon; "it's getting along toward chore-time. Whitey ain't so spry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nannie in the shay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey. I reckon something must have scart him; but he just trotted off home as stiddy as if I'd been driving, and waited at the door for mother to come and get Nannie before he went to the barn."

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "It was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to."

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him."

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rubbing his stubbly chin, and looking curiously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin."

"I never will," said Dan solemnly. "This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."—*Harper's Young People*

DRAWING LESSON.

Outline Drawing by Harrison Weir, as a drawing lesson for the young.

THE LAMB AND THE PONY.

A curious friendship once existed between a lamb and a pony. The lamb, which was purchased by a farmer in England from a passing shepherd, was very wild, and grieved at being separated from the flock. It was an odd, sturdy-looking creature with a black face. The farmer put it in a meadow in company with a cow and a little white pony. The lamb took no notice of the cow; but the pony seemed to captivate its heart at once. Wherever the one went, the other followed. If people gathered, as was natural, to look at the companions, the lamb would slip under the pony and pop out its head between his fore or hind legs, with an air of perfect security. At night it went regularly to the stable, and slept in the manger near its favorite. If as sometimes happened, the pony was taken to draw the farmer's wife to market, the lamb bleated pitifully all the time it was away, and frisked about joyfully on its return.

One day, to test its love, its owner carried the lamb to a pasture where a flock of sheep was grazing. The pony went too. In the course of the day the farmer came after the pony, and mounting him, rode homeward. Presently he looked behind. Yes, there came the shaggy, black-faced lamb, forsaking its own kindred, and rushing on its eager legs to overtake its adopted friend.

Whether the pony returned this affection we do not know. It neither resented it nor appeared weary of it, at all events.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

A farmer of Cobham was in the habit of going to a market some miles distant on horseback and on such occasions, not knowing how extensive his purchases might be, always carried a considerable amount of cash with him. He never, however, took his dog with him on market days, as he might be in the way, but the faithful animal, a large sheep dog, used always to keep watch at the front door as soon as the hour approached for his master's return.

One evening the farmer's four-footed friend was at his usual post, when to his astonishment he saw the horse return without a rider. One moment's reflection seemed to be sufficient, for off he bounded in the direction the horse had come from, and at no great distance found his master struggling with a couple of desperate-looking men.

Without a sound he made straight for the throat of one of the ruffians, and brought him to the ground, while his master wrestled with the other.

In the meantime the stable-boy, finding the horse at the stable-door without a rider, concluded something was wrong, jumped on the horse's back and set out—he, too, thinking his master had had an accident and fallen from his horse; but the scene which met his view was far from what he expected; one of the robbers lay prostrate on the ground with the dog standing guard over him, while his master had just overpowered the other, who was pleading for mercy, but was easily secured with the lad's help, and both were duly punished. —*Sunday.*

THE DOG'S ASTONISHMENT.

A LITTLE CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

Johnny Winter was an only son in a family of six children. His father was an industrious man, his mother a careworn, dispirited woman in weak health. One day I ventured to call and enquire if the family were connected with any church or Sunday-school. Mr. Winter was at home, sitting by the fire with Johnny on his knee. As I made the enquiry, Mrs. Winter cast a pleading glance at her husband, who replied roughly,—"I don't believe in that sort of thing, miss."

"I am sorry to hear that," I said, "for I hoped that you would let your little ones come to our Sunday-school, if they did not belong anywhere else. Our school-room is close by, and I think they would like to come."

"I would," cried Johnny. "I want to go to the Sunday-school. Benny Frank goes, and he says it is first-rate."

Mr. Winter laughed, and patted Johnny's head. I saw that the boy was his father's idol, and if my point were gained it would be through him.

"To tell you the truth, miss," said Mr. Winter, "I haven't much opinion of Sunday-schools and churches. I suppose you would be surprised if I should tell you that I don't believe there is a God."

"I am not surprised," I said; "but I feel sorry for you, my friend. Do you wish your children to follow you in your belief?"

"I want them to think for themselves," he replied. "I shall not try to influence them one way or the other after they are old enough to form their own opinions, and I don't want any one else to. That's what I tell my wife; she'd like to have them all go to Sunday-school, but I won't consent to it."

I saw Mrs. Winter wipe her eyes as she stooped to lay her baby in the cradle, but she did not speak.

"Well," I said, rising to go, "I shall expect this little fellow and his sister next Sunday."

Mr. Winter laughed, but shook his head, and I went away feeling disheartened, only as I closed the door I heard Johnny coaxing,—

"Mayn't I go, father? I want to go so much."

Johnny gained his point, and on the following Sunday he was one of the first to greet me. His sister Mary was with him. Johnny was a very bright child for his years. He soon became deeply interested in the school, and no matter what the weather was, he was always present with his little hymn perfectly learned.

Some weeks after this I called at their house. It was in the morning, and only Mrs. Winter and the baby were at home. She was singing, and greeted me with such a smile that I could scarcely believe it was the same countenance I had seen before.

"I was just thinking about you, Miss Scott," she said; "I want to tell you about Johnny. His father will do anything to please him, and even hears the little fellow's hymns and verses, to make sure he knows them for you. And Johnny tells him all he has heard in school every Sunday evening, and his father listens. Oh, miss, I can't help feeling as though my husband will give up his foolish notions sometime, and become a Christian man. And now Johnny has begun to coax his father to go with him to the children's meeting on Sunday afternoon."

And Johnny conquered again. Mr. Winter came to the children's meeting, not only on the next Sunday, but on the next and the next, until we felt quite as sure of seeing him as of seeing Johnny. So time passed on until one Sunday news was brought that Johnny was very sick with scarlet fever. I quickly visited him. He lay in his father's arms, panting for breath, while the poor man bent over him the picture of despair.

"Oh, Miss Scott," he cried, as he saw me, "do you think that I am going to lose my Johnny? It can't be that God is going to take him from me."

"I'm so tired, father," the little sufferer was saying; "please pray, 'Our Father.'"

"Dear Johnny, I forget the words," and great tears rolled down the father's rough cheeks.

"Say it after me, then, will you, please? 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" And Johnny waited until, in a voice choked with sobs, his father repeated the works. Then he went on, little by little, the father following until the prayer was finished.

"Do you still disbelieve?" I asked Mr. Winter, while we watched beside Johnny. He shook his head. "That child has taught me much," said he. "He has talked about Christ and His death till it melted my heart, and I was forced to read it for myself. But it only makes me wretched—it is good news for Johnny, not for me; I have denied Him too often."

"God is your Father, and loves you infinitely more than you love little Johnny. For Christ's sake He will forgive all past rebellion and denials—only plead with Him in the Saviour's name. He waits to be gracious. His Spirit is even now drawing you to Himself."

For days the child lingered between life and death; then the fever subsided, and Johnny began to recover. In those days of suspense, while watching beside the little cot, Mr. Winter's heart was, by God's mercy and the Holy Spirit's power, softened, and he came to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and, like the poor prodigal, he returned to his father.—*Fly Leaves.*

THE KING OF SIAM.

(From the Standard.)

Perhaps some of you have heard about the work of our missionaries in Siam, and how many years Dr. Dean, who was one of the first there, had to keep working and praying before any of the people to whom he preached became Christians, and you may know that there are a great many Chinese in Siam, and that his work has been among them. The Lord has honored him very much, and rewarded him for all his patient labor and constant faith, in allowing him to bring a great many to the Saviour.

The present king of Siam is quite a young man—only twenty-eight years of age—and he seems to have considerable character and independence. He lately passed an edict ordering all his subjects to stand erect when he passed in his chariot, instead of bowing with their faces upon the ground, as they and their forefathers have been accustomed to do for centuries. What has influenced him to do this we do not know, but many think that the teachings of the missionaries, that we should humble ourselves only before God, and not before men, has brought about this change.

This young king, while a kind-hearted man and inclined to give his subjects more liberty than heretofore, is, I am sorry to say, a polygamist, that is a man who has many wives, like the Mormons; and some time ago he thought he would take several of these women with him, and visit all the courts of Europe. There was great bustle and preparation for this journey. All the women were to have new and elegant robes, and jewels, and laces, and the young king's apparel was to be very fine and gorgeous, and the several chariots in which they and their retinue would journey for a long distance were to be newly gilded, and decorated, and upholstered, and all the people were thinking how proud they would feel to see their king start off in such grand style, and how all the people in the distant lands he would visit would gaze at them and envy their grandeur. I suppose the king instructed his secretary, the man who writes his letters for him, to send greetings to the different sovereigns, and announce his coming; and you can imagine how surprised and mortified he must have felt when a letter was returned from Queen Victoria, which, instead of assuring him of a warm welcome, and telling him that the English people would give a grand fete, and have a musical festival in his honor at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham, stated in a very courteous but plain manner, that the Queen of England, who ruled over a Christian land, could not extend courtesies to nor receive at her court any monarch who was a polygamist, and living so against the laws of God.

It was a dreadful disappointment to the king to receive such a letter, and he immediately determined that he would not take the journey at all, nor attempt to visit any of the other courts, and gave orders that all the preparations be immediatly suspended.

THE STICK-GATHERER.

It was a new and sad experience for the king, and yet all Christians everywhere could not but applaud the good queen for showing in this way her strong Christian principles, and her disapproval of wrong.

Shortly after this, to give some pleasure to his wives, as an offset to their disappointment, he had a number of barges fitted out with many flags and streamers and gay colors, the crews dressed in regalia, bands of music and companies of singers on board, and on a beautiful morning he and his court, with many officials and invited guests set out from Bangkok to go up the River Meinam, and be present at the dedication of a beautiful temple in one of the northern villages of the empire. The king, surrounded by a number of his men of state, dressed in dashing uniforms were in the first barge, while in the next under a silken canopy in a beautiful ivory chair, which was placed upon a platform covered with purple velvet sat the lovely queen, elegantly dressed, and with diamonds glistening in her hair, about her neck, and on her girdle. She was surrounded by her maids, and behind her stood a company of singers, all gayly attired, and in readiness to make the trip joyful and happy. In other barges were the many wives of the king with their servants, and all the barges were decorated with flowers and fruits.

Crowds thronged the shores of the beautiful river to witness the departure of the royal party in all their splendor, and as the bands struck up some martial air, and the voices of the singers floated out over the water, and the flotilla moved on, a joyful shout arose from the multitude, and huzzas for the young king and queen. As they passed up the river the people from the villages flocked to the shores to see the spectacle, and do reverence to the royal party. After a time the king went on some distance beyond the others, and when the barge containing the queen began to follow, it became entangled in some ropes which had been thrown across the stream and were in the water, and in a moment the barge was capsized, and the queen, the princess and the maids were thrown violently into the water. As they rose to the surface they might easily have been rescued, but for a law of the realm, that, under penalty of death, no subject could touch even the clothing of the king or queen, or royal family, so no effort was made to save them, and their cries and pleadings were only returned by dumb looks of despair, as their followers saw them drown before their eyes.

Then a company was sent forward to carry the sad news to the king, who was overcome and almost crazed by this terrible blow, for he loved deeply the beautiful queen. The joy of the whole company was suddenly turned into mourning, and the music was hushed; the flags and streamers taken down; the people in tears as they looked at the empty barge of their lovely queen, which now just behind that of the king, floated slowly back toward the capital, and the huzzas of the multitude, as they passed were turned into wailings.

For many weeks the sad king lived apart from all, broken in heart and striving in vain to gain some comfort by reading the heathen writers. He was full of questionings with regard to his queen, and could not feel sure that she was happy. In his despair he remembered the missionaries, and what he had occasionally heard of their belief, and so he sent to Dr. Dean for a Bible, that he might possibly find in that some hope to cheer him, some balm to soothe his bleeding heart, some truth about immortality which he could believe. With this earnest purpose he is now studying the word of the Lord, and we should all pray that he may find Him who alone can give comfort to the sorrowing, or a sure hope of an endless and happy life beyond this to his people.

The king recently made a present of a horse and carriage to our veteran missionary, Dr. Dean, and begged him to let him know of anything he needed to increase his comfort, showing by his kindness that he trusted and respected him in a manner quite in contrast to the treatment received from those in high places in years gone by.

"PETER."

American boys and girls whose delight in looking at Jumbo and his celebrated legs may have been clouded by remembering how many of the little English cousins across the sea were lamenting the tall old elephant's absence will be glad to know that a new pet has already been found to take Jumbo's place.

They are flocking by hundreds daily to the Zoological Gardens, where once Jumbo reigned and carried them trumpeting upon his broad back, to be introduced to Peter—a splendid specimen of the "Chacma" baboon, whose sparkling countenance and symmetrical shape our artist has here pictured.

Peter came originally from South Africa on a war ship with his master, a British officer, who lately turned his monkeyship over to the "Zoo." It is disagreeable to state that his owner did did so to get rid of him—he was fast growing too mischievous to be endured on shipboard. I fear Peter is, in truth, no model for the other monkeys in the Gardens. He steals; he bites; he loves to tear up anything he can once fasten his fingers upon. All this is very sad to learn. Possibly Mr. Barnum will see that he ought to be taught to be a good and happy monkey, and feel bound to buy him for America next year. Travel is so improving to the manners.

Peter has recently had a curious experience. Did any of you ever hear of a monkey who had the toothache, and who took chloroform to get rid of it? Such was Peter's fortune. Day after day the poor fellow sat in one corner of his roomy cage holding his paw close to his cheek. His friends, the children with their mothers and fathers and nurses, stood around pitying him and longing to help him, but in vain

Peter's jaw began to swell terribly. At length his sufferings came to the point where his keepers said that the cause of all his woe, an aching molar tooth, must be drawn, or the poor fellow would die, for he refused to eat, and seemed to become each day weaker and more dejected. Suddenly a London gentleman, Mr. Hammond, came to the conclusion that he could extract the ailing tooth and save the pet's life.

Peter's illness had made him exceedingly afraid of any strangers—quite as cross, in fact, as a good many of my small readers are when they have the toothache. Mr. Hammond and his assistant, however, entered the cage and politely presented Peter with a nice linen handkerchief well soaked in chloroform.

Peter warily took it, examined it attentively, and presently proceeded—not to smell of it at all, but to calmly lick off all the chloroform with much pleasure. Chloroform must be smelled to best take effect, not swallowed. The handkerchief was prepared again and again offered. A second time did the red tongue make its appearance and spoil Mr. Hammond's kind designs, and indeed for nearly half an hour did Peter cunningly get the best of his friends by licking up the chloroform.

Finally, however, the liquid began to take effect upon him. Peter's bright eyes grow dim, his head drooped. The handkerchief was held tightly to his nose, and suddenly he tumbled over sound asleep, able to undergo any operation without feeling it.

Now was the time for Mr. Hammond. The forceps (ugh!) were produced, and after some quick but careful work the tooth was drawn from the unconscious sleeper's jaw, safely, and without rousing him. By-and-by its ownerawoke. He seemed wonderfully relieved immediately, but also somewhat dazed and puzzled to find out what had been done to him. At length he settled down comfortably in a corner of his cage to think about it, and recover his spirits. He was quite too proud to ask questions. I doubt if he has discovered yet just what was done to him, although with that broad forehead of his he must be a monkey with a good deal of mind.

And really is he not a striking-looking stranger. Just notice his bold glance and the dignified position, which at once showed him to be a monkey of great force of character, as well as easy manners. And how modest and retiring too, to judge from the graceful way in which he has tucked his handsome tail away in the straw.

Poor Peter, exiled from his hot South African jungles and woods, what strange scenes he might describe could he only succeed in acquiring a proper English accent! —of dense boundless forests, lashed into a sea of waving boughs at night by hurricanes and tornadoes; of calm moonlight evenings by blue lakes rippled with silver, where the lion comes down like a great stealthy cat to drink and meet a friend for a hunting excursion; and of Mrs. Peter (only that is not her married name), who may be wondering all this time why her husband ran away and left her. But there he is, safe in the great London Zoological Gardens, and there he is likely to remain as long as he lives, unless, as I have already suggested, Mr. Barnum buys him and brings him over to America. *Harper's Young People.*

PETER, THE BABOON, AT THE "ZOO."

WHAT'S THE REASON?

Take twenty boys of sixteen, in our, or any town in the state, let them go to work, three or four in a dry goods store, boot and shoe finishing establishment, and printing offices. In ten years they will have become men of twenty-six, and the majority of them will then be about as far along in the business scale as they ever will be. One or two only, in each of the above branches, will be established in business for themselves, or connected with some firm doing a good business, and the rest will be barely getting a living and growling about their poor luck. Now we assert that there is a good reason for their poor success, and that "luck" has but little, if anything at all, to do with it.

If we take the trouble to ascertain the real facts in their several cases, we shall find that those young men who became masters in their trades, or leading men in their business pursuits, were not afraid to work, and were determined to succeed. They looked beyond the day and week. They made themselves valuable and useful to their employers, by being always faithful, reliable, and willing to do what they could for the interest of those for whom they worked. When a press of business came, they were ready and willing to work extra hours, and without sulking and grumbling, well knowing that business must be attended to when it came, and that there were plenty of dull times during the year, which would more than counterbalance the extra briskness of the busy season. To sum it up, these young men identified themselves with the establishment where they were employed—became useful to their employers, in fact, fixtures who could be illy spared and in due course of time, having gained experience, were invited to take a hand with the already established house, or else boldly struck out for themselves.

Here, then, is the lesson, which is, if you wish to become successful masters, learn first to become faithful servants.—*Household.*

IN DES MOINES, Iowa, a Swede was arrested for making a cowardly assault on three peaceable Chinamen who were on their way to Sunday-school. One of the principal witnesses for the prosecution was Ah Yaf, a boy 13 years old. In reply to the question, "Do you know what perjury means?" he promptly responded, "No." The next question was, "Do you know what oath means?" "Yes," was the reply, evinced by holding up his right hand after the manner of witnesses when sworn, adding, "I no tell story, I tell truf." "But," continued the lawyer, "Do you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie here?" "Yes," said Ah Yaf solemnly, pointing upward with his little yellow finger; "I no go to heaven."

ONE OF THE CHRISTIAN LEADERS in the time of the Reformation was told, "All the world are against you;" he replied, boldly, "Then I am against all the world."

"RAILWAY JACK."

About three years ago, a rather large dog of the fox-terrier variety entered the guard's carriage of a train that was just starting from Brighton, England, for Horsham station. He had no ticket, and did not explain his business; but the guard seeing that he was a respectable dog decided to let him ride free.

From that day to this the dog who is now well known all over England by the name of "Railway Jack," has constantly travelled on railway trains. For the first year or two he confined himself strictly to the trains of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.

This road has a great many branches, and a great many trains run over it every day, but Jack knew the time-table perfectly, and never troubled the ticket agents by asking them, "How can I go to such and such a place?" or "When does the next train start?" He took lodgings in a waste-paper basket in the station-house at Lewes station, and wherever he went he never failed to catch the last train from Brighton to Lewes.

It was at first believed that Jack travelled in connection with some private business of his own; that he was, for example, engaged in organizing a "United Terriers' Society for the Destruction of Rats," or was an agent for some "Co-operative Bone Store," that proposed to supply dogs with the best quality of bones at less than ordinary prices. It was soon found, however, that he was engaged in inspecting the railway. While on the train he sat close to the window, and carefully watched to see if there were any signs that the embankments at the side of the track were out of order, or that the bridges needed repairs. He would stop at a station, and inspect the switches and the signals, and would then take the next train for some other station, where he would inspect the eating-room and test the quality of the food. It was thus very evident that he had appointed himself Inspector of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and every one connected with the company recognized him as a faithful and efficient officer.

One day a lady presented him with a collar with the inscription, "I am Jack, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway dog. Please give me a drink of water. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." Jack seemed to feel that in gratitude for this present he ought to increase his labors. He therefore made a practice of taking frequent trips all over England to see if he could discover anything in the management of other railways which he could recommend his own railway company to copy. Sometimes he went as far as Scotland, and on one occasion when he visited London, and went to the Isle of Dogs to see if there was any good reason for its name, he lost his way, and was absent for some weeks.

A few days after he had been found and brought back to the railway, one of the men employed by the company died, and was buried at Hastings. On the day of the funeral, Jack arrived by the noon train, and went to the church, where he reverently listened to the funeral service, and then followed the coffin to the grave. He also attended the funeral of another railway servant at Lewes, and showed that he felt that the company had sustained a powerful loss.

A short time ago Jack met with a serious accident, which very nearly proved fatal. He was crossing the track late one evening at one of the stations of his own railway, when he slipped and fell just as a train rushed by, crushing one of his fore-legs. He was carried home to Lewes, where chloroform was given to him, and his leg was cut off close to the shoulder. There is no doubt that he was a little careless in crossing the track when a train was approaching; but although he had just returned from attending a wedding at Berwick, Scotland, it is admitted by every one that he was perfectly sober.

Jack bore the loss of his leg very well; but a day or two afterward he took off the bandages while his nurse was absent from room, and very nearly bled to death before he could receive proper attention. Since then he has steadily improved, although his anxiety to return to duty has made him a little feverish at times. The fact that no accident has occurred on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway since he was injured has been a great consolation to him, and he feels that it is due to the thorough way in which his work of inspection has been done.

Hereafter poor Jack will have to limp on three legs, for nobody has yet invented artificial legs for dogs. He will, however, be able to do his work, and will undoubtedly be more careful in avoiding danger than he was before the accident. His photograph—the one from which the picture in this number of *Young People* was taken—is considered to be an excellent one, and though it cannot be called a beautiful picture, it is the portrait of an upright, faithful, and universally respected dog.—*Harper's Young People.*

A MONKEY TO APPEAR AS A WITNESS.

A monkey witness is shortly to appear in a murder trial in an Indian court at Sattara. A travelling showman, whose living depended on five monkeys and a goat, was recently murdered near a village, his troupe being killed with the exception of one monkey, which ran up a tree and watched the assassins bury his master and his companions When all was quiet the monkey ran off to the "patel" of the nearest village, and made him understand by speeches and signs that something was wrong. The "patel" followed the monkey, which led him to the place where his master was buried, and the murder was duly discovered. The monkey is now kept for the identification of the assassins, a plan which recalls the time-honored history of the dog of Montargis.—*London Graphic.*

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Bayard Taylor made the following remarks respecting the rules of success, that are worth their weight in gold to every young man, as the experience of one whom all delight to honor: "I have always reverently accepted them. First, labor: nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieve, he must pay for it, and no favor of fortune can absolve him from duty. Secondly, patience and forbearance, which are simply dependent on the slow justice of time. Thirdly and most important, faith; unless a man believe in something far higher than himself, something infinitely purer and grander than he can ever become—unless he have an instinct of an order beyond his dreams, of laws beyond his comprehension, of beauty and good and justice beside which his own ideals are dark—he will fall in every loftier form of ambition, and ought to fail.—*Church and Home.*

THE LIZARD'S "GLOVES."

My friend "Snow Bunting" asks if any of you youngsters have ever seen a lizard's "gloves" floating on the water of ponds or ditches. She says they look very pretty and have every finger perfect, and that even the wrinkles in the palms are plainly marked. they are so delicately thin, however, that if taken out of the water they fall together in a shapeless mass; but if dipped up carefully in some of the water, they sometimes keep their shape.

The "gloves" are really the old outer skin from the paws of the newt or water-lizard. He has several new suits a year, and he tears of his old coat in shreds, but the "gloves" come away whole. There must be numbers of these cast-off paw-coverings, but it is not likely that you will come across them, my dears, excepting in the deep woods, on the surfaces of pools and sluggish streamlets. —*St. Nicholas.*

COLORS OF THE SKY.

The explanation of the colors of the morning and evening skies is thus stated by Sir John Lubbock in his presidential address before the British Association: Tyndall has taught us that the blue of the sky is due to the reflection of the blue rays by the minute particles floating in the atmosphere. Now, if from the white light of the sun the blue rays are thus selected, those which are transmitted will be yellow, orange, and red. Where the distance is short, the transmitted light will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks toward the horizon the atmospheric distance increases, and consequently the number of the scattering particles. They weaken in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstances must pass from yellow through orange to red, and thus, while we at noon are admiring the deep blue of the sky the same rays, robbed of their blue, are elsewhere lighting up the evening sky with all the glories of sunset.

TWO AND ONE.

Thou hast two ears, and but one mouth;
Remember it I pray;
For much there is that thou must hear,
And little say.

Thou hast two eyes, and but one mouth;
Ponder and reason well;
Full many things thou art to see,
And few things tell.

Thou hast two hands, and but one mouth;
Nature has rightly done;
For she has given two for work,
For eating one.

—*From the German of Ruckert.*

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.

Desmoulin, a celebrated French physician, when on his death-bed, having called around him the most distinguished physicians in Paris, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." On the visitors urging Desmoulin to mention the names of these three great doctors, each probably expecting to hear his own name announced, he briefly added, "The three great physicians are water, exercise, diet."

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER I.

LAME GREG.

"Greg! Greg! where are ye? Where's that urchin got to?" was shouted in a harsh, unwomanly voice, by a fierce-looking, grey-haired woman, who was standing at the door of a miserable-looking house in a wretched court in the East-end of London. It was a dull day in autumn, with a biting east wind, which shook the woman's rags and blew her rough hair about, and certainly did not improve her temper. "Greg!" she shouted again, "I'll give it you well, if ye don't come!" Then, after a moment's waiting, she shut the door angrily, saying—"What a plague other folks' children be, to be sure!"

Meanwhile a most miserable object was crouched down on the cold pavement only just out of sight—a little, old, pale face, with tousled hair, and large, eager, hungry eyes, and a poor deformed body, which shrank and quivered as the woman's voice was heard. Standing close by was another child, with curly hair and a merry face, thin and pale enough, but looking as if she knew what love was, and feeling deeply for the poor deformed boy.

Both children remained quite silent a few minutes, but when they heard the door bang, the little girl stooped down and said softly—"Poor Greg! well, you're out of her way for a bit longer."

The boy's lips quivered: "She'll beat me awful when I go in."

"I know she will," said May, with tears in her eyes. "Why don't you run away, Greg? I would, if she beat me like that."

"You know I can't run, May," said the child, pitifully. "You're pretty; folks ud care for you, but, no one loves me."

Tender-hearted May could not stand this; she was eleven years old, a year older than Greg, and seemed to feel quite motherly towards him; she stooped down, and putting her arms around the poor, forlorn little cripple, she kissed his dirty, tear-stained face, saying cheerfully—"Yes, I love you, Greg; see, I love you."

Greg never remembered having a kiss before, though he had often played with May in the court that summer—the first summer she had been in that neighborhood—and he looked up quite surprised.

"What's the matter?" asked May, wondering at the expression on the boy's face. "It's nice!" he said simply.

"Didn't your mother never kiss you?"

"Never had no mother," was the sorrowful reply.

"Oh yes, every one has a mother," said May, earnestly.

"No, I never had one, I tell you; I know I never had," he said passionately, as if he felt he had been denied what other children had. "But there," he added, subsiding into his usual quiet, patient way, "I suppose every one can't have 'em, and I was one that had to go without."

"Well," said May, considerably mystified, "I always thought every one had. Never mind, Greg, I love you."

Presently a voice was heard calling out of an upper window—"May! May Langborne! are you there?

"Yes, mother," answered May's clear voice, as she ran hastily in, leaving poor Greg alone in the cold wind and growing darkness. He did not stir. The poor little deformed body suffered a great deal of pain, and every movement was a difficulty. He knew that if he went indoors he should be sent out for gin to the public-house at the corner, and he dreaded going there. The half-tipsy men laughed and made fun of his poor back, and the little fellow was deeply sensitive, suffering as much from their words as he did from his grandmother's hard blows.

"What were you doing in the court, May?" asked her mother. "You know I don't like your playing with the rude children about here."

"No, mother, I know. I wasn't playing with any one, I was talking to poor Greg; his grandmother was scolding and shouting to him, and he was hiding away."

"Poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Langborne, "my heart aches for him," and she sighed; "he has a hard time of it."

"And, mother," said May, still very puzzled "he says he never had a mother; he says some folks have to go without. I thought everybody had a mother."

"So they have, love," said Mrs. Langborne, with a sad smile. "I expect Greg's mother died when he was a baby, and he does not remember her."

"Yes, that must be it," said May, considerably relieved. "Oh, mother, may I go and tell him? I think he'd be glad to know he had a mother once. Do let me go." "Well, don't stay long; there is awful bad company in this court, and I don't like you to hear their talk, it don't do anybody any good."

"Why did we come here, mother? it isn't half so nice as where we was." Then seeing the tears in her mother's eyes, she added, "Is it, cause of father?"

Mrs. Langborne could not answer her little girl. She had had a happy home once, but her husband had taken to drink, and they had been brought lower and lower, till at last they had reached that wretched court, not inappropriately called "The Battlefield." Ah! many a battle has been fought down there—the battle with poverty and dirt and wretchedness, the battle with sin and Satan. Most of the inhabitants yielded to the enemy, but even in that court God had His own witnesses, who were fighting on the winning side. Among them was Mrs. Langborne. She found it hard work, for all her efforts seemed useless to win her husband from what was degrading him. She was often cast down, but she generally managed to keep it from her little daughter, and only show her the bright side.

She soon dried her tears, and giving May a kiss she cut a slice of bread from the loaf she had just brought home, and saying, "There, give that to Greg—I dare say he does not get much to eat, the poor child often looks almost starved," she put it into May's hand, who looked up with a beaming "Thank you, mother, I'll tell him you sent it."

The happy child was soon downstairs in the court once more. She ran over to Greg, saying softly—"Greg, Greg, here's a bit of bread for you; and do you know you had a mother once?" and the child's eyes danced as if she were telling him a bit of rare good fortune.

"No, I tell you, I never had," was the slow and sorrowful answer in a muffled tone, on account of his mouth being full of bread.

"But mother says you had," persisted May. "She says everybody has a mother; but your mother must have died when you was quite little, and you don't remember her."

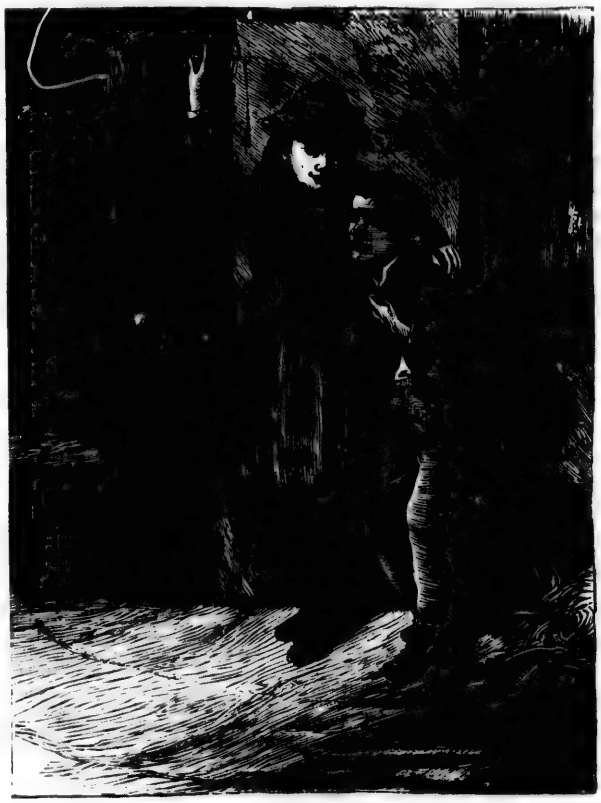
This was a new idea to Greg, and a light dawned on his face as he said slowly, "Then I had a mother like other children!"

"Of course you had," returned May, with assurance.

"Then where is she now?"

"If she loved Jesus, she's gone to be with Him."

"Where does He live?"



"'HE LIVES UP IN HEAVEN,' AND HER FINGER POINTED UPWARD."

"Oh, don't you know?" asked May, opening her blue eyes, "Why, He lives up in heaven," and her finger pointed upward.

Greg's eyes followed the direction of her finger, and saw the bright stars peeping out of the dark sky, quiet witnesses of Him who made them. "Up there! why didn't she take me too?"

"Well, I suppose she couldn't," returned May.

"It must be nicer than here, said Greg, still keeping his face up to the sky—"so pretty with all them bright spots!"

"Course it's nicer there," said May. "Shall I tell you what my hymn says?—

"'There is a happy land,
Far, far away!
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!'"

"Say it again," said Greg, as May paused.

And there in the dreary court, in the starlight, May repeated her hymn.

"And my mother's there," said Greg softly.

"Yes," said May, with a child's assurance, "and you'll go to her one day."

"Shall I?" exclaimed Greg, in a tone of joy such as never before came from that crippled form, "shall I, May? When? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I don't know why I didn't tell you," said May, taking the last question first, "I wish I had; but, you see, I haven't known you very long. And I don't know when you are going, Greg. Some day, when God says so. But I must go to mother. Good-night, I hope your granny won't beat you much."

"Good-night," returned Greg; "it won't matter if she does. I've got a mother now, and she's in the happy land, and I'm going to her!"

May ran in, and Greg was again left alone. Yet he hardly felt the same forlorn child he had been an hour ago. He had a mother now! Yes, he accepted the assurance of that with all confidence. He was not so lonely, and uncared for, and unwelcomed as he had always thought; a mother had loved him once, and would again! May said so, and she seemed to know. Who was Jesus, who had taken his mother away, he wondered? And how could He live up there among those bright stars? Oh, how many questions he wanted to ask! Then he repeated over and over again the only lines he could remember of May's hymn—

'There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

"Yes, it must be far away from here," he thought, as he listened to the noise and screams and oaths that were continually sounding around him, and looked up from his dark, cold corner to the pure gentle stars that were shining so peacefully so far away.

After a while he fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but he awoke at last with a start from a sudden kick and a volley of oaths, as a man came tumbling over him. Greg managed to creep away in the darkness as the man was throwing his arms about in the vain endeavor to punish the child who had been the cause of his fall.

He was wide awake now, and knew that it was late, that the public-houses were closing, and that some drunken man had stumbled over him. He crept softly up the stairs to the room he called "home," listening outside the door to find out, if possible, what sort of a temper his grandmother was in. Hearing no sound, he opened the door cautiously, to see the old woman asleep in a chair, a bottle and a glass close beside her, and a few warm cinders dying out in the grate. He made his way to them on tiptoe, and warmed his cold hands and feet as well as he could; then creeping under the rags which formed his bed, he was soon soundly asleep, dreaming of the happy land so far, far away.

CHAPTER II.

OLD ISAAC.

"The Battlefield," as Field's Court was commonly called in that neighborhood, from the public-house at the corner which bore that unusual name, was a curiously-shaped place. At the first part—the part where Greg and May lived—the houses were regularly built opposite each other, but at the other end the court turned round as if it were going to lead you somewhere, and when you got there you found one little house in a corner, smaller than the rest, and if possible darker; a high brick wall being built opposite, which shut off much of the daylight. There was no thoroughfare, and it seemed as if the house had been an after-thought of the builder's—as if he had felt that there were so many people in London to be accommodated, that wherever there was even a small vacant spot, there he must contrive to build a house. At any rate, there it was, with "No 11" faintly painted on the door.

This house held three families. In the lowest room lived old Isaac and his wife; they had lived there many years. When he was well and strong he had earned good wages at a saddler's shop in the main road, not far off; but a sad accident had laid him low, and he had not been able to walk since. His employers, however, still gave him odds and ends of work which he could do at his own house; his wife taking the work backwards and forwards. Isaac was a happy old man; he knew the true source of joy, and though he was often in pain and weakness, yet he believed God's word that "All things work together for good to them that love God." His wife was a very reserved woman, never speaking to her neighbors if she could avoid it; and as Isaac could not get about, they were almost as much alone, and knew as little of their neighbors, as if they lived on a desert island.

But one day Greg's granny had been unusually cross, even for her; she had beaten him, and turned him out into the wet court—for it was pouring with rain—telling him that she could not think what cripples were allowed to live for, and she heartily wished he were out of the world. The poor little lad's heart was nearly broken, and in endeavoring to find a corner to hide quite out of granny's reach, he discovered the bend in the court near Isaac's house, and sat down on the step crying as if his heart would break.

"What's that noise, wife?" asked Isaac, looking up from his work; "it sounds like a child crying. Do open the door and see."

She did as he wished without a word, and Isaac raised his voice a little: "What are you doing there?"

Greg jumped up, and would have shuffled away, but the voice sounded kind, and he looked in.

"Come in, come in!" said Isaac. "I'm very fond of little boys, and I'd like to have a talk with you."

So Greg stepped in, thinking too what a nice shelter it was from his granny.

"Well," said Isaac, with true delicacy not noticing the child's deformity—"I am glad to have a visitor. You see I can't walk at all.

"Can't you?" said Greg, with great interest; "don't you never go out at all? Shan't you never walk any more?"

"I shan't walk any more on earth, but in the happy land I shall walk again."

"Shall you?" asked Greg, brightening up. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, sure; do you know anything about it?,'

"I've got a mother in the happy land, and I'm going to her," replied Greg, with a nod.

"God bless you, my boy," said Isaac, with deepening interest, "I didn't know any one in this court thought of these things. Who told you about it?"

"May told me."

"Who's May?"

"Why, May, what lives just opposite," said Greg, as if he thought every one ought to know her.

"Dear me, I wish I could get about. Will you bring May to see me some day? I should like to see her. And Isaac pushed up his spectacles, looking thoughtful, as if he was considering whether he ought not, to have sought the welfare of those about him in some way, instead of shutting himself up so much alone. "Lord," he whispered softly, "Thou hast sent this lamb of Thine here to show me what work I might do for Thee, even in my helpless state. Lord, I thank Thee for this. Help me to teach this lamb the way to the happy land." Isaac's eyes were shut and his hands clasped, but his face was upward.

Greg watched him gravely, and looked up to the ceiling of the little room to see what made the old man's face so bright. When Isaac opened his eyes again, and turned with a smile to the child, Greg asked gravely, "Who was you talking to?"

"Why, to the blessed Lord Jesus, to be sure,"

"Him as took my mother away?"

"Yes, child; don't you know anything about Him?"

Greg shook his head.

"Dear, dear me, how sad! The Lord Jesus loves you, my boy, and wants to make you His happy child. Will you love Him?"

"Yes," said Greg, earnestly, his heart at once going out to any one who loved him.

"Where's your father? Isn't he living?"

"Don't know," said Greg, as if surprised at the question

"Who do you live with?"

"Why, with granny, at No. 2."

"What's is granny's name?"

"Some calls her 'Old Moll, and some says 'Mrs. Jackson,'" replied the boy, gravely.

"Well, come and see me again when you can, and bring May with you—I'd like to see her."

So Greg went out again into the rain and cold. He noticed a group of children at play on the corner, evidently enjoying themselves, in spite of the wet weather. He hurried past them as quickly as he could go, but not before one curly-headed child had caught sight of him, and shouted out—"Hunchback Greg!" The pained look came over his face again, and as others took up the cry, the tears came into his eyes. He hastened on, and as he passed by No. 2 his granny appeared at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN CITY minister is chargeable with unfaithfulness to the word of God. While he is reading his pretty little sermon from gilt-edge, sweet-scented note-paper, in soft and dulcet tones to the select few, in the pleasant church, the masses are rushing headlong to ruin and carrying our country and its institutions with them.—*Selected.*

IF YOU would create something, you must be something.—*Goethe.*

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

"Oh, there you are! Nigh at hand for once! Here, take this jug and money, and fetch me three-pen'orth of gin. If yer don't hurry, you'll catch it, mind!" and she gave him a smart slap on the shoulder to hasten his movements. But the pavement was slippery, and Greg, never very firm on his legs, went suddenly down, smashing the jug to atoms.

"Yer young varmint!" said the woman, almost beside herself with anger, dealing out blows on the shrinking form. "I'll teach yer to break my jugs, I will."

"What's the matter, Moll?" shouted a voice from the next door; "has the brat broken yer jug?"

"Yes, all to bits," said the angry woman, pausing a moment to detail her grievances, while Greg shrank away as fast as he could.

"Was yer going to have a drink? Never mind, come and get it there," said her neighbor, pointing with her thumb to the public-house at the corner. And the two slatternly women crossed the road to the place, where they grew more quarrelsome, more dirty, and more unwomanly.

Meanwhile Greg, sobbing with pain and trouble, dragged himself to his accustomed corner, where he was in some measure out of the rain, and sat down to bear his sorrows as best he might. Poor little lonely soul, only the same age when children in happier circumstances are cared for and loved and looked after in every possible way, he was left to bear heavy trials and sufferings all alone. By-and-by he saw May stepping across the court wrapped in an old shawl of her mother's, and carefully avoiding all the pools left in the broken pavement. She did not see him, and he felt too miserable to call her, and only watched her with wistful eyes. But the sight of May awoke other thoughts, and his heart grew warmer as he remembered that Jesus loved him, and one day would take him to the happy land, to be with Jesus and mother; that would be nice, he thought, and he wished he might go just then out of that wretched court to join them. But when he looked up there were no stars! And he cried to think that even that land might be spoilt.

Presently May passed again, and hearing sobs, she came up to the child, asking kindly—"What's the matter, Greg?"

"The happy land's gone!" said the child, with tear-stained face.

"Oh no," she said cheerfully—"it never goes."

"But it has, see!" and he pointed upward.

May, with a child's quick instinct, caught his meaning as she looked up and saw the cloudy skies.

"It's all right, Greg, the happy land ain't gone; the rain never comes near it, mother says."

"But we can't see it," said Greg, only half comforted.

"No, but it's there all the same," returned May, confidently. "There, don't cry no more, it will be all right."

Greg was only half convinced, but after a moment's silence he said—"I've been to see an old man what can't walk, and he says I must go again, and you an' all."

"Me!" said May—"what for?"

"'Cause he's going to the happy land, and he wants to see you afore he goes."

"Where does he live?" asked May, wondering.

"Round the corner, there," said Greg, pointing with a dirty hand in the direction of the upper part of the court.

"Hasn't he got no legs?" asked May, remembering that he could not walk.

"Oh yes, he has legs—long ones; but he says they ain't no use. He can't move hisself a bit."

"He'll walk in the happy land."

"Yes, he said so; and he wants you to go and talk about it, will yer?"

"Well," said May, demurely, "I'll ask mother, 'cause, ye see, she's particular where I goes. But there, I mustn't stop, I've to fetch a ha'porth of milk. Don't cry any more, Greg."

The boy was getting stiff from sitting so long, so he got up and followed May out into the street. It was still raining fast, but he was nearly wet through, and a little more rain would not make him much worse. He saw May go into the milkshop, and got a bright smile and nod from her as he passed the door. Down to the corner he walked, where the old apple-woman kept her stall, summer and winter. Greg had never had any money to buy any of her bright fruit, but he had often looked at her stall from a distance, and wished he could have a halfpenny of his own to spend. To-day she had got a few small oranges as well as apples, and Greg placed himself on a doorstep not far off to watch her. She had an old umbrella over her stall to keep her fruit dry, and she drew her large shawl round her as if she felt the cold; but her face was cheery and pleasant, and she had a lively word and bright smile for each of her customers. Presently, to his great surprise, Greg found that the apple-woman was beckoning to him.

"I'LL TEACH YER TO BREAK MY JUGS, I WILL."

CHAPTER III.

A KIND HEART.

"Come here, honey—how wet you be, to be sure! And what'll your name be?"

"Greg," said the child, gravely.

"And that'll be a nice short name to remember. Well, Greg, my boy, creep under my shawl and have a bit o' my supper, and maybe ye'll get warmer."

Biddy, as the apple-woman was usually called, had kept a stall at that corner for years; she was now an elderly woman, and although very ignorant, was always kind and good-natured. She had never married, for, as she said in her quaint way, she had enough to do to look after herself, without looking after a husband too; for Biddy did not seem to understand that it is a husband's place to look after his wife; perhaps she had seen too many cases to the contrary. Anyway, she had a very warm spot in her heart for children; she dearly loved them, and the more loveless and forlorn they looked, the more her heart seemed to go out to them, so that she warmed to Greg at once. Though Biddy had kept her stall so long at the corner, she and Greg had never spoken before; for though he had seen and admired her stall from a distance, it was not often he ventured so far.

"Ahone! but how wet ye be, my darlint! an' what'll the tears be in your eyes for?" and she softly stroked Greg's head.

"You're very good," said Greg, gratefully; "are you going to the happy land too?"

"An' what land'll that be, I wonder? It'll be far enough away from here, no doubt"

But before Greg could say more, he heard his granny's voice close by and shrank closer under the friendly shelter of the ample shawl. Biddy seemed to understand why it was; and when the old woman stopped at the corner of the road and asked her sharply, "Ha' ye seen a lame brat about here?" she answered quickly, "An' never a brat have I seen, at all, at all."

"Yer uses yer eyes precious little, then," returned Granny, scoffingly.

"An' a good thing, too, in a world like this," returned Biddy

quickly; "it's best to shut your eyes to the bad, sure."

"Bad! Yes, they're a precious bad lot are brats nowadays," said Granny, walking back in great wrath. "Now I'll have to tramp all the way back again. Greg'll catch it when I do find him!"

"Why did you say you hadn't seen me?" asked Greg, presently, when Granny was fairly out of sight.

"An' I didn't say so honey. Little childer shouldn't be called 'brats.'"

Greg did not question this, but he drew closer to the kindly heart.

"Does your Granny beat you, honey?" asked Biddy, in a kindly voice, meanwhile keeping a sharp look-out after likely customers.

"Yes," returned Greg, sorrowfully, turning up his ragged sleeve—"look there!"

"Oh, the cratur! to give you a blow like that!" exclaimed Biddy, indignantly, as she saw a long black mark on the little bony arm. 'An' it's she doesn't desarve to have a child near her. You come to me, my darlint, whenever she beats ye, an' I'll take care o' ye."

Greg looked up gratefully, and ate the bread she offered him.

"Here; take a drink o' this, 'twill do ye good," and she held a jug of tea to his lips.

It was long since Greg had been so kindly treated. Isaac was kind, to be sure, but he had not fed and comforted the hungry, aching child like Biddy; and though May was always sympathizing, she could not help and defend him as the applewoman did. No, from that day Greg always counted Biddy as his best friend. He remained hidden with her till she began to pack up her things for the night, and then he sorrowfully returned to the dreary court.

It was some time before Greg went to see old Isaac again; he longed to have another talk about the happy land, but he did not like to go without May, as Isaac had especially asked for her. May had not been about the court for some days; the last time Greg caught sight of her at the window she had a bandage tied round her head, and she looked very sorrowful. Greg guessed that her father had been striking her in some drunken fit. He had often watched the man stumbling home, and heard his angry words and loud voice; and he grieved in a quiet way that May, too, should know the sorrows of a drunken home. But one day when the sun was shining, and Greg was enjoying its warmth, sheltered from the cold winds in his usual nook, he saw May coming out. She looked sad, and there was a great black mark on her forhead; but she came straight up to the boy and said, gently—

"You're always in this corner, Greg."

"Yes, I've got to be here. Granny goes out every morning, and turns me out afore she goes, and locks the door so I've got to be here."

"Ain't you very cold?"

"Sometimes. It's nice and warm now in the sun."

"Shall we go and see that lame man?" asked May. "Mother says I can go now."

"Yes," said Greg, eagerly, rising with difficulty—"and hear about the happy land."

"I wish we could go there, Greg," said May wistfully.

"We're goin' some day ain't we?"

They walked up the court, turning round to Isaac's corner. When they got there Greg's courage failed him.

"You knock, May," he said.

"No; you've been before, it's you to go first," replied May, drawing back.

So Greg gave a timid knock, which was responded to with a hearty "Come in!" Greg could not reach the latch, so May opened the door, and there sat Isaac alone busy at work.

"Come in, come in," he said, when he saw his visitors timidly standing at the door; "I can't move, and my wife is out. I thought you had forgotten me, you were so long coming again."

"No," said Greg, "but May couldn't come."

"Oh, this is May is it? I'm very glad to see her. Has she had a fall? What a bad knock you've got, my child!"

"No, it wasn't a fall—" said May, slowly, and she stopped.

"GREG, MY BOY, CREEP UNDER MY SHAWL AND HAVE A BIT O' MY SUPPER."

"I see, I see," said Isaac, pitifully—"poor lambs, you've a deal to bear. But the blessed Lord knows all about you, and He cares for you. Do you know about Him?"

"Yes," said May, a soft light coming into her eyes; "He is the dear Saviour who died for us, and is going to take us to the happy land one day."

"God bless you, child. Who told you about Him?"

"Mother told me; she talks about Him every day, and she reads about the happy land, and we sing sometimes when father's out," said May, innocently.

Isaac slowly shook his head, watching the faces of the children before him, and thinking with grief of the sadness that sin had brought into their lives. Then rousing himself, he asked, "What did you read to-day.

"Why, mother read such a beautiful bit! 'Twas all about singing and being glad—about the sea making a happy noise, and the leaves rustling in the wind, and the river rushing along—and all 'cause the Lord was King! 'Twasn't like this 'ere court at all. But mother said that if people would come to the dear Saviour, all the world might be like that—all bright, and happy, and good, and singing. And I know one verse said something about 'victory,' because mother said, 'Ah child, our court's called "The Battlefield," and it is just a part of the great battlefield; but, dear me, most of the battles are lost here because they don't know that the Lord has got the victory." She said something like that," said May, in her old-fashioned way, "and I wish the victory was come, 'cause 'twould all be so nice then."

Isaac smiled. "It'll come, child, it'll come. Yes, there'll be a grand victory one day! Your mother was right, this is part of the great battlefield; she's got a hard fight, I expect, but you tell her she's sure to win, because she's on the right side she'll win, sure enough."

May smiled, pleased that Isaac thought her mother all right, but not understanding his meaning. Greg had sunk down on the floor in a crouching position; he never could bear to stand long, for his back gave him so much pain; but his bright eyes were wide open listening eagerly to the conversation.

"When'll the victory come?" he asked at last, with his head bent eagerly forward.

"I don't know, my boy. Every fresh one who comes to the Lord Jesus makes it a bit more likely, and every little victory gained over sin brings the great triumph nearer."

"But what have we to fight?" asked Greg. "Granny fights sometimes, must I fight her? I'm over little to do any good."

(To be continued.)

TO DO ONE THING poorly and slowly, for the sake of saving a little money, at the expense of another thing we have learned to do quickly and well, is a mark of parsimony rather than of real economy. The most precious things are time and opporunity for good.—*Sunday-School World.*

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"No, no, my lad, you're never to fight Granny. You've the evil to fight—the sin in your heart; that's where the first victory must be gained. If you are one of the Saviour's lambs you must never tell lies, or cheat, or say bad words, or do wrong things. When the wish to do such things comes into your heart you must fight it down, and look up to the Saviour and ask Him to give you the victory."

Greg listened earnestly with grave face, but he did not say anything. Presently Isaac's wife came in, bringing her husband fresh work, and while she was repeating to him the saddler's instructions the children slipped away.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

In a small room in a house a few streets away from Field's Court, a happy-faced woman was leaning over her husband's shoulder, looking at a map and a list of names. The room was only plainly furnished, but there were one or two brightly-illuminated texts on the wall and a few pictures. The lookout was on a busy street, with the noise of omnibuses and trams continually passing and repassing; but a few flower-pots in the window, with some plants which, though not in flower, were yet bright with fresh, green leaves, shut out some of the dulness of the street. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had only been a few weeks in that house; he had not long been appointed city missionary to that district, and was looking over the map of the neighborhood.

While they were still poring over it the former missionary came in.

"Good morning, Mr Goodwin; good morning, ma'am. I see you are busy over the map."

"Good morning, Mr. Healey; I am glad you have looked in. I want to ask you a few questions about the district."

Mr. Healey opened his note-book, and the two missionaries consulted together for some time over the state of the locality.

"And now about this court curiously named 'The Battlefield'; I expect it will be pretty much of a battlefield for us there."

"It is a dreadful place," said Mr. Healey, with emphasis—"a dreadful place, not fit for any lady to go into."

"How comes it by its strange name?"

"I am not very sure, but there is a tradition that a battle was fought some hundreds of years ago on this spot, and a field on which the court was built had from time immemorial been called 'the battlefield,' so I suppose there must be something in it."

"I see you have only one name down there, Isaac Hardacre; how is that? Are there no more families?"

"Oh, dear! yes, plenty—too many. But they are so bad no one can visit them. Isaac is a good old man and always thankful for a visit, but the rest——" and Mr. Healey held up his hands in horror. Presently he took his leave, and after he had gone Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin sat for a while in silence.

'THERE ARE THOSE WHO NEED VISITING.'

"This dreadful court," said Mrs. Goodwin at last, "you must be careful how you go into it, husband."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," was his answer, with a smile. "There are those who need visiting there; there are wounded ones on that battlefield, no doubt, who need helping and blessing; and the only way to do them good is to take the Gospel to them, so that there may be victories won there which will make heaven ring with praises."

It was in the spring that Mr. Goodwin came to that neighborhood. Greg and May were both going on much the same, both bearing their childhood's griefs and special sorrows in their usual quiet way. Many a visit had been paid to old Isaac, who was always pleased to see his young visitors, and did all he could to teach them more of the Lord he loved. The winter had been a severe one, and Greg had spent much of his time with his unfailing friend and comforter, the apple-woman, who stuck to her post notwithstanding the rain and snow, and had a warm welcome at all times for the poor little cripple.

Mr. Goodwin paid his first visit to old Isaac, who was delighted to see him, and to find that an earnest servant of God was to labor among them.

"There's need enough of work for God in a court like this, sir, sure enough; the poor souls is slaves to sin and Satan, and no one to help 'em. I wish I could do something, but you see I'm tied here and can't move. I haven't been outside that door for seven years, and it ain't likely that folks would come to me."

"No doubt you worked when you had the opportunity," said Mr. Goodwin, pleased to find so intelligent and earnest a Christian in such a place.

"Well, you see, sir, I didn't know much about the Lord myself till I was crippled. It's my accident has been the means of bringing me really to him, so I can thank Him for it, though sometimes it is a sore trouble not to be able to get about."

"It must be, indeed; but there is one thing you can do: you can pray for your neighbors, you can continually bear them up before the Lord, and so bring down blessings upon them of which they have never dreamed."

"Yes," returned Isaac, "sure enough. I do pray for them, and have done so this many a year, and I believe your coming among us is the answer to the prayers. I wish you could make one of your first visits to a man called Langborne, at No. 6, upstairs. His wife is a good woman, and I believe his little girl is one of the Saviour's lambs—she comes to see me sometimes—but Langborne is breaking their hearts. He drinks dreadful, and beats both his wife and child; but as May told me one day, 'we sings of the happy land, and wishes we was there!'"

"Poor things!" said Mr. Goodwin, compassionately, "I will certainly visit them as soon as I can; but you see I have a large district, and there are many other courts too." Then, after making one or two notes in his pocket-book, and joining Isaac in prayer, he left the house.

It was up-hill work. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin often said that it was a real battlefield to them, there was so much to discourage, and try, and dishearten. The people resented their visits, did not want to be looked after, and said openly that they did not care to be interfered with. But the missionaries gained the victory through Him who loved them, and did all they could to help the poor lost ones. Langborne was happily more easily reached than they feared; he was greatly taken with Mr. Goodwin's hearty, manly way; and before many months were over, he signed the temperance pledge, and joined a Bible-class that Mr. Goodwin had begun on Wednesday evenings.

The day after the pledge was taken, May came out to Greg in the court, her face all smiles and tears.

"What's the matter?" asked Greg, curiously.

"Oh, such good news! Father's turned teetotal, and won't touch

no more drink! Think o' that, Greg!" and the child grew excited. "Mother and me has been crying near all night, we're so glad."

"I wouldn't cry if I wor glad," said Greg.

"Wouldn't you? P'raps you couldn't help it if you was very, very glad, Greg. Shall we go and tell Isaac—he'll be so pleased?"

They soon pushed open the door, full of their news, when they discovered that Isaac was not alone. Mr. Goodwin was there reading. The children were hastily retreating, when Isaac called—"Don't go away; come in, come in! You've come to tell me about father, haven't you, May? Well, I'm just as glad as can be."

"May was so glad, she cried," said Greg, as if he could not understand it, and then shrank back in a corner as if ashamed of having spoken before a stranger; for it so happened that though Mr. Goodwin had been working in the court for some months, he had never seen Greg before.

"Well, well, we'll talk about it presently" said Isaac. "Mr. Goodwin was reading me a beautiful story about a blind man, and I'm sure if you'll sit still he'll begin the chapter again, and let you hear the whole story."

The treat was an unusual one to Greg, and both he and May eagerly squatted on the floor with upturned faces to listen. It was the ninth chapter of St. John, and the story attracted them: the poor man who had been a blind baby, a blind boy, who had never seen the faces of his father and mother, never seen God's beautiful sunshine as he sat in its warmth and begged, who all his life long had been in the dark, and had never seen anything in the world. Greg gave a little shudder as he thought that that would be worse than even his own crooked, painful back. But then how he listened when he heard that Jesus cured him, gave him sight, and that all the man had to do was simply to wash as He told him!

"Was he never blind any more?" whispered Greg to May, who was close beside him!

"Hush!" said May. "No; he's sure to be all right now."

And they listened silently to the end of the chapter.

"You see," said Mr. Goodwin, turning to the children, "the Lord Jesus not only gave the blind man his sight, but He forgave him his sins: the man became a true believer on the Son of God. And the same Jesus who did such a wonderful thing as that, He also loves you, dear children; He died on the cross for you, and He cares for you in all your trials."

"It's a wonderful thing," said Isaac—"a whole chapter in God's Book taken up with a poor blind beggar, and the way the Saviour saved and healed him."

"Ah, there will be many such chapters in the Lamb's book of life—the book that is written in heaven," said Mr. Goodwin. "There will be many a chapter there, all taken up with the Saviour's mercy and love to one poor blind sinner; there will be a whole chapter for each of us. What a book it will be!"

Greg started up. "Will there be a chapter about me there?"

"If you are one of the Saviour's little ones, my boy, your name is written in that book, and there is a chapter about you too. The blessed Lord loves and cares for all His children, whether they are young or old."

Greg gave an emphatic nod, his dark eyes looking earnestly on the missionary's face; but he did not speak, and presently sank back on the floor again till Mr. Goodwin took his leave.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Goodwin, who had been greatly touched by her husband's account of the lame boy, opened a "Band of Hope" for the children of the district. At first it was but thinly attended, and none of the children from "The Battlefield" could be persuaded to join except Greg and May. Mrs. Goodwin conducted the meetings in a very lively way, having a good deal of cheerful singing, and showing the children in simple words the great advantages of total abstinence and the terrible evils of drink. She also showed them how much good they might do if they held fast to their pledge, and how they might be the means of winning older people to give up the drink, which was the cause of such untold evil.

Greg could neither read nor write, he had never been taught anything but evil; and when he went up to the table with May, he was somewhat startled when Mrs. Goodwin asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Greg," he answered.

"Ah, but that is a short name; what is your proper name your surname?"

"Ain't got none," he said, shortly.

"Oh, but you must have one; does nobody know?"

"No," said May, "we all calls him 'Greg.'"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Goodwin, "I am afraid I cannot give you a card to-day, my boy; but do not grieve," she added, as Greg began to cry, "we will try and find out before the next meeting, and you shall have a card then."

But Greg was in great trouble. "I ain't a bit like other folks, May," he said, sobbing, as they left the meeting. "I hadn't a mother, and now I hain't a name."

"Oh, but you have, Greg. Why, you know you have a mother with Jesus in the happy land, and you have a name somewhere, sure to," said May, comfortingly. And then a bright thought coming into her head, she added, "Why, the gentleman said your name was written in heaven, so God knows what it is; it's all right, you see."

And Greg was comforted. He resolved to tell Mrs. Goodwin about it at the next meeting. But Greg did not go to the meeting again for a long, long time.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME.

A day or two after the last Band of Hope meeting, as Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were sitting at breakfast, the postman's knock was heard, and Mrs. Goodwin ran out to receive a letter for her husband.

"From your sister," she said as she handed it to him.

Mr. Goodwin read it through with a somewhat puzzled face, and then handing it to his wife, he said, "There, read it through and tell me what to do."

After speaking on family affairs, the letter went on: "We are much interested in all your work in that sad neighborhood, and we wish we could help you. We have been thinking lately we should much like to take some poor lost child and care for it. The Lord has not given us children, yet He has given us this nice farm and plenty of room for a child to run about; and we have felt strongly lately that perhaps He has some lonely, ill-used, motherless child for us to bring up for Him. I want you and Kate to think over the matter, and send us down the most unhappy and uncared-for child in the district. We do not care whether it is a boy or girl; we leave all the details with you."

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, as his wife finished reading the letter, and folded it up with a smile—"well, what conclusion have you come to?"

"Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, looking into her husband's face.

"But he is such a cripple, such an uncared-for little lad."

"Then he is just the one your sister wants. I believe it would be the making of him. If he had fresh air and good food and care just now, he might grow up much stronger. Poor little fellow! I should like to know he was down in the country; I am sure he would repay any one's care."

"He has won your heart, that is evident," said Mr. Goodwin, laughing; "and he is a good little fellow, I am sure. Isaac always speaks very highly of him. I wonder what his grandmother would say to the plan. I will call by-and-by, and see what she says."

Mr. Goodwin had somewhat of a stormy visit to old Mrs. Jackson. At first she declared she "didn't want the lad, would be glad to get rid of him;" but when Mr. Goodwin explained to her that he wanted to take Greg right away she at once declared she could not let him go unless a sum of money were paid down for the loss he would be to her in going errands. He resolved to think the matter over before he decided to do anything more, and accordingly rose to go.

"What is the child's real name?" he asked.

"Greg," she said, defiantly.

"But that is a contraction; what is his real name?"

"What's that to you?" she said, getting more angry. If 'Greg' ain't good enough, you can give him any name you've a mind to."

When Mr. Goodwin was telling his wife about it afterwards, he said, "I hardly know why, but I do not think Greg is that woman's grandchild at all. He has fallen into her hands somehow, and she seems afraid of telling his real name."

"Perhaps we shall find out some time; we must keep our eye on the woman."

At last, after some consultation, it was agreed to give the old woman ten shillings, and take Greg off at once. "Though I am sadly afraid all the money will go in gin," said Mr. Goodwin.

At last all was arranged. Greg had bid May good-bye with many tears.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH CHINA *Herald* gives an account of the boy-emperor of the Celestial Empire, who is now eleven years old, and has been legally of age since he was six. He is styled Foo Yeh, or the Buddha Father, and all who enter his presence pray to him as to the Deity. Even his mother, who visits him in state once a month bows down and worships him. He is attended by countless servants, where he [illegible] the palace of his ancestors, sleeping in a great bed where many emperors have slept who are now dead. He dines grandly, but his servants tell him when he appears to be over-eating, as your mother does you, perhaps. His teachers come in and fall upon their knees, not rising until he bids them. Every day he reads the Chinese and Tartar languages, and rides and practises with bow and arrow. Then his youthful Majesty sits for two hours on a throne and talks government affairs with his Ministers of State.

MAKE OTHERS to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.—*Rutherford.*

"Shame is the loss of our own esteem."

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(*From the Children's Friend.*)

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

"Will you ever come back?" asked May.

"I don't know," said Greg; "I should like to come back if I hadn't to live with Granny: she beat me ever so last night, 'cause she said I didn't ought to go. Let's go and say good-bye to Isaac."

"I'm real glad for you, my boy," said the old man, "though I shall miss you a deal, but I'll see you in the happy land one day." Then shutting his eyes and putting his hand on Greg's head, he said softly—"Lord, I thank Thee for Thy love to this lamb; make him altogether Thine; bless him, and make him a blessing."

And Greg came away with tears in his eyes.

One more visit he had to pay—to Biddy, the apple-woman.

"An' is it far away you're goin'?" she asked; "an' will I never see you at all, at all? Eh, but I'll miss the sight o' yer face. Here, take these," and she put a whole pennyworth of apples into his hands.

"Good-bye," said Greg; "thank yer for 'bein' kind to me."

"God bless yer kindly soul; any one with a heart at all would be kind to yer. Good-bye," and she leant over and kissed the crippled boy.

Next morning they started, Mr. Goodwin going with the child; for he did not think it would be right to let him go alone, and he wished to see his sister's first impressions of his choice. It was a long journey, for Mrs. Thompson lived in a village not far from Worcester, and they were pretty tired when they reached the farm. Greg had been very quiet all the journey, though evidently much surprised both at the mode of travelling and at the rate they whirled through the country. Mr. Goodwin feared the child was suffering a deal; his face grew paler as the day wore on, and there were dark rings round his eyes, but he never complained. He made the child as comfortable as he could with a pillow and shawl which Mrs. Goodwin had thoughtfully provided, but the jog of the train tried the poor back very much, and both travellers were heartily glad when the end of the journey was reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson came to the door to receive their guests with hearty words and kind looks.

"And is this the child that is to be our boy?" asked Mrs. Thompson, after greeting her brother.

"Why, dear, dear, you look worn out"

The child rapidly turned paler and fainted away.

"I think the journey has been too much for him," said Mr. Goodwin, catching him in his arms and carrying him into the house; "he is not strong, but he will soon come right again. I hope I have not brought too bad a specimen of the unfortunate children in our alleys."

"Not a bit, not a bit," said Mr. Thompson, heartily. "Milly will enjoy nursing him up, and will be proud of what she can do."

"He has had no love all his life. From what we can make out, he is an orphan and his grandmother is most unkind to him beating the poor child constantly, and leaving him to drag himself up as best he can."

"Poor dear child," said Mrs. Thompson, "we will alter all that. Dear me, how thin he is! See, he is coming around already."

Mr. Goodwin was sitting on the other side of the room, where Greg could not see him, and when the child opened his eyes and saw only a kind motherly face leaning over him, and felt he was lying on something more soft and comfortable than he had ever felt in his life, he said feebly with trembling lips—"Is this the happy land?"

Mrs. Thompson kissed the white face. "It shall be a happy land to you, my boy; but it is not God's happy land yet—He wants you here first."

Greg did not answer, only faintly smiled, and drank the cup of warm milk which Mrs. Thompson offered him.

"You must mind how you feed him, for he has had the poorest living all his life, and will not be able to take much nourishment at first."

ISAAC'S PRAYER FOR POOR GREG.

They left the boy on the sofa, too weak to move, while they went into another room for tea.

"I hardly know what to do about a bath," said Mrs. Thompson; "I don't like to have him in one of our beds till he has been thoroughly washed—people are so dirty in those courts; but I fear a bath would be too much for him in that weak state. Oh, I know I will wring a blanket out of hot, soapy water and wrap him in that; it will strengthen and cleanse him at the same time."

Accordingly, as soon as tea was over, Greg was carried upstairs, undressed and put into the blanket, comfortably covered up, and left to soak for a while. Mrs. Thompson examined his clothes and decided that they must be burnt. In the pocket of his undercoat she found a small, old pocket-book.

"Is this yours, my boy?"

"Yes, Granny gave it me this morning; she said I might have it."

"Oh, that is all right. Lie still, I will come to you again by-and-by."

"It's so nice," said Greg, gratefully.

Mrs Thompson went downstairs to her husband and brother.

"What is the child's name?" she asked.

"Well, it is a curious thing that we cannot find his name; he always goes by the name of 'Greg,' but what that means I don't know—it may be a contraction of some name. You will have to give him a new name."

"I have had to burn most of his underclothes; they were in such a shocking state of dirt I could not keep them in the house an hour; and as to the pocket-book his grandmother gave to him, I think it ought to share the same fate."

"A pocket book!" said Mr. Goodwin—"oh, let me see it; it may give some clue to his parentage."

Mrs. Thompson accordingly went up for it, and found the boy fast asleep, soothed and comforted. She took up the pocket-book and came down again. Mr. Goodwin opened it. It was empty—no leaves in it, and the pockets had nothing in them.

"Not much to be found there," said Mr. Thompson.

"I fear not," replied Mr. Goodwin, turning it over. "Stay! here is some writing on the cover," and he held it nearer the window: "'Gregory ——.' the next letter looks like D, but the word has been scratched out I can't read it."

"That must be Greg's name," exclaimed Mrs. Thompson.

"Yes, I suppose it must be so; this book no doubt belonged to his father. I wonder how the old woman got hold of it. I do not fancy she is really his grandmother, but I have no proofs. I will keep my eye on her, and do what I can to find out the truth. Anyway, whatever his parentage may be, it is a great blessing to the poor boy to be with you, and the Lord will reward you."

CHAPTER VI.

GROWING STRONGER.

Mr. Goodwin was obliged to leave next day for London; he could not spare any more time

just then from his work, but he promised to come down with his wife when he could get a holiday. He saw Greg just before he started, propped up in bed, looking pale, but happy, and eating some breakfast with evident enjoyment.

"Good-bye, Greg," he said; "try all you can to get well, and be sure to be a good boy. I will give your love to May and Isaac—shall I?"

"Yes, and to Biddy."

"Who is Biddy? I don't know her."

"Yes, yer does; her what keeps the apple-stall just at the corner. She's good to me."

"Is she? Yes, I know her now. I'll tell her what you say; good-bye."

Whatever thoughts Greg may have had about the court he had always lived in, he was far too happy and comfortable now to have any wish to go back; besides, he was not accustomed to be consulted or to have any of of his wishes thought of, and it did not seem to occur to him that he was left among strangers. He was lying back on his pillow as if he found it very pleasant, when Mrs Thompson came back into the room after seeing her brother off. She sat down beside him for awhile and talked soothingly to him; then she once more wrapped him in the hot damp blanket, meanwhile busying herself in preparing clean, fresh clothes for him. By-and-by he was dressed in his new clothes, and his hair carefully washed and brushed.

"Ain't it nice!" he said, gratefully, feeling already the comfort of cleanliness, to which he had long been a stranger.

"Can you walk downstairs?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Oh yes," said Greg, "I can walk;" and he hobbled across the room, going so slowly and painfully down the stairs that Mrs. Thompson's heart ached for him.

"Now lie down here," she said opening the door into a pleasant sitting-room, where a fire was burning brightly, for it was getting late in the autumn, and the mornings and evenings were chilly. "Come and lie down here," she repeated, shaking up the pillows of a very cosy-looking sofa. "I am not going to let you walk about much till you are stronger."

"I never did walk much," said Greg.

"What did you do all day?"

"Why, Granny went out to wash, and she turned me into the court, and I sat in my corner best part of the day."

"What was your corner?"

"Why a little corner again two houses; it wor nice for my back—not like this, though"—and the boy smiled—"but it worn't a bad place. I didn't get so very wet there when it rained, only a few drops, and it were nice and warm when the sun shined. Sometimes I went to Biddy; that wor nice, only it hurt me to walk so far."

"How did you get anything to eat all day?"

"Oh, Granny'd give me a chunk o' bread in the morning. Sometimes she'd give me a ha'penny for dinner, and I'd buy a bit o'puddin' or a slice o'fish."

POOR GREG AND KIND MRS. THOMPSON.

"How did you cook it?" asked Mrs. Thompson, wondering how the boy got on at all with such food.

"Oh, 'twas all ready cooked—why, ain't you seen them shops all full of fish ready cooked? Oh, don't they smell good! and they had puddin's too, and sarsages, and such-like. But I didn't often have any of 'em, only now and then, when Granny worn't cross."

"Was she often cross?"

Greg gave a decisive nod: "Nigh every day, but she wor worse some days. Sometimes May would give me a bite, and sometimes Biddy'd give me an apple or a sup o' tea."

"But were you not often hungry?"

"Oh yes," said Greg, quietly, as if that was quite a usual experience.

Presently Mr. Thompson came in from the farm yard: "Why, is this the little boy who came last night? Well, you do look different to-day!"

"Yes," said Greg, gravely, "I've been washed."

Mr. Thompson laughed. "Is that a new thing to you? When were you washed last?"

"Mrs. Goodwin washed my hands and face afore I come away, but I wor never washed all over."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Thompson, "I wonder you ever lived at all, Greg."

"Well, I expect I had to," he returned, gravely.

"And you have to get well now," said Mr. Thompson. "I shall want you to help me on the farm, and arms like those cannot do much."

"I'll do what I can, mister," said the boy, raising himself up; "but I ain't good for much."

"You're a willing boy that's half the battle; but you are not to get off the sofa till Mr. Thompson says you may: you must get strong before you can work."

A fortnight more at the farm worked wonders for Greg. Mrs. Thompson was a great believer in her hot damp blanket; she wrapped the boy in it for an hour every morning, and, however it might have suited other people, it certainly did Greg good. The nourishing food and fresh air, too, gave him strength, and though he was still feeble, he did not look like the same child who was carried into the house in a faint. The doctor had been called in to see him, and after a careful examination he gave his opinion that if the boy had good food and fresh air, and was allowed to lie down a good deal for some months, he might yet have very fair health, and might not even be so very much deformed. Mrs. Thompson was thankful to hear this, for her heart began to twine round the feeble, loving child, who was so patient and grateful for all her kindness.

One day when he was lying on the sofa, and Mrs. Thompson was busy writing, she handed him a book to interest him. He looked at the pictures for some time and then shut it up.

"Can't you read at all?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"No," replied the boy, sorrowfully.

"Well, you shall learn. Don't be troubled about it; you will soon get on if you try."

And from that day Mrs. Thompson gave up an hour every morning to teaching Greg to read and write. He was an apt pupil, for he was very eager to learn, and he got on so fast as to surprise his teacher. By Christmas time he could read small words, and Mrs. Thompson was obliged to invent other things to amuse him, to prevent him trying to read too much.

"But you see I want to be able to read about the happy land," he said wistfully.

"Shall I read you about it now?" asked Mrs. Thompson, taking up her Bible.

"Oh yes, do!" said Greg, settling himself in a comfortable attitude to listen.

(To be continued.)

"ABSTINENCE IS EASIER," a learned medical authority (Dr. Felix Oswald) says, "as well as safer than temperance." This from such a source is of weight. Perhaps we may all find, after awhile, that total abstinence is like perfect honesty, "the best policy."

TO DO so no more is the truest repentance.—*Luther.*

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

The last two chapters of Revelation were read, while Greg listened with all his heart.

"Then the happy land is a city!" he exclaimed in great delight.

"Yes; are you glad?"

Greg nodded. "I like the country too, but it's so still, there's so few folks about; and I'm glad it's a city where Jesus is. But it won't be like our court," he added after a pause, "because it says 'no night' and 'no pain.'" And he lay back on his pillow with such a look of happiness on his face that Mrs. Thompson could only give thanks that she had been permitted to cheer and comfort the child.

The boy was already quite one of the household; he called Mr. and Mrs. Thompson uncle and aunt, and was always pleased when they called him by his full name Gregory. As the spring advanced, the boy began to go out more; he had been kept indoors most of the winter, and a large part of the time had been spent lying down. Now he began to reap the benefit of the treatment; his back was wonderfully stronger, and though he still walked slowly, his whole figure was straighter than it had been, and his poor thin limbs were getting stouter.

Every country sight and sound was new to Greg, and he was charmed with all he saw, though the city still held his warmest sympathies. He soon began to make friends with the different creatures on the farm, and his gentleness won them all to his side—even the pigs would grunt louder and quicker when Greg's face appeared at the sty with some dainty morsel for them. The chickens and ducks hastened to him when he called them for their evening meal, and the cows looked round with their large dark eyes as the boy called their names and gave them a friendly pat. Poor Greg was thoroughly happy.

One lovely summer's morning Mrs. Thompson came out to Greg, who was watching the men mowing the field by the side of the house. "I have some news for you, Gregory," she said.

He came quickly to her side, and asked, "What is it, auntie?"

"Something that will make you glad, I believe. My brother, Mr. Goodwin, and his wife are coming here to-morow."

Are they?" exclaimed the boy, a sudden flush coming into his face. "Oh, I am glad, and then I shall hear all about 'The Battlefield.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Thompson smiling, "your heart is there still, I believe. Well, I shall have a different boy to show Mr. Goodwin to the one he brought me last year; I don't think he will know you, Greg."

"No, I don't think he will; why, I can walk quite well now, and my back don't hurt a bit. You've made me nearly well, auntie," and the boy looked up gratefully.

"It is God who has made you so much stronger, my boy; and I am very glad He put you into my hands; we must both thank Him every day."

GREG IN THE HAY-FIELD.

CHAPTER VII.

STRANGE NEWS.

The next day was very hot, and the grass was already drying rapidly, making a soft and fragrant couch; Greg was lying full length on it, playing with a large dog which belonged to the house, and who was the boy's chief playmate, when a gig drove up. Greg was so busy laughing and playing that he did not hear it.

"That cannot be Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, as they passed him.

"No," said her husband, laughing; "you cannot make a strong, healthy boy out of a poor cripple in a few months."

But as he spoke the boy caught sight of the horse and sprang up, hurrying to the door. Then they saw that the boy was still slightly lame, and Mrs. Goodwin exclaimed—"It is Greg, after all!"

"Yes, it is Greg, to be sure!" said Mrs. Thompson, who had just come to the door. "What do you think of my care?"

"It is wonderful!" said Mr. Goodwin, as the boy stood there with a healthy color on his cheeks, which were quite chubby, and his whole being looking as if fresh life had come into it. "It is wonderful! I could not have believed the child could be so changed."

"And I can read," said Greg, with a flushed face, as if proud to be so altered; "and I can write a little; auntie teaches me all sorts of things."

"Auntie is very good to you, I think—she has done a great deal for you."

"Yes, she has," said Greg going up to her and lovingly linking his arm in hers; "and I'm going to work hard for her when I'm a man."

"So you shall, my boy," said Mrs. Thompson kissing him. "Now come in and take off your things."

Greg was very eager to hear all about "The Battlefield" and his old friends there; he especially asked for May, and Mr. Goodwin told him all about her.

"May is very happy now. Her father has quite given up the drink and is steadily working and bringing home good wages. They have left 'The Battlefield,' and are gone to live in a much better place; but May still comes to our Band of Hope meetings, and we often see her father and mother. May still talks of the happy land; she says she loves to think of it now just as much as she did when she was in trouble, and she is glad to think that every day brings it nearer. She often asks for you, and she said I was to tell you that she finds she has just as hard a battle to fight as ever she had."

Greg looked rather puzzled.

"Don't you know, my boy, that Satan, the great enemy, is always fighting us and trying to prevent us living as children of God; he does not come only in dark crowded courts and alleys in the city—he comes in pleasant homes and quiet country places as well. Wherever there are human hearts to be tried and tempted, there Satan comes, and there is a battlefield in which angels are watching to see the results. May has given her young heart to the Saviour, and longs to live for Him; but she finds that Satan opposes her in every way, and that though she is not in Field's court, she is still on the great battlefield, and has many a hard fight."

Greg looked grave and thoughtful. "When will it be over?" he asked.

"When Jesus comes, then all the fight will be over and the victory won. But even now there are victories won which cause great joy in heaven, though they are never heard of on earth; and the victors may be little children, or weak men and women, who are thought nothing of by the great of this world, though they will wear a crown in heaven."

Presently Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Goodwin came downstairs, and they all sat down to tea.

The little holiday passed all too rapidly away. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin could only stop two days, as they promised to go and stay with Mrs. Goodwin's mother for the remainder of their holiday. They had tea out in the hay, and went over the farm seeing all Greg's pets, rejoicing that the boy was so happy.

"Shall I take him back to London with me?" asked Mr.

Goodwin of his sister, the evening before he left.

"No," she said, quickly, "I should think not, and pray do not mention the subject to the boy; his heart is there still, he seems to feel he must be nearer to his mother there. I suppose you have not found out any more of his parentage?"

"No, I wish I could; but his old granny will not admit me to the house at all now."

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had only been home again about three weeks, when one morning a messenger came to their house, asking Mr. Goodwin to go round at once to "The Battlefield," as Mrs. Jackson was dying. He went, and found the old woman lying in a filthy bed, the room smelling strongly of drink, and a glass and bottle standing on a chair within reach of her hand.

"I didn't send for you to come and talk to me," she said, speaking with difficulty; "I'm a-goin' to talk to you, if yer'll listen It's about that lad, Greg: he ain't my grandchild." And she paused for breath. 'I expect I'm took for death," she went on, "an' it'll ease my conscience to tell yer. Will yer reach me that book?" and she pointed to a book on the top of a chest of drawers in a corner. It was covered with dust, but Mr. Goodwin saw it was a Bible.

"Open it," said the old woman, shortly; "look at the beginning."

Mr. Goodwin did so, and read on the title-page: "To Patience and Gregory Dowcett, with their mother's love and blessing, and be sure you both meet me in heaven."

"How did you come by this?" he asked.

"Well, I'm a-goin' to tell yer. It's ten years ago since I wor goin' along the street one night, and I saw a young woman, very respectable and decent she looked, but very ill. She had a baby in her arms, and another little one running by her side. She spoke to me. 'Can you tell me where I can get a night's lodging?' she said; 'I'm a stranger in London.'

'No, I can't,' I said, for 'twornt my business to look after strangers. 'I've got some money—I could pay for it,' she says. So I thought I'd make something out of her. 'All right,' I says; 'I'll take yer to a lodgin, and I brought her here. She didn't seem to like my room over well, but she wor very ill, and she laid down in the corner in a faint. She said she had just heard her husband had been drowned, and she had come up from the country to be sure, and to-morrow she'd go back. But, bless ye, she wor too ill."

Again Mrs. Jackson paused, and reaching out her hand for the glass, drank it off at a draught.

"That won't do you any good, Mrs. Jackson," said Mr. Goodwin. "My wife shall send you round some beef-tea."

"I don't want none," she said, fiercely: "gin's better than all the beef-tea that was ever made. Do yer want to hear any more?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Goodwin.

"Well, that baby wor Greg. His mother died afore the week wor out."

"Did you find out nothing more about her family?"

"No; how could I? 'tworn't no business of mine."

"What became of the little girl, Greg's sister?"

"The day after Mrs. Dowcett died, my sister says, 'Aye, Moll, you're done it now; yer thought to get money, and yer've got two bairns on yer hands!' Mrs. Lister wor there. She were always soft over children: she says, 'I'll take the little girl, she shan't go to the workhouse,' and I wor glad enough to let her go. There wor only three pounds in the poor body's purse; I had that, and her clothes, that wor all."

"And you kept Greg?"

"Yes, I don't know why; he's been more bother than he's worth. You can send him that Bible if you've a mind."

Mr. Goodwin tried to get all the information he could out of her, but the old woman seemed determined not to say anything more; she turned away from him and would not speak. Mr. Goodwin read a few verses and spoke of the Saviour, and saying she had given him information for which he was much obliged, and he should look in again soon, he left the house. He went home, and after telling his wife about it, they decided that they ought to write to the Thompsons and let them know of this, as they had so taken the child to their hearts.

"And what about the poor woman?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"We will go together and see her by-and-by; perhaps she will open to you."

But when they went the door was locked, and though they knocked and waited, they could gain no admittance.

Next day, to their astonishment Mr. Thompson walked in.

"Your letter startled me considerably," he said; "but first of all I must tell you a story you never heard. I had a sister younger than myself, and about fifteen years ago, just before my own marriage, she ran away with a young sailor named James Dowcett."

Mr. Goodwin started. "Then Greg is your own nephew?"

"I fancy so. Dowcett had been about the village for some time; he had not a relation in the world, and he gave all his heart's love to my sister Patience, and she loved him devotedly in return. But my father would not hear of it; he said his only girl should not marry a sailor—so they ran away. And father was so angry he would never hear their names mentioned again. By-and-by I married, and moved away to where we live now, and I never heard any more of my sister; but the name 'Patience Dowcett' seems to settle the matter beyond dispute. Will you let me see the Bible?"

Mr. Goodwin handed it to his brother-in-law, who exclaimed the moment he saw it, "Why that was my mother's Bible!" and turning to the first chapter of Genesis, he saw on the margin, written in a fine small writing, "Patience Thompson." "We often wondered why mother should write her name there instead of on the blank page at the beginning of the book; and she said that that page might easily be torn out, but this would not, and she should like her children always to know it was their mother's Bible. She must have given it to my sister, and no doubt she read it and learnt to trust in Christ."

There was silence a little while, and then Mr. Goodwin said, "How wonderful God's ways are! How remarkable the chain of events—your wishing to adopt a child, our knowing that poor needy one, and your great love for him—and now to find he is really your own!"

"Yes, it is remarkable. Now we must find the girl, if she is still living. Why, we shall be quite rich with two children! But first of all, I must see that old woman and find out all I can. Had we not better go at once?"

So Mr. Goodwin and his brother-in-law made their way to "The Battlefield."

Chapter VIII.

ANXIOUS SEARCHING.

Mr. Goodwin tapped at the door, which was answered by a woman whom he recognized as a next-door neighbor.

"Can we see Mrs. Jackson?" he asked; "how is she now?"

"You can see her if yer've a mind to; she died about two hours since."

"Died! so soon! I had no idea she was so near her end."

"Yes, she was took quite sudden at last."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Thompson; "I particularly wanted to see her. Have you known her long?"

"Oh yes, I've lived agen her ever since she lived in this court."

"Then perhaps you can remember a sick woman coming here with two children."

"What, Greg's mother? Oh yes, I remember her well enough, though I only saw her twice. She was in a fine way when she felt herself dying, and knew she'd have to leave the childer with old Moll; but just before she died she said, 'My trouble's gone. God will take care of my little ones; I will leave them to Him.'"

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Thompson; "I wish I could have seen her again. Was Greg always deformed from a baby?"

"Oh no, he wor as fine a babby as ever you saw—a deal too big and hearty for his poor mother to nurse and tend to. But old Moll didn't half feed him, and she used to sit him up in a corner and leave him by hisself long afore he could walk. He's been knocked about ever since his mother died; it's a wonder he ever lived at all; it would ha' been a mercy if he'd been took too."

"How can you talk like that?" said Mr. Thompson, indignantly; "who can tell what a blessing he may be to the world yet? Did you ever do anything to comfort the lonely child?"

"Not I," said the woman, sullenly; "I'd enough to do without looking after him."

"Did you know the Mrs. Lister who took the little girl?"

"Yes, course I did. Didn't she live in Eagle Court? She wor real soft over children."

"It was a good thing the poor little girl fell into such hands. Where is Eagle Court, and does Mrs. Lister live there now?"

"I never see her now. I don't know where she lives, I'm sure."

"Eagle Court is not far off," said Mr. Goodwin, "but there is no Mrs. Lister there now; however, we made some inquiries."

After visiting many houses and asking many questions, the only thing they could find out was that a Mrs. Lister, a hard-working woman, with a young girl once lived in that court. But four or five years before, the poor woman had met with an accident, and was taken off to the hospital; the child stayed on in the same room by herself for awhile, but after a few weeks the landlord had seized the goods for payment, and had turned the child out-of-doors. What became of her, nobody knew.

"We seem to have lost the clue," said Mr. Thompson, as he and his brother-in-law retraced their steps. "I must find the girl, but the question is, how? I cannot stay away from home longer now, I must return by this evening's train; but if you could suggest any plan for finding her, I would come up again."

"The only thing I can think of is to find out, if possible, which hospital Mrs. Lister went to, and try and trace her from there. I will do what I can, and will let you know."

The next morning Mr. Thompson arrived at home, and told his wife all his news. She was delighted to learn that Greg was really their own nephew, and that she never need fear his being taken from them, as they were his nearest relatives; and she was as anxious as her husband to find the little lost niece.

"Shall we go and tell Greg at once?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"To be sure!" exclaimed his wife, "how delighted the child will be!"

(To be continued.)

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

So Greg heard the story of his young days, and of his father's and mother's death—heard also that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were his own uncle and aunt. He listened with tearful eyes and parted mouth, his whole frame quivering with emotion.

Mr. Thompson put his arm round the boy and drew him close to him. "Gregory Dowcett, you are my own sister's child, and belong to us now."

The boy clung to his uncle, and then threw both arms round his aunt and burst into tears, too overwrought to speak.

At last he sobbed out—"Then I've got a name of my own—a real, whole name!"

"Yes, your father's name." And then Mr. Thompson told him all he remembered of his father, the bright young sailor who had loved his sister Patience, till Greg felt that both father and mother were living realities to him, and that past friendlessness in Field's Court must have been a dreary dream. But if the boy was charmed and comforted to hear all this, how excited he was to know that he had a sister!

"Is she living?" he asked, all trembling. "We do not know yet, but we will do all we can to find out. Mr. Goodwin is making inquiries."

"What is her name, and is she older than I? And why didn't she live with me?"

"One question at a time, my boy. Her name is Patience, and she is a year or two older than you. After your mother died, old Mrs. Jackson let her go with some woman who seems, from all accounts to have been fond of the child. Cheer up, Greg: God has most wonderfully brought you to us, and we will ask Him to bring Patience to us, too, if she is still living."

"God can find her, can't He?" said Greg, brightening up as he thought of it.

"Yes, she is not lost to Him. He knows where she is at this moment, and He can direct our steps to her."

"Then we must ask Him about her every day," returned Greg, wisely. And then he threw himself on the sofa as if too overwhelmed to hear more. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson went about their household duties, and when his aunt returned to the room she found the boy fast asleep, worn out with excitement.

It was not till the afternoon that Mr. Thompson ventured to give the boy his mother's Bible, and then he questioned whether it would not have been better to wait a day or two, for Greg trembled so, he could hardly hold it—the book which was the one link between himself and the mother he had never known. He read his name and his sister's name, traced there by his mother's hand, and her desire that her children should meet her in heaven.

"Then my mother is with Jesus!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "and I'm going to her one day."

"It is a happy thing for you to be able to say that, Greg," said his aunt. "If we belong to the Saviour and are going to His bright home, then nothing here ought to worry us much; we ought to be happy all the time with the thought of the joy in store for us."

"Yes," said the boy, clasping his Bible close to him, "and I am going to read all I can about it."

He went out into the fields and did not return till tea-time, and then it was with the Bible in his hands. And when his aunt peeped into his room the last thing before she went to bed, she saw the Bible lying on his pillow close to his face. She did not move it, but leant down and kissed him with tears in her eyes.

Two or three days passed before Mr. Goodwin wrote, and then he said he had found Mrs. Lister's name down in the books of a hospital not far from them: "Discharged relieved," it said, but they knew nothing more. "So again we have lost the end of our thread," wrote Mr. Goodwin, "and I hardly know where to look now, but you shall hear at once if we have the slightest clue."

"I will go up again when harvest is over," said Mr. Thompson, and consult a solicitor; perhaps he could give me some help."

"Let me go up with you, uncle," pleaded Greg. "I ought to go and look for my own sister."

"My boy, what could you do?"

"I ask God every day to let me find her, and I believe He will one day," and Greg looked up with bright eyes; "and I should like to see 'The Battlefield' again."

"Well, we will think about it. I cannot go till the harvest is in, anyway."

In a few weeks the reapers came, and the rich golden sheaves were bound up and left to dry in the hot sun. Every one was very busy, and Greg took his share of work, taking messages from his uncle to the men, and carrying cans of cocoa and cool drinks in the forenoon and afternoon. Mr. Thompson did not allow intoxicating drinks to be brought into his fields, but his men did not do less work on that account. At the harvest-supper the tables were full of good, substantial food, plenty of fresh meat, and large rich cakes, besides other dainties; but the men had nothing stronger than good coffee, with abundance of cream, and what could they have better?

Mr. Thompson took the opportunity of the gathering to introduce Gregory to them as his nephew, and to tell the men he meant to bring him up as his own son. The men gave three hearty cheers for their master, his wife, and Greg, and many wishes were expressed that they might soon find their lost one.

"We must have her here by our next harvest-supper," said one of the men to Greg, afterwards.

"I wish we could, Ralph; we must ask God to tell us where she is, because He sees her, you know, and I want to see her so much."

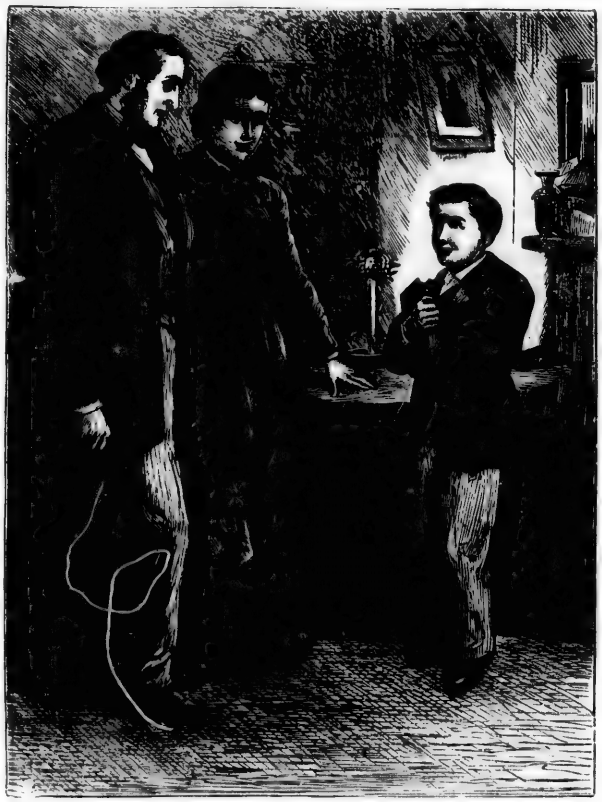
"You'll see her yet, Master Gregory, you'll see her, never fear; only ask the dear Lord about her, and He'll make it all right."

"But perhaps she is with Jesus," said the boy, wistfully.

"No," said the old man; "when I first heard about it I said 'She's all right somewhere and we shall see her yet.' No, I seem to feel she is somewhere on earth."

"I'm so glad," said Greg. "Uncle and I are going to London next week to look for her. You'll see after my apple-tree, won't you, Ralph? Uncle gave me that one all for my own, and I shouldn't like my sister to come and find all the apples gone."

"I'll take care of them, never fear; don't you be uneasy. Only bring your sister, Master Gregory, and you'll find all right here."



GREG TREMBLED SO, HE COULD HARDLY HOLD IT."

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO OLD FRIENDS.

The journey to London did not seem half so long to Greg as the journey down had been, and he was not nearly so tired as he expected when they arrived at Mr. Goodwin's. Next day Mr. Thompson and Mr. Goodwin went off to a solicitor's, and Gregory and Mrs. Goodwin started to see old Isaac. Just as they turned the corner, whom should they see sitting in her usual place but Biddy the apple-woman Greg darted across to her.

"An' what'll yer buy this mornin'?" she asked. Will it

be a pen'orth o' apples ye're wantin'?"

"Don't you know me?" asked Greg, eagerly.

The woman looked him over from top to toe. "Sure an' I never set eyes on ye afore, at all, at all."

"Oh, but you have!" returned the boy, "and you were so kind to me. I've often sat under your shawl there, and had some of your tea."

The woman held up both her hands. "An' have I lost my head? for it's none of it I remember."

"Don't you remember a poor cripple boy who lived in "The Battlefield'?"

"Sure an' I remember him, the kindly soul!"

"Well, that's me," said Greg, getting rather confused in his grammar with the difficulty of making Biddy understand.

"An' I can't belave it; but may the Lord bless ye! What a fine gentleman ye've got to be now, and how did ye grow so well?"

"Because I've had so much kindness shown me, and because God has been so good," said Greg, gratefully. "I've got an aunt and uncle of my own now—really mine I mean, and I live with them."

"Sure, an' you desarve it all," returned the Irishwoman, warmly.

"I'll come and see you again; but Mrs. Goodwin is waiting for me now, and I must not stay. Good-by."

"Good-by, and may blessings attend ye," said Biddy, still hardly grasping the fact that Greg was indeed the lonely child she had befriended.

A hearty welcome awaited him from old Isaac, who was still in his usual place, though evidently thinner and weaker.

"Well, to be sure," he said; "Mr. Goodwin told me you'd grown stout and strong, but I never knew such a change in my life, I never did!"

"I will leave you here a little," said Mrs. Goodwin, "while I make two or three other calls, and will come back again here for you."

So the boy sat down, and began an eager talk with the old man. "It all looks so different here to what it used to," he said, somewhat puzzled; "it looks so much darker and dirtier than it used to, and so much smaller; how is that?"

"Because you have been living in a better place, with fresher air and more sunshine; that's why it is," said Isaac, as if drinking in with great enjoyment the great change that he felt assured had taken place

"You've heard that Mr. Thompson is my real uncle, haven't you?" asked Greg.

"Yes, Mr. Goodwin told me. Truly God's ways are past finding out. It didn't seem likely that such a change would come to you, Greg, did it? I remember so well that first day you came to see me, so forlorn and unhappy, and——"

"You told me of the happy land," broke in Greg, eagerly, "and you asked the Lord Jesus to show me the way there, and He has; and He's done so much else for me too."

"Ay, that's the Lord's way—He always does exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. I was reading in a book the other day: 'All God's children are His heirs, and all His heirs are princes, and all His princes are crowned.'"

"Is that in the Bible?" asked the boy.

"Just them words ain't in the Bible, but the meaning of them is, though: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust...that He may set him with princes.' He's done that for you, Greg"

"No," said the boy, thoughtfully, "not all that. He's raised me out of the dust, I know; but I'm not among princes. Aunt and uncle are not princes."

"Eh, but they are — God's princes. See," and Isaac opened his Bible which always lay within reach of his hand—"it says, 'Even with the princes of His people.' If Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ain't 'princes of His people,' after all the care and love that they showed you when they didn't know you belonged to them at all—well, then I don't know who is. You're set among princes, Greg, sure enough. And you'll be set among princes in God's own palace some day, since you are His own."

THE MEETING OF GREG AND BIDDY THE APPLE-WOMAN.

The boy gave a little sigh of happiness. "But you said 'heirs' and 'crowned;' what does that mean?"

"God's Word says 'if children, then heirs.' If you're God's child, then you're heir to all His riches—that means you can never be poor and never forsaken, because all heaven belongs to you. Some day you will have the full enjoyment of it, and till then you are crowned 'with loving kindness and tender mercies'—God watching over you and caring for you here, till you go to be with Him there."

"But you, you are God's child too, and yet you are poor, and you can't walk, and you live in this dark court," said Greg.

"Ay, ay, but the goodness and tender mercy are crowning me too; see what goodness it is of God to have made me His child. He always gives me food to eat, and helps me to earn some money, and He gives me kind friends, and He's making ready such a grand home for me yonder, where I shall be strong and well again, and shall see His face and be like Him." And the old man's face grew brighter as he added up God's mercies.

They sat silent a little while, and then Greg said—"Do you know I've got a sister somewhere? I've come to London with uncle to try and find her. Where do you think she can be?"

"There's no knowing, to be sure; but the Lord knows, and He can let you know."

"Will you ask Him to let us know?"

"To be sure, I will. It would be a blessed thing for her to be found."

"I went to see May this morning; do you often see her?"

"Not so often as I did. She's always busy, and has to attend her school."

"She's going out to service next week; she's grown so big, I hardly knew her. I wish she lived down in the country too, and I wish May was my sister."

"You'll love your own sister better than May when you find her. There's Mrs. Goodwin; open the door for her."

But Mrs. Goodwin could not stay. She had heard some news which she thought might lead to something, and she was anxious to be home again that her husband and brother might at once see about it.

(To be continued.)

TITUS SALT AND THE ALPACA SAMPLE.—When Salt was 33 years old, and as yet a spinner in a small way, he paid a visit to a wool warehouse in Liverpool. There he saw a quantity of long hairy material lying about which the merchant had been unable to sell for years. Salt offered to take the lot off his hands, and the merchant was only too glad to dispose of it on the young spinner's terms. This material was alpaca, the wool of an animal found in various parts of South America. Salt's experiments with it were completely successful. He founded a new industry, built up a colossal fortune, raised a town, and finally died a baronet.

THERE is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens.*

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

Soon after they got in, Mr. Goodwin arrived from the city, where a solicitor had been consulted, who had promised to think the matter over, and to help them all he could. Mrs. Goodwin told her story—how she had heard of a friendless girl who had been living alone in Eagle Court for some years, and how she thought it may prove to be Patience Dowcett. Many inquiries were set on foot; and Mr. Thompson went to see the girl himself, while Greg was greatly excited to think that very soon he might be with his long lost sister. But when Mr. Thompson returned he said he felt sure the girl was not the one he sought.

"She is too old, in the first place—she is nearly eighteen she says; and then her mother only died a few years ago, she remembers her quite well. No, I am sure she is not my sister's child. We must look out and wait."

A few more days passed, and Mr. Thompson said he must return to his farm. Greg seemed quite in despair at the thought of returning without his sister, and begged hard to be allowed to remain in London.

"But what will aunt say?" said Mr. Thompson. "She did not like to part with you, even for this short time, and will be very disappointed if I go home without you."

"But she wants me to find Patience, and I know we shall soon. Isaac prays for her every day, and God will soon tell us where she is."

"Let him stay for awhile," said Mrs. Goodwin; "we will take care of him, and perhaps this very desire is of God's ordering."

So Greg stayed in London, sending lots of love down to his aunt, and telling her to be sure and get a room ready for Patience, for he felt sure that God would bring her home to them soon.

The days and weeks went by. Mr. Goodwin followed up every clue, and Greg was unceasing in his efforts to find the lost one. One afternoon he was visiting old Isaac, and they had as usual been talking of the happy land, when the door opened and a step was heard.

"Who is that?" asked Greg.

"I expect it is the upstairs lodger."

"I didn't know there was one."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Jones lived there for many years, till her daughter took her away to live with her; Martha's lived there ever since."

"Does she live all by herself?"

"Yes, she's quite young, but she has no friends, poor thing, and she's such a quiet, good girl. Patty!" he called, as the steps again passed the door, "come in here a bit."

The door was pushed open, and a gentle-looking girl of about fifteen came in.

"Are you busy just now?" asked Isaac.

"No, I was only just going to the shop for some bread."

"Well, stop here a bit; here's a friend of mine come to see me. Ain't you at work this afternoon?"

"No," and the girl's lips quivered; "they say they shan't have any more work at present."

"Never mind," said Isaac, hopefully. "Some more work'll turn up; don't you be down-hearted. See, Greg here, he was bad off at one time: he drest all in rags and was nigh starved, and now he's quite the gentleman!"

Greg had earnestly watched the gentle face, and now he asked eagerly, "What's your name?"

"Patty Lister."

"What!" exclaimed Greg, jumping up, "did you live with Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court?"

"Yes, I did, but I lost her. Do you know her?"

"Oh, stay here with Isaac till I fetch Mr. Goodwin," said Greg, greatly excited—"promise me you'll stay." "I'll stay if you like, but what are you going to do?"

But Greg was off.

CHAPTER X.

FOUND AT LAST!

Mr. Goodwin hurried away to "The Battlefield" with Greg, as soon as he heard the news.

"Don't build too much upon it, my boy," he said, as they walked down the street; "there may have been another Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court. We must not let the girl expect too much, especially as she is in need, till we are sure she is really your sister; for it would be a trial to her to be turned adrift after hoping for a home."

"I didn't say anything to her at all," returned the boy; "I only asked her to wait till I had fetched you."

The moment Mr. Goodwin saw the girl, half his doubts were dissipated; there was such a strong likeness between her and Greg. She seemed a good deal surprised at so much questioning, but answered everything in a quiet, straightforward way.

"How came you to leave Mrs. Lister?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

"I didn't leave her; she was taken ill and went to the hospital, and while she was there the landlord sold everything up, and turned me out, and I never heard any more of her."

"What have you been doing ever since?"

"I got work at a factory, and since I came here I've been working for a manufacturer, but today he says he shan't want me again at present, so I must look out for fresh work."

Mr. Goodwin talked to her for some time, and rejoiced to find that the girl seemed to have been kept pure and simple through all the lonely life she had led.

"How came you to be living alone? Have you no friends?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Lister always said it was best to keep ourselves to ourselves, and I never wanted to mix with girls at the factory."

"How came you to find lodgings here?"

"I always liked 'The Battlefield.' Mrs. Lister said my mother died there, and when the folks I lived with left Falcon's Alley, I found this room was to let, and came here."

"Did you know Mrs. Lister was not your mother?"

"Oh yes, she often told me so."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have one brother—at least, Mrs. Lister told me so just after her accident, before they took her to the hospital. I think she thought she was going to die, and she said, 'Patty, you've got a brother. I'm to blame that I never let you know it before, but old Moll's such a bad woman.' I don't know what she meant; but I've never seen him."

Mr. Goodwin could hardly restrain Greg from speaking, but he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked Patty, "Do you know your mother's name at all?"

"Yes," she said slowly; Mrs. Lister gave me a handkerchief that she said was mother's, with her name on it; she said I was never to use it, but always to keep it for her sake. It's upstairs; shall I get it?"

"Yes, do."

And the girl left the room.

"She is my sister, Mr. Goodwin—oh, isn't she?" said Greg; and the boy shook with excitement.

"I think so, Greg, I really think so; God is very good to you; but don't tremble so, my boy."

"Ay, but I'm glad you found her here," said Isaac.

The girl soon re-appeared, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief, yellow with age and

"THE GIRL SOON RE-APPEARED, HOLDING IN HER HAND A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

long keeping, marked in one of the corners—"Patience Dowcett."

Greg sprang towards her, "You're my sister, Patty, my own sister! oh, I am glad! You will love me, won't you? Say you'll love me!"

The girl looked greatly bewildered, but she put her arm round the boy, and kissed him, while Mr. Goodwin and Isaac wept for joy.

"'Tis true enough, Patty," said Isaac; "you'll have a home and friends now, sure enough."

"Sit down, my child," said Mr. Goodwin—"sit down; you are overdone. I will tell you all about it." And as shortly as he could he told of Greg's life with old Mrs. Jackson of the discovery of his uncle and aunt, and of their anxious search for her.

"It seems all like a dream," said the girl; "I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, it is a great change for you, but it is true, my child," said Mr. Goodwin, kindly. "Now let us thank God for bringing us all together, and for giving us this joy, and then we must telegraph for Mr. Thompson."

"Why did you say your name was Patty Lister?" asked Greg.

"Well, I was called so, as I lived with Mrs. Lister.

"You won't say so again, will you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, I won't," she said, taking his hand.

"And Isaac called you 'Martha' too."

"Well, you see we have all been making mistakes, but let us thank God that He's cleared 'em all away," said Isaac.

A few words of hearty thanksgiving followed, and then Mr. Goodwin hastened off to tell his wife of the discovery of Patience, and to telegraph to his brother-in-law. The girl took Greg up to her room and showed him her few treasures, meanwhile asking him many questions, and doing all she could to persuade herself that this wonderful change was indeed a reality. Then leaving the key of her room with Isaac, she and Greg went off to Mr. Goodwin's.

Next day a cab drove up, and to Greg's joy he saw not only his uncle, but his aunt too. He sprang down to the door and gave them both a hearty welcome, assuring them that Patience was very nice indeed, and that he was sure they would love her.

"How did you find her?" asked Mr. Thompson, as they walked into the house, and were gladly received by Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin.

As briefly as possible the story was told, and for some minutes questions and answers followed each other in rapid succession. All the evidence put before Mr. Thompson made him feel quite sure that this girl could be none other than his sister's child, and his heart rose in warm thanksgiving that she had at last been brought to them.

"But where is the child?" asked warm-hearted Mrs. Thompson; "why don't we see her?"

Greg darted from the room, and quickly brought in his sister, a pale, timid-looking girl, who seemed shy and upset at all the changes that were taking place, and at being the object of so many people's interest.

Mrs. Thompson at once folded the girl in her arms and gave her a motherly embrace; and for some time the little room seemed in perfect confusion, such a noise of talking and crying and laughing went on, and Greg remarked quaintly, "It's almost like getting to heaven, isn't it?"

By-and-by Mr. Thompson went round to see the little room where Patience had lived. It was almost bare: a mattress was in one corner with bedclothes neatly folded over it, but no bedstead; a broken chair, small table, and a box made up all the remaining furniture. One or two books, and a cup and saucer, beside a small saucepan and kettle completed the inventory.

"Poor child, she has not much to move," said Mr. Thompson. "We will take the books and send for the box, and Isaac may as well have the remainder of the things; they will be no good to her now."

"It's a blessed thing for the girl," said Isaac, as Mr. Thompson went into his room—"a blessed thing to have a good home and friends to look after her here on earth; and it's a blessed thing for you, sir, to have the honor and joy of caring for and helping God's little ones. He will know how to reward you."

In a day or two more, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Greg, and Patience left London for their Worcestershire home. As they neared the village, Greg pointed out all the objects of interest to his sister, and talked away so eagerly, that by the time they reached the house she was in nearly as great a state of excitement as he was.

"Isn't it lovely!" he said as the autumn sunshine was bathing the house and garden in a crimson glow—"isn't it lovely, Patience? and it's home—your home and mine, do you understand? It's home!"

The girl looked pale, and there were tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"Be gentle, Gregory dear; your sister is not strong, don't excite her too much," said Mrs. Thompson, taking the girl's hand while speaking soothingly to her, and leading her upstairs.

"Are you going to take Patience away, auntie?" asked Greg—"oh, I wanted to show her about everywhere."

"You shall show her about to-morrow wherever you like, but she must see nothing to-night. Remember how quiet I had to keep you when you first came here."

So Greg ran off to tell all the farm-servants the story of the discovery of his sister.

"I knew you'd find her, Master Gregory, I knew you would, I telled you so. The dear Lord loves to do great things, and to look after them that are in trouble, especially the little ones," said Ralph.

"But Patience isn't little, she's bigger than me ever so much."

Ralph smiled. "Well, you've both come out of that battlefield, but you're on another, and you'll have to fight if you are going to follow the Saviour."

"Who must I fight?"

"You've yourself to fight, and sin to fight, and there's Satan, who is always plaguing any who try to walk like the Saviour; you'll find him a pretty stiff enemy to fight, I know."

"Then even in the country there's a battlefield, too?" said Greg, a little cast down.

"All over the world there's a battlefield, and no one ever won a victory on it except through Him that loved them. If you keep near the blessed Lord, He'll give you the victory, and you're as safe on one part of the battlefield as another, if you're where He has put you."

"Well," said Greg, wistfully, "I want to fight bravely, and you'll help me, won't you, Ralph? But there's the tea-bell. I'll bring my sister to see you to-morrow."

And he ran in quieter and happier than when he came out.

He found his uncle, aunt, and Patience already seated at the table, and no happier party ever united together in praising God than those who sat in the farm-house parlor that evening, filled with joy at all the way God had led them, and had brought them together at last.

THE END.

SPOIL FROM THE HEATHEN.

A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddah showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.—*From "Heralds of the Cross."*

WHAT IS AMBER?

What is amber? It is the resin, or soft gum, of an ancient kind of fir-tree, become fossil, or hardened by time. The wood of the trees has all rotted away, except some small bits that were preserved in the amber. If you look at the Prussian side of the Baltic Sea, on the map of Europe, you see the place that produces more amber than all the world besides. Ages ago the whole region now covered by this sea, was covered by these amber-producing trees. No doubt there are great quantities of lovely amber lying under the sea. The amber fields on the shore are about fifty miles long by ten miles wide, and from eighty to one hundred feet deep. An amber mine is a source of great wealth. As long ago as Homer lived it was of equal value with gold. Since people began to date their letters "1800," some sixteen hundred tons have been dug up there; and it is believed that in three thousand years, since amber was first known, not less than sixty thousand tons have been found. It appears as if the digging could go on at this rate forever, so vast is the supply. The amber is found in separate pieces, from the sizes of beads to pieces which weigh pounds. The largest piece ever discovered weighed thirteen and one half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. The commonest impure kinds of amber are used for varnish; the fine qualities always bring a good price for necklaces and other ornaments.

THE LORD'S BOX.

"My boy," said a pious mother to her little son when he had received the first sum of money that he could call his own, "give a tenth of this back to the Lord. I desire you to act upon this rule throughout life, and by thus 'honoring the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all your increase,' depend upon it, you will never be the poorer for it."

This little boy was the late editor of *The British Workman*. He took his dear mother's advice, and at the end of life said, "How thankful I am that our good mother taught us that wise lesson amongst the many she gave us!"—*British Workman.*

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